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ADDISON

SELECTIONS FROM ADDISON'S PAPERS CONTRIBUTED TO THE SPECTATOR

EDITED

WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

BY

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INTRODUCTION.

BRANCH OF THE ASIATIC

THERE would be something manifestly incongruous in prefixing a laboured introduction to what, in the first conception, was so airy, brilliant, and unexpected, as the great majority of Addison's papers in the *Spectator*. The kind humourist throughout the series studied the delectation of his readers; and we shall humbly endeavour to imitate his example in what of prefatory matter we have here to submit,—at any rate, to be as little wearisome as possible.

The *Spectator*, as is well known, grew out of the *Tatler*. Richard Steele, the descendant probably of some Cromwellian soldier or adventurer[1], installed by that victorious Vandal in the possession of an expelled Irish native, but bearing in his nature evident cross-threads of the joyous, reckless, imaginative, Hibernian character, having charge of the Government Gazette under the Whig ministry, while the great war in Spain and Flanders was going on, thought it a good opportunity for trying a fresh literary venture. Captain Steele's success with the pen had not hitherto been great. His *Christian Hero*, though most commendable and moral, was felt to be somewhat dry; on the whole the public preferred, when in want of a sermon, to go to the 'great and good' Archbishop Tillotson for it, or to Dr. South, or Baxter, or some other recognized divine, rather than to the captain of a marching regiment. His plays again, the 'Conscious Lovers,' the 'Tender Husband,' and the 'Lying Lover,' while free from that grossness which then, for the most part, in spite of Jeremy Collier's invectives, had possession of the stage, were without that brilliancy of dialogue and that skilful entanglement of plot, which might have commanded interest and enhanced attention, even though coarser stimulants were wanting. Impecunious and improvident, Steele

[1] The name occurs in the list of adventurers who advanced money in 1649 for the Irish expedition: see Prendergast's *Cromwellian Settlement*, 2nd edit.

was always, like the great Micawber, in a state of financial embarrassment; and now there seemed to present itself, thanks to his official position, a chance which his racy Irish humour might improve to his permanent advantage. Many other papers,—weekly, tri-weekly, or daily, were being circulated in town; it was the year of Malplaquet; rumours of war and negociation filled the air; and the public mind was in that eager and excited condition which made it ready to entertain and hear all appeals to its judgment, though of the most various origin and nature. Steele gave to his new paper the name of 'The Tatler,' meaning that it was for the reading of all companies and ordinary societies of men and women; he ascribed its authorship to 'Isaac Bickerstaff,' because that was the assumed name under which Swift had issued his *Predictions for the year* 1708, which, with the various other satirical pieces suggested by the fury of poor Partridge the almanack-maker, (who found his trade of charlatan taken out of his hands by this master of mystification), and published under the same name of Bickerstaff, had, as Steele says[1], 'rendered it famous through all parts of Europe.' Poor Steele was always thinking of and working for a reformation of society, but never succeeded in making an effectual beginning with himself. 'Arrest *thyself*,' says Carlyle, 'out of the number of the fools and dastards;' then there will at least be one less. Steele ardently desired to stop all the men and women whom he saw around him from falling into the snares of folly and vice; at the same time he could not cure himself of a sad propensity to drink, a trick of muddling away his money, and a generally dissipated and irregular mode of existence. In the *Tatler* he proposed to give his 'advices and reflections' to mankind three times a week, on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays. There was to be in it 'something which may be of entertainment to the fair sex;' and according to the nature of the subjects treated, the place of writing was to vary; poetry and criticism were to be dated from Will's coffee house, Covent Garden; learning from the Grecian in the Strand; 'accounts of gallantry, pleasure, and entertainment' from White's in St. James' Street; foreign and domestic news from St. James' in the same street; and papers on any other subject 'from my own apartment.'[1]

[1] Preface to Vol. I of the *Tatler*.

The first number of the *Tatler* appeared on the 12th April, 1709. Addison was then in Ireland; but he soon detected the authorship of his old friend and school-fellow, (they had been at the Charter House and at Oxford together,) for in the sixth number there was a remark on the appropriateness with which Virgil, as compared with Homer, distributes his epithets, which Addison knew that he himself, the father of the thought, had communicated to Steele. From that time Addison began to contribute to the *Tatler*, at first notes and sketches, which Steele was to work up, afterwards finished papers. He is said to have been concerned in the authorship of sixty-nine out of the two hundred and seventy-one papers contained in the *Tatler*. A large proportion of these are visions, dreams, or allegories, and most of the rest are humorous delineations of manners, among which the papers composing the 'Journal of the Court of Honour' must be included. But towards the end of the *Tatler* Addison began to indulge his serious vein, and No. 267, which discusses the principle of religious retreats, is quite in the character of many Saturday papers in the *Spectator*. The fickle Steele had got tired of his undertaking by this time, and he availed himself of the excuse that, with No. 271, the printer informed him that there was sufficient matter to fill four substantial volumes, to take a graceful leave of his subscribers. Swift, in his Journal to Stella, says that it was high time, for that 'he grew cruel dull and dry.' In the preface to the octavo edition of 1711, Steele, with that charming generous frankness which makes us inclined to be lenient to his peccadillos, admits that Addison had assisted him in the *Tatler* "with such force of genius, humour, wit, and learning, that I fared like a distressed prince who calls in a powerful neighbour to his aid; I was undone by my auxiliary; when I had once called him in, I could not subsist without dependence on him.'

The *Tatler* came to an end in the first week of 1711, and Addison had finally returned from Ireland in the preceding August. For a man naturally shy and retiring, yet fond of fame, the anonymous publication of thoughts and images which he had been accumulating during many years of foreign travel or home observation, in a form calculated to attract a large circle of readers, was exactly that mode of self-utterance which suited him. The genius of Addison, curious and observant rather than

penetrating, was allied to a virtuous character, a love of his fellow-men, a reverence for antiquity, and a keen sense of humour. He belonged to a generation which had seen all its political and religious aspirations successively disappointed,—all its ideals by turns discredited,—and which was beset by counsellors, the wits and the deists, who, practically, were inviting it to acquiesce in a life of reckless animalism, as though truth were unattainable, and virtue a dream. The sons of Puritan fathers,—of men who had fought for the 'good old cause' and borne it aloft through a long succession of victories,—had seen them die in the sad consciousness that after all they had 'wrought no deliverance upon the earth;' that that glorious theocracy which they had dreamed of, and fancied for a moment they had set up, was as far off as ever, and that of all their conquests they had now no other fruit than a somewhat contemptuous *toleration*. Toleration! what a chilling and disenchanting sound must the word have had for a party which had been in its day, not tolerated, but triumphant; which over all the land had cut down the hydra of Erastian prelacy, destroyed as far as they could the remaining tokens and emblems of popish superstition, established, as they deemed, a pure spiritual worship; and—only tolerating sectarian differences among themselves—had avowed its intention of extirpating, wherever their power extended, the liturgical Christianity of Catholic Europe[1]. And now this party in its various forms,—Independents, Baptists, Millenarians, Levellers, Brownists, Quakers, &c.,—was barely tolerated; just allowed to exist; while prelacy and monarchy were to outward appearance as dominant as ever. On the other hand, the sons of the Cavaliers knew that, in spite of the Restoration, their fathers had not passed away before many a pang and sad misgiving as to the present and future of England had distressed their souls. A queen indeed was reigning, and a Stuart; but on what terms! by virtue of a kind of popular appointment, not by right divine; and her successor was to be an alien prince, foisted in by Whig adroitness and Puritan disaffection to occupy the throne of the exiled Stuarts. The Church of England, indeed, was again

[1] 'If,' wrote Cromwell to the delegates who desired to treat for the surrender of Ross, 'by liberty of conscience you mean a liberty to exercise the mass, I judge it best to use plain dealing, and to let you know, where the parliament of England have power, that will not be permitted.'

erect, but it was infested by liberals and latitudinarians, and governed by men, some of whom were bishops only in name, but rank dissenters or Socinians in their hearts. The dream which flattered the imaginations of Whitgift, Andrewes, and Laud, of a decently ordered Protestant church, co-extensive with the nation which supported it, moderating between the superstitions of Rome and the fanaticism of Geneva,—must now be resigned for ever; for Whiggism had given toleration to the dissenters, and they were using it to spread themselves and their tenets with an ever increasing alacrity. It was this pervading sense of disappointment which gave rise to the strange irritability and discontent so noticeable among the educated classes in the reigns of William III and Anne. But the depression bore less hardly on the Whigs, because, though the representatives of the republicans of 1649, they had honestly renounced republicanism, and looked for political and other reforms only through the working of a monarchical constitution, tempered by Whiggism. Addison was a typical Whig; though a warm supporter of the Revolution of 1688, his aim was not to establish any theoretically perfect government, but merely to replace an unmanageable by a manageable branch of the royal family; while helping to keep out Charles I's grandson, he spoke of Charles I himself as the 'Royal Martyr;' and, though favourable to toleration, he personally preferred the church as by law established. It was a comfortable system, and it suited the times and the circumstances;—if it rested on no reasoned-out philosophy of the things of heaven and earth, that did not disparage it in the eyes of Addison, whose mind, as we have said, was widely sympathetic and observant rather than penetrating. He might naturally feel that the best advice to be given to an Englishman in 1711 was, 'Spartam, quam nactus es, orna;'—this new settlement of the Crown, this house of Hanover, though nobody loves them, represent the best practicable compromise; this is the system,—as M. Thiers lately said of the republic in France,—which divides men the least; let us adopt it then without more ado, and, keeping within its limits, embellish and elevate what remains of life:

> Ἥδ' ἐστὶν ἡ σώζουσα, καὶ ταύτης ἔπι
> Πλέοντες ὀρθῆς, τοὺς φίλους ποιήσομεν[1].

[1] Soph. Antig.

Such being his fundamental principles, Addison turned his kindly heart to the consideration of what, in the shape of literature, would be likely to do the most good to the greatest number of persons, men and women alike; and the *Spectator* was the result. To abstain from party politics, the animosities arising from which are generally out of all proportion to the importance of the question at stake, in religious and moral subjects to make 'guesses at truth,' by throwing the light of sober reflection on many a secluded tract and bypath of speculation which had never before been popularly treated, on social customs and minor morals to be humorous, didactic, and judicially censorious,—such was the programme of the new periodical.

In the *Tatler* there had been no machinery, or next to none; the authorship is supposed to be in the hands of the snuffy astrologer, mountebank, and quack-doctor, Isaac Bickerstaff, assisted sometimes by his half-sister Jenny Distaff; no one else has anything to do with it. In the *Spectator* care was taken at the outset to provide more attractive machinery; and the success corresponded to the attempt. The Spectator does not, like the Tatler, frequent the various noted coffee-houses in town, and write from each to the public that which was in keeping with the place and company; he belongs to a small select club imagined for the occasion, the members of which, representing the gentry, the learned professions, commerce, the army, and the town, are supposed to take a lively interest in what their odd silent colleague, the Spectator, either publishes from his own resources, or receives from his various correspondents. Yet the existence of the club seems to have little to do with the promotion of the work of criticism and reform which the Spectator has undertaken. None of the members are supposed to contribute papers except the Spectator himself; a few letters indeed of their composition are inserted; but the most prominent among them, Sir Roger de Coverley, does not take part in the work even to this extent. The club itself supplies the Spectator with materials for some of his most humorous and delightful papers; but it takes no share in elaborating them; it is for the most part passive machinery, not active. But his intimacy with Sir Roger de Coverley, arising from this club connection, makes it easy and natural for the Spectator to give us that full length portrait of an English country gentleman, generous, ignorant, loyal, patriotic, and prejudiced,—

which is exhibited in the first part of this work. Of the condition of the English bar, represented in the club by the Templar, we get only the faintest indications. The medical profession is unrepresented in the club; perhaps Addison thought that jokes enough had been made about physic in the *Tatler*. The Clergyman, who is not named, although we are told that his character and learning are such as to enchain the respect and admiration of his brother members, remains a shadowy personage to the last. Sir Andrew Freeport, the type of an upright, shrewd, methodical, and indefatigable British merchant, is introduced with effect in several papers, not only by Addison, but also by Steele and Hughes. The lively conversation on trade and thrift in No. 174, between Sir Roger de Coverley and Sir Andrew Freeport, is from the pen of Steele; Hughes (or, perhaps, Henry Martin) is the author of the sensible and characteristic remarks put in the mouth of Sir Andrew in No. 232, on giving alms to street beggars. Captain Sentry, the representative of the army, is, so far as Addison is concerned, hardly more than a name; it is Steele and Budgell who endow him with a distinct personality: the former by means of the discourse on courage which he attributes to him in No. 350, and his letter describing his uncle's death in No. 544; the latter by means of an amusing narrative, in No. 197, of a dispute between the captain and a young barrister. In this passage of arms, poor Sentry, who is described as 'a man of good sense but dry conversation,' after giving way to the arguments of his opponent, is amazed to find him suddenly turn round, and volubly argue for the proposition which he had just demolished. Many of us know young barristers of the present day, who love to 'flesh their maiden sword' upon their friends in a similar fashion. As for Will Honeycomb, the man about town, the elderly rake, the fop *à bonnes fortunes*, who after boasting of fancied encouragement received from every reigning belle during the past thirty years, drops into matrimony at the ripe age of sixty with a farmer's daughter, the character is perhaps too unlike,—at any rate in outward ways and manner of existing,—to what we now see around us, for it to be possible that we should be so much amused as our great grandfathers were by his innocent vanity, his easy assurance, and his little airs of superiority. Yet of one or two of his letters the dialect is not so far antiquated but that we can still relish their racy flavour;

of these the reader will find one or two specimens in the present selection.

'The plan of the Spectator, so far as it regards the feigned person of the author, and of the several characters that compose his club, was concerted [by Addison] in concert with Sir Richard Steele.' So Tickell, Addison's college friend and protégé, tells us in the preface to the collected works.

Of both the Tatler and the Spectator Johnson writes in his life of Addison, that they were 'published at a time when two parties, loud, restless, and violent, each with plausible declarations, and each perhaps without any distinct termination of its views, were agitating the nation; to minds heated with political contest they supplied cooler and more inoffensive reflections: and it is said by Addison, in a subsequent work, that they had a perceptible influence upon the conversation of that time, and taught the frolic and the gay to unite merriment with decency; an effect which they can never wholly lose while they continue to be among the first books by which both sexes are initiated in the elegances of knowledge.' Political topics were to be, as a rule, excluded. But this exclusion, even in the case of the Spectator, was not entire (see infra, p. 111), and it seems to have been suggested by special circumstances as much as by any settled principle. In one of the later numbers of the Tatler, Steele had introduced an attack upon Harley, who had then recently succeeded Lord Godolphin at the Treasury; the attack had cost him his place as conductor of the Gazette; and, if Swift may be believed, it was only through his intercession that Steele's other post in the Stamp Office was not taken from him. In October, 1710, the result of the general election had been to return what Addison calls 'a glut of Tories' to Parliament[1]. Against the stolid voting-power of an excited majority, eagerly looking out for the spoils of office, Addison knew that for the moment wit and raillery, sarcasm and argument, were all alike ineffectual. While the issue was doubtful, he combated stoutly in the political arena; witness his *Whig Examiner*, published in September and October, 1710; when the triumph of Toryism was assured, he wisely held his peace; waiting till the new men in power should have made the usual blunders, and been estranged by the usual

[1] Letter to Marquis of Wharton, Oct. 17th, 1710.

misunderstandings, before again taking up the pen of a pamphleteer. Meantime, since his mind was teeming with the stores which his keen observation and rich fancy had been accumulating for years, he gladly accepted the outlet for its expression afforded by this new daily paper, the Spectator: from which he persuaded Steele also to withhold all those party missiles, which, under existing circumstances, could but recoil on their own heads. As soon as a fit occasion offered, Addison again became a political writer, and in the pages of the *Freeholder* (1715-16), attacked both the principles and the practices of the Jacobite party. Reviewing these circumstances, we have just cause to be thankful that, in what Steele called 'the four last inglorious years' of the queen's reign, Toryism was so completely in the ascendant; had it been otherwise, the 'Spectator' would have been a politician, not a *censor morum*, and indefinitely less interesting in consequence.

Addison and Steele were the chief contributors, and in nearly equal proportions, to the Spectator. Including the eighty numbers of the eighth volume of the resuscitated Spectator, the publication consisted of 635 papers. Of these, according to the computation of Dr. Drake, 274 were from the pen of Addison, and 240 from that of Steele. Eustace Budgell wrote 37, John Hughes 11, and Henry Grove four papers. Two or three, or even four, papers are supposed to be by Pope, but they cannot all be identified with certainty. More than a score of other writers are credited with the composition of one or two papers, or parts of papers. Fifty-three papers remain, for which all the researches of the last century editors were unable to find authors. On all these matters full information may be found in Dr. Drake's *Essays*, from which, and from other sources, we extract some account of the ascertained contributors, which those who do not care for biographical details may skip.

1. Addison. The chief dates and facts of the principal author of the Spectator are given at a later page.

2. Sir Richard Steele, born in Dublin in 1675, after passing through the Charter-house and Merton College—(at school he was Addison's fag, at college his admiring, but not imitating, friend)—entered the army as a private, had a commission given him, wrote *The Christian Hero* to recommend to the mess those virtues which he knew he did not possess, yet had the grace to

admire, and, returning to civil life about the end of King William's reign, embarked in the hazards of a literary life in London. His chief plays have been already mentioned. Thackeray has kindly and humorously sketched poor 'little Dicky,' immersed in all the follies of the town, 'deep in debt and in drink,' continually sinning and repenting. He commenced the Tatler, as we have seen, in 1709; the Spectator was begun in March 1711, and terminated, as to the first continuous issue, with No. 555 (December 6, 1712), in which Steele announces the retirement of the Spectator, his club being dispersed, and states various particulars as to the authorship of the papers. In the renewed issue of 1714 Steele bore no part; but in the interim he had been writing busily in the *Englishman* and the *Guardian*. His vehement Whiggism and activity on behalf of the house of Hanover gave deep offence to the Tory majority of the House of Commons in the last year of Queen Anne, and he was expelled from the house in 1714 for having written a pamphlet called *The Crisis*. On this occasion Addison sat near him and helped him in his defence. But some years later a difference of opinion on the Peerage Bill caused an estrangement between them. Steele in the *Plebeian* attacked the measure, and was somewhat scornfully answered by Addison in the *Old Whig*, the last number of which was written but three months before his death. It is sad to think that the latest known relations between the two friends were of this nature; however we know that on Steele's mind the impression of the quarrel was but transitory; for in the preface to *The Drummer*, written after Addison's death, he speaks of him as his 'dear and honoured friend,' and vindicates himself warmly from the imagined imputation of injustice to his memory or fame. Never rising to sufficient self-command to free himself from debt, Steele, soon after Addison's death, left London, and retired to an estate in Wales belonging to his second wife, where he died in 1729.

3. Eustace Budgell. This man's life is a melancholy history. He was Addison's first cousin, his mother being a Miss Gulston. Bred to the bar, he spurned it for what seemed a more dazzling career; associated himself as much as possible with his cousin, and was a clerk in Addison's office when the latter went as Chief Secretary to Ireland in 1710. His papers in the first seven volumes of the Spectator are marked by the letter X. Addison on many occasions lent him a helping hand; some of the papers

ascribed to him were certainly touched by his cousin; and the epilogue to the *Distressed Mother* of Philips, supposed to be by Budgell, which brought much applause to its author, was really written by Addison. In 1714 he published a version of the *Characters* of Theophrastus, in the preface to which he gives some interesting information about various contributors to the Spectator. He fixed himself in Ireland, and obtained a seat in the Irish Parliament, together with a lucrative situation. In 1717 he was a man in good repute and flourishing. Then the turn came; he quarrelled with the Duke of Bolton, then Lord Lieutenant, and was dismissed from his office; upon which he became a virulent pamphleteer against the government. Addison, ever watchful and kind, interceded for him with Lord Sunderland, who undertook to find Budgell employment; but an ill-timed pamphlet against the Peerage Bill caused him to retract his promise. Addison died, and Budgell's fortunes waned rapidly. He lost £20,000 of his fortune in the South Sea bubble, and £5000 more in vain attempts to get into Parliament; he wrote against Walpole in the *Craftsman*; he took up with the Deists; the vengeance of the ministry kept him out of all public employment; and at last the unhappy man, pressed by money difficulties, forged a will purporting to be signed by Dr. Matthew Tindal, bequeathing all his property to Budgell. It was this which suggested the lines in Pope's 'Prologue to the Satires':—

> 'Let Budgell charge low Grub Street on his quill,
> And write whate'er he please, *except his will.*'

The fraud was discovered, but not so fully brought home to the forger as to involve him in the legal consequences of the crime. Desperate and friendless, Budgell one spring morning in 1737 threw himself out of a boat into the Thames and was drowned. On the table at his lodgings he had left a paper, on which were written these words:—

> 'What Cato did, and Addison approved,
> Cannot be wrong.'

Thus he libelled his kind and noble-minded patron with his last breath; for although considerations of dramatic fitness might well have justified Addison in making Cato carry out to the end, without one 'compunctious visiting,' his project of suicide, yet,

exactly because he does *not* approve of it, he puts at the last moment words of doubt and misgiving in his hero's mouth.

4. John Hughes, to whom Dr. Drake assigns eleven entire papers, besides thirteen letters and parts of papers, was a very different sort of man. Bred a dissenter, he was deeply imbued with serious views; what Frenchmen call 'the English solidity' was apparent in most of what he wrote. A tragedy, called *The Siege of Damascus*, brought him, on its first appearance in 1720, much reputation. He was on terms of unbroken friendship with Pope. A patient sufferer under continual ill-health, he died before he was fifty in 1720.

5. Alexander Pope. Steele, in No. 555, names 'Mr. Pope' as one among those to whom his editorial acknowledgments were due; but it is impossible to recognise with certainty all his contributions. No. 378 consists of the *Messiah*, introduced with a few words by Steele. Dr. Drake gives him Nos. 404 and 408, in which the same lines of speculation are pursued which appear in Pope's *Moral Essays* and *Essay on Man*. Some have credited him with No. 425; but it is quite unworthy of him, and much more like the hand of Budgell. The first letter in No. 527, with the translation from Ovid that follows, was written by Pope,—and also the letter in No. 532 on the strange death-bed effusion of the Emperor Hadrian.

6. Thomas Tickell, a member of Queen's College, Oxford, was befriended through life in the most effectual manner by Addison; by whom he was taken to Ireland as his private secretary, and elevated through his influence, after the accession of George I, to the post of under-secretary of state. His rivalry with Pope, as a translator of Homer, was the occasion of the well-known quarrel between Pope and Addison. Two poems, in Nos. 532 and 620, are known to be by Tickell, who is supposed to have written many other papers under the signature T (the exact import of which has never been ascertained), which are now past recognition.

7. Jonathan Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's. The author of *The Tale of a Tub* contributed the fourth paragraph in No. 575, and—perhaps—the hint for No. 50, the imaginary diary of the Indian chief.

8. Thomas Parnell, the author of the well-known didactic poem called *The Hermit*, contributed two allegoric visions in Nos. 460 and 501.

9, 10, 11. Henry Grove, a dissenting minister at Taunton, John Byrom, the son of a Lancashire linendraper, and Zachary Pearce, afterwards Bishop of Rochester, were brought in to assist in bearing the daily burden, while the eighth volume was in progress, and when Addison was beginning to grow weary. Their compositions, though most moral and irreproachable, seem to have been more 'solid' than even the English palate could endure, and they quickly wrote the Spectator out of the world. Nos. 588, 601, 626, and 635 were by Grove, Nos. 586 and 593 by Byrom, and Nos. 572 and 633 by Pearce.

12. Henry Martyn. This clever writer published in 1713 a very successful pamphlet, called *The British Merchant or Commerce Preserved*, in answer to Defoe, who had extolled the commercial benefits which the ministry had obtained for the country by the Peace of Utrecht. Nos. 180 and 200 are confidently attributed to him, and he is said to have written several of the unappropriated papers.

13. Dr. Isaac Watts, the well known author of 'Sacred Songs,' contributed a letter and a version of Ps. cxiv. to No. 461.

14–23. Dr. Brome, Mr. Francham, Mr. Dunlop, Lord Hardwicke, John Weaver, Rev. R. Parker, Mr. Golding, Dr. Harper, P. A. Motteux, Gilbert Budgell. Each of these persons is known to have contributed one paper, or part of one, to the Spectator.

24. Ambrose Philips. This was 'namby-pamby Philips,' as Pope called him; author of some *Pastorals*, and translator, or converter, of Racine's *Andromaque*, into the bombastic drama of *The Distressed Mother*. The good Addison, faithful to the ties of party as to all other ties, loved Philips because he was a zealous Whig, and praised his literary work much above its merits, just as he did Tickell's. There must have been something provoking and obtrusive about Philips' mediocrity, to judge from the frequent castigation that he received at the hands of the wits. Thus Swift, writing of the flightiness of the one and the dismalness of the other, likens Philips and Young to a pair of sawyers:—

> 'Or, more to show the thing I mean,
> Have you not o'er a saw-pit seen
> A skill'd mechanic that has stood
> High on a length of prostrate wood,
> Who hired a subterraneous friend
> To take his iron by the end;

But which excelled was never found,
The man above or under ground.'

The translations from the Greek in Nos. 223 and 229 were contributed by Philips.

25. Lawrence Eusden, who was poet laureate between 1718 and 1730, wrote two letters in Nos. 54 and 87, besides much that cannot be identified. Pope introduces him in the Dunciad; the goddess of Dulness, calling Cibber to his throne over the dunces, says:—

'Know, Eusden thirsts no more for sack or praise;
He sleeps among the dull of ancient days.'

26. Henry Bland, afterwards Provost of Eton, contributed a Latin metrical version of Cato's soliloquy in Addison's tragedy to No. 628.

27. James Heywood, a linendraper, is the author of a letter in No. 268, complaining of having his nose pulled.

28, 29, 30. John Henley, Miss Shepheard, Mrs. Perry. Each was the contributor of one or more letters.

Terminal Letters. With regard to the signatory letters, R is believed to indicate invariably the authorship of Steele. But, as the work proceeded, Steele exchanged R for T, which was also used by Tickell, Parnell, and probably others. The papers of Addison are always distinguished by one of the letters of the word CLIO. Eustace Budgell took X for his initial, and, occasionally, Z. Pope also uses Z. The papers of Hughes are usually not signed at all.

With regard to the plan of arrangement pursued in the present selection, if it does not commend itself to the reader on the whole by its own merits, it will be vain to think of overcoming his repugnance to it by an elaborate argument. No one can feel a more unfeigned reluctance than the present editor to disturb the method and form in which an author of genius may have chosen to communicate his thoughts to the world; and if the original order of publication had anything of design about it, or possessed any sort of intrinsic fitness, he would have held it sacred. But, in fact, all the accidents which beset rapid periodical writing, were instrumental in educing the actual order in which the papers originally appeared; and there is no reason for respecting the accidental. Already, when Tickell published the

collected works of his departed friend, he found it advisable to disregard the original order in respect of the papers of criticism on the Paradise Lost, and to collect them into a consecutive series. The same principle, applied throughout the papers chosen for publication, has produced the present work. It must have been a trouble to many lovers of Addison to have to hunt through the volumes of the Spectator, or painfully to search an index, in order to discern the full and perfect lineaments, as he designed to trace them, of the character of Sir Roger de Coverley. In the case of other members of the club, the same annoyance at the wide dispersion of the notices concerning them must often have been experienced in a less degree. This defect is remedied in the present edition, by collecting under one head (Part I) very nearly all that Addison wrote respecting the Spectator Club and its members.

The second part, 'Editorial Papers,' brings together a number of papers which possess an interest of a special kind as throwing light on the progress and circulation of the work, and discussing a variety of matters, more or less trivial, but often handled with infinite humour, connected with the form and cost of its production. Of this latter description is the 488th number, in which, with a bantering sobriety of tone, the effect of which is exquisitely comic, he begs the alarmed subscriber who looks forward with dismay to the prospect of paying a penny more for every future number of the Spectator, to remember that in a few months he will be able to buy the entire series, collected into volumes, at the original rate, and to ask himself, 'whether it is not better for him to be half a year behind hand with the fashionable and polite part of the world, than to strain himself beyond his circumstances?' The playful arrogance of the assumption in the first clause, coupled with the bantering gravity of the solemn question in the second, furnish us here with an admirable and typical specimen of the Addisonian humour.

The few political papers which follow, and which compose Part III, strike as it were the key-note which the Spectator observes in all his speculations. Political moderation,—aiming at what was practically just and really attainable, while strongly discarding both persons and parties which had shown an inaptitude for respecting the honest feelings of classes, and the customary rights of individuals,—such was the ground tone to

which the soul of Addison responded, and which resounds through the first number of this part. From his political moderation flowed his moderation in religion and ecclesiastical affairs, placing him at an equal distance from the 'compelle intrare' of Laud, and the revolutionary speculations of Tindal.

This spirit of religious moderation will be found largely illustrated in the Fourth Part, in which I have also placed a number of papers on moral questions and superstitious beliefs. The moral side of Addison's nature, which finds expression in these papers, and others of which our limits compelled the exclusion, has received such delicate appreciation at the hands of M. Taine, that I cannot deny myself the gratification of here quoting some of his words. He says:—

'He [Addison] was noble by nature, and he was so also on principle. He deemed that honesty was also good sense. His first care, as he tells us, was to range his passions "on the side of truth[1]." He had sketched beforehand in his own mind the likeness of a reasonable being, and by this he shaped his conduct, as much from reflection as from instinct. He rested every virtue on a series of principles and proofs. His logic fed his morality, and his intellectual rectitude crowned the uprightness of his heart. His religion, altogether English, was of a similar kind. He rested his faith on a regular series of historical discussions; he proved the existence of God by a chain of moral inductions; minute and solid demonstration was everywhere the guide and the source of his beliefs and his emotions. With this disposition of mind, he loved to conceive of God as the reasonable ruler of the world; chance and necessity were transformed for him into calculation and direction; in the clash and conflict of things he beheld order and Providence, and felt himself externally begirt by that wisdom which he desired to harbour within his breast. He trusted himself in God's hands, as one good and just being may freely place himself in the hands of another; in the thought and presence of Him it was his delight to live,—and to meditate on that unknown future which will consummate human nature, and integrate the moral order of the world[2].'

Most of the numbers printed in this part were originally among

[1] There is a slight error here; it was Pope who said of Addison that he 'set the passions on the side of truth.'

[2] Taine, *Litterature Anglaise*, Liv. iii. ch. 4, § 2.

the famous 'Saturday papers' of the Spectator, that day having been usually devoted by Addison and Steele to the discussion of some serious topic, so as to wind up the speculation or satire of the week well, and dispose the reader's mind to the reverential observance of the following day.

To the Fifth Part I have assigned a selection from those very numerous papers on manners, which, in the Spectator, as previously in the Tatler, were the fruit of Addison's close, but mostly silent and shy, observation of human life. In many of these papers the purpose of the moral reformer is indeed apparent, but the artist or the humourist predominates;—the things observed, and the mode of describing them, assume an importance higher than that of the moral remarks connected with them; just as we sometimes see in reverend explorers the tastes of the geographer and the naturalist overpowering those of the preacher and the missionary.

The Sixth Part imperfectly represents the *critical* vein of Addison, as exercised (1) on questions of taste and wit, (2) on the stage and the drama, (3) on books and authors. The series of papers on the Paradise Lost, and that on the pleasures of imagination, have been unavoidably excluded, but may perhaps appear in a future volume of selections.

In the Seventh Part most of the tales, fables, and allegories which Addison wrote for the Spectator have been brought together. The Eighth Part contains a few papers of more than average merit on miscellaneous topics, which it was not easy to classify under any of the preceding heads; finally, the Ninth Part consists of the five hymns, or sacred poems, which Addison contributed to the Spectator at various times.

The original mottos have been retained; but with regard to the translation of them no uniform procedure has been adopted. They are never translated in the original publication; but considering that the present volume might come into the hands of many to whom Latin and Greek were not familiar, we have freely added translations, when English poets had supplied us with a good one, but have excluded a large number of the versions of Creech, Francis, Tate, &c., that are printed in the ordinary editions of the Spectator.

With regard to the orthography, we have as a rule conformed it to that of the present day, being unable to see that anything is

gained by substituting for the anomalies of our present spelling, which are sufficiently deplorable, a set of anomalies which were in use among our forefathers a hundred and sixty years ago, besides reproducing typographical absurdities, and solecisms in punctuation, from which we have in a great measure delivered ourselves. Professor Morley, in his recent edition of the Spectator, has reproduced, he tells us,—and his industry and painstaking in the procedure cannot be too much applauded,—'both the original texts of the Spectator'; the text of the daily sheets, and that of the volumes as revised and first published by the authors; and he prides himself on reprinting 'for the first time in the present century the text of the Spectator as its authors left it.' Such exact reproduction, however, is difficult of attainment; we think that it would be worthless if attained; at any rate, Professor Morley has not succeeded in his task. Though the matter is not of the slightest importance, yet, as Professor Morley has noticed that a recent edition contains 'eighty-eight petty variations from the proper text' in the first eighteen numbers, which is at the rate of 3000 errors for the whole work, it may surprise the reader to learn that, whereas he claims that by taking the readings in brackets at the foot of his page, 'the text becomes throughout that of the Spectator as it first came wet from the press to English breakfast-tables,' a single paper, as printed by Professor Morley, No. 35, is found on examination to contain no fewer than fifteen slight variations from the text 'as it first came wet from the press, &c.'; although his foot-notes, if the above claim were tenable, ought to supply the means of exactly reproducing it.

Nevertheless, no one will deny that it is a legitimate subject of curiosity to inquire how English was spelt and written at the beginning of the last century; and we have gratified this curiosity by printing the first number in the Critical section, No. 35, exactly (errors excepted!) as it originally issued from the press. The copy of the original sheets that we have used is that in the Hope Collection of Newspapers in the Bodleian Library.

A chronological summary of the principal *memorabilia* in the life of Addison, together with a list of the chief editions of the Spectator, and other works composing the literature of the subject, has been prefixed to the Selections.

CHRONOLOGY OF ADDISON'S LIFE.

1672. May 1. Birth of Joseph Addison, eldest son of Lancelot Addison and Jane Gulston, at Milston parsonage, Wilts.

1683. Addison removed to Lichfield, on his father becoming dean of the cathedral; placed at Lichfield Grammar School.

1684 or 1685. Entered at the Charter-house.

1687. Entered at Queen's College, Oxford; his Latin verses soon after gained for him admission into Magdalen College as a demy.

1693. Took his M.A. degree.

Wrote 'Verses to Mr. Dryden': Dryden introduced him to Congreve, through whom he became acquainted with Lord Somers and Charles Montague, then Whig leader in the House of Commons.

1698. Elected full Fellow of Magdalen.

1699. He leaves England with a travelling pension of 300*l.* a year, obtained through Somers and Montague. Resides at Blois; then at Paris; travels in Italy; makes a long stay at Geneva.

1703. Returns to England; elected member of the Kit-cat club.

1704. He writes 'The Campaign'; is appointed by Lord Godolphin a commissioner of appeals.

Publishes his 'Remarks on several parts of Italy.'

1706. Appointed under-secretary of State under Sir Charles Hedges.

1707. Publishes his opera of 'Rosamond.'

Accompanies Lord Halifax to Hanover, on the mission of presenting the Act for the naturalization of the Princess Sophia, and investing the Electoral Prince with the order of the Garter.

1709. Appointed in February or March chief secretary for Ireland, under the Marquis of Wharton. Crossed to Ireland in April. Returned in October.

Commenced to write for the Tatler in May.

1710. Again in Ireland between May and August.

On the final fall of the Whig ministry, after the elections in October, Addison loses all his employments.

Writes the *Whig Examiner* in September and October.

1711. March 1. Publishes the first number of the Spectator.
Purchases the house and lands of Bilton in Warwickshire for 10,000*l.*

1713. The tragedy of *Cato* brought upon the stage.
Addison writes for the *Guardian* between May and September.

1714. Appointed secretary to the Council of State, which carried on the government between the death of Queen Anne and the arrival of George I. Nominated a second time chief secretary for Ireland, under Lord Sunderland.
Writes for the new issue, or eighth volume, of the Spectator between June and September.

1715. His comedy of the *Drummer* brought on the stage.
Returns to England and obtains a seat at the Board of Trade.
December 23. Commences the *Freeholder*.

1716. Marries the Dowager Countess of Warwick.

1717. Appointed secretary of State; has the charge of the southern province.
Resigns in a few months from ill health, on a pension of 1500*l.* a year.
Writes a treatise on the evidences and early extension of the Christian Religion.

1719. Writes in the *Old Whig* against Steele in the *Plebeian*.
June 17. Dies at Holland House, of asthma, complicated by a dropsy.

LITERATURE OF THE SPECTATOR.

Addison, Life of, by Miss Aikin 1843
Addison, *Works*, ed. by Tickell 1721
„ *Miscellaneous Works*, by same 1726
„ *Works*, Baskerville edition 1761
„ „ by Bishop Hurd 1811
„ „ (Bohn's British Classics) 1856
Baker, D. E., *Biographia Dramatica*, third edition . . . 1812
Downes, *Roscius Anglicanus*, an Historical Review of the Stage 1708
Drake, Dr. Nathan, *Essays on Periodical Literature* . . . 1805
Edwards, Sutherland, *History of the Opera* 1862
Gilfillan, George, *Poetical Works of Joseph Addison* . . . 1859
Gildon, *Lives and characters of the English Dramatic Poets* . . 1698
Johnson, Dr. Samuel, *Lives of the Poets* (Art. Addison)
Langbaine, Gerard, *Account of the English Dramatic Poets* . . 1691
Macaulay, Lord, *Essays* (Life and Writings of Addison) . . 1866
Spectator, The, 7 vols., first edition 1712
„ With Prefaces, by A. Chalmers . . . 1806
„ In one volume, with notes, Tegg . . . 1850
„ *Sir Roger de Coverley*, edited by W. H. Wills, with Illustrations 1850
„ With Introduction, Notes, and Index by Henry Morley; Routledge. . . . . No date
Thackeray, W. M., *English Humourists of the 18th Century* . . 1858

THE SPECTATOR CLUB.

No. 1. *Thursday, March* 1, 1710–11:—*The Spectator introduces himself to the reader.*

> Non fumum ex fulgore, sed ex fumo dare lucem
> Cogitat, ut speciosa dehinc miracula promat.
> HOR. Ars Poet. 143.

I HAVE observed that a reader seldom peruses a book with pleasure, until he knows whether the writer of it be a black or a fair man, of a mild or choleric disposition, married or a batchelor, with other particulars of the like nature, that conduce very much to the right understanding of an author. To gratify this curiosity, which is so natural to a reader, I design this paper, and my next, as prefatory discourses to my following writings, and shall give some account in them of the several persons that are engaged in this work. As the chief trouble of compiling, digesting, and correcting, will fall to my share, I must do myself the justice to open the work with my own history.

I was born to a small hereditary estate, which, according to the tradition of the village where it lies, was bounded by the same hedges and ditches in William the Conqueror's time that it is at present, and has been delivered down from father to son whole and entire, without the loss or acquisition of a single field or meadow, during the space of six hundred years. There runs a story in the family, that when my mother was gone with child of me about three months, she dreamed that she was brought to bed of a judge: whether this might proceed from a law-suit which was then depending in the family, or my father's being a justice of the peace, I cannot determine; for I am not so vain as to think it presaged any dignity that I should arrive at in my future life, though that was the interpretation which the neighbourhood put upon it. The gravity of my behaviour at my very

first appearance in the world, and all the time that I sucked, seemed to favour my mother's dream: for as she has often told me, I threw away my rattle before I was two months old, and would not make use of my coral until they had taken away the bells from it.

As for the rest of my infancy, there being nothing in it remarkable, I shall pass it over in silence. I find, that, during my nonage, I had the reputation of a very sullen youth, but was always a favourite of my schoolmaster, who used to say, that my parts were solid, and would wear well. I had not been long at the university, before I distinguished myself by a most profound silence; for, during the space of eight years, excepting in the public exercises of the college, I scarce uttered the quantity of an hundred words; and indeed do not remember that I ever spoke three sentences together in my whole life. Whilst I was in this learned body, I applied myself with so much diligence to my studies, that there are very few celebrated books, either in the learned or the modern tongues, which I am not acquainted with.

Upon the death of my father, I was resolved to travel into foreign countries, and therefore left the university, with the character of an odd unaccountable fellow, that had a great deal of learning, if I would but shew it. An insatiable thirst after knowledge carried me into all the countries of Europe, in which there was any thing new or strange to be seen; nay, to such a degree was my curiosity raised, that having read the controversies of some great men concerning the antiquities of Egypt, I made a voyage to Grand Cairo, on purpose to take the measure of a pyramid; and as soon as I had set myself right in that particular, returned to my native country with great satisfaction.

I have passed my latter years in this city, where I am frequently seen in most public places, though there are not above half-a-dozen of my select friends that know me; of whom my next paper shall give a more particular account. There is no place of general resort, wherein I do not often make my appearance: sometimes I am seen thrusting my head into a round of politicians, at Will's [n],* and listening with great attention to the narratives that are made in those little circular audiences. Sometimes I smoke

* A note on each passage distinguished by this [n] will be found at the end of the volume.

a pipe at Child's, and whilst I seem attentive to nothing but the postman, overhear the conversation of every table in the room. I appear on Sunday nights at St. James's coffeehouse, and sometimes join the little committee of politics in the inner room, as one who comes there to hear and improve. My face is likewise very well known at the Grecian, the Cocoa-tree, and in the theatres both of Drury-lane and the Hay-market. I have been taken for a merchant upon the exchange for above these ten years, and sometimes pass for a Jew in the assembly of stock-jobbers at Jonathan's: in short, wherever I see a cluster of people, I always mix with them, though I never open my lips but in my own club.

Thus I live in the world rather as a spectator of mankind, than as one of the species, by which means I have made myself a speculative statesman, soldier, merchant, and artisan, without ever meddling with any practical part in life. I am very well versed in the theory of a husband or a father, and can discern the errors in the œconomy, business, and diversion of others, better than those who are engaged in them; as standers-by discover blots, which are apt to escape those who are in the game. I never espoused any party with violence, and am resolved to observe an exact neutrality between the Whigs and Tories, unless I shall be forced to declare myself by the hostilities of either side. In short, I have acted in all the parts of my life as a looker-on, which is the character I intend to preserve in this paper.

I have given the reader just so much of my history and character, as to let him see I am not altogether unqualified for the business I have undertaken. As for other particulars in my life and adventures, I shall insert them in following papers, as I shall see occasion. In the mean time, when I consider how much I have seen, read, and heard, I begin to blame my own taciturnity; and since I have neither time nor inclination to communicate the fulness of my heart in speech, I am resolved to do it in writing, and to print myself out, if possible, before I die. I have been often told by my friends, that it is a pity so many useful discoveries which I have made should be in the possession of a silent man. For this reason therefore, I shall publish a sheet-full of thoughts every morning, for the benefit of my contemporaries: and if I can any way contribute to the diversion or improvement of the country in which I live, I shall

leave it, when I am summoned out of it, with the secret satisfaction of thinking that I have not lived in vain.

There are three very material points which I have not spoken to in this paper; and which, for several important reasons, I must keep to myself, at least for some time: I mean, an account of my name, my age, and my lodgings. I must confess, I would gratify my reader in any thing that is reasonable; but as for these three particulars, though I am sensible they might tend very much to the embellishment of my paper, I cannot yet come to a resolution of communicating them to the public. They would indeed draw me out of that obscurity which I have enjoyed for many years, and expose me in public places to several salutes and civilities, which have been always very disagreeable to me; for the greatest pain I can suffer, is the being talked to, and being stared at. It is for this reason likewise, that I keep my complexion and dress as very great secrets; though it is not impossible but I may make discoveries of both in the progress of the work I have undertaken.

After having been thus particular upon myself, I shall, in to-morrow's paper, give an account of those gentlemen who are concerned with me in this work; for, as I have before intimated, a plan of it is laid and concerted, as all other matters of importance are, in a club. However, as my friends have engaged me to stand in the front, those who have a mind to correspond with me may direct their letters to the Spectator, at Mr. Buckley's in Little-Britain[n]. For I must further acquaint the reader, that, though our club meets only on Tuesdays and Thursdays, we have appointed a committee to sit every night, for the inspection of all such papers as may contribute to the advancement of the public weal.—C.

No. 2. *The Club;—Sir Roger de Coverley, the Templar, Sir Andrew Freeport, Captain Sentry, Will Honeycomb, the Clergyman, the Spectator*[n].

. . . . Ast alii sex
Et plures uno conclamant ore . . . .
Juv. Sat. vii. 167.

Six more at least join their consenting voice.

The first of our society is a gentleman of Worcestershire, of ancient descent, a baronet, his name Sir Roger de Coverley.

His great grandfather was inventor of that famous country-dance which is called after him. All who know that shire are very well acquainted with the parts and merits of Sir Roger. He is a gentleman that is very singular in his behaviour, but his singularities proceed from his good sense, and are contradictions to the manners of the world, only as he thinks the world is in the wrong. However, this humour creates him no enemies, for he does nothing with sourness or obstinacy; and his being unconfined to modes and forms, makes him but the readier and more capable to please and oblige all who know him. When he is in town, he lives in Soho Square. It is said, he keeps himself a batchelor, by reason he was crossed in love by a perverse beautiful widow of the next county to him. Before this disappointment, Sir Roger was what you call a fine gentleman, had often supped with my Lord Rochester[n] and Sir George Etherege[n], fought a duel upon his first coming to town, and kicked Bully Dawson in a public coffeehouse, for calling him youngster. But, being ill used by the above mentioned widow, he was very serious for a year and a half; and though, his temper being naturally jovial, he at last got over it, he grew careless of himself, and never dressed afterwards. He continues to wear a coat and doublet of the same cut, that were in fashion at the time of his repulse, which, in his merry humours, he tells us, has been in and out twelve times since he first wore it. He is now in his fifty-sixth year, chearful, gay, and hearty; keeps a good house both in town and country; a great lover of mankind; but there is such a mirthful cast in his behaviour, that he is rather beloved than esteemed. His tenants grow rich, his servants look satisfied, all the young women profess love to him, and the young men are glad of his company; when he comes into a house, he calls the servants by their names, and talks all the way up stairs to a visit. I must not omit, that Sir Roger is a justice of the *quorum*; that he fills the chair at a quarter-session with great abilities, and three months ago, gained universal applause, by explaining a passage in the game-act.

The gentleman next in esteem and authority among us, is another batchelor, who is a member of the Inner Temple[n]; a man of great probity, wit, and understanding; but he has chosen his place of residence rather to obey the direction of an old

humoursome father, than in pursuit of his own inclinations. He was placed there to study the laws of the land, and is the most learned of any of the house in those of the stage. Aristotle and Longinus[n] are much better understood by him than Littleton or Coke[n]. The father sends up every post questions relating to marriage-articles, leases, and tenures, in the neighbourhood; all which questions he agrees with an attorney to answer and take care of in the lump. He is studying the passions themselves, when he should be inquiring into the debates among men which arise from them. He knows the argument of each of the orations of Demosthenes and Tully; but not one case in the reports of our own courts. No one ever took him for a fool, but none, except his intimate friends, know he has a great deal of wit. This turn makes him at once both disinterested and agreeable; as few of his thoughts are drawn from business, they are most of them fit for conversation. His taste of books is a little too just for the age he lives in; he has read all, but approves of very few. His familiarity with the customs, manners, actions, and writings of the ancients, makes him a very delicate observer of what occurs to him in the present world. He is an excellent critic, and the time of the play is his hour of business; exactly at five he passes through New Inn, crosses through Russell Court, and takes a turn at Wills', till the play begins; he has his shoes rubbed, and his periwig powdered at the barber's as you go into the Rose. It is for the good of the audience when he is at a play; for the actors have an ambition to please him.

The person of next consideration is Sir Andrew Freeport, a merchant of great eminence in the city of London. A person of indefatigable industry, strong reason, and great experience. His notions of trade are noble and generous, and (as every rich man has usually some sly way of jesting, which would make no great figure were he not a rich man) he calls the sea the British Common. He is acquainted with commerce in all its parts, and will tell you that it is a stupid and barbarous way to extend dominion by arms, for true power is to be got by arts and industry. He will often argue, that if this part of our trade were well cultivated, we should gain from one nation,—and if another, from another. I have heard him prove, that diligence makes more lasting acquisitions than valour, and that sloth

has ruined more nations than the sword. He abounds in several frugal maxims, amongst which the greatest favourite is, 'A penny saved is a penny got.' A general trader of good sense is pleasanter company than a general scholar; and Sir Andrew having a natural unaffected eloquence, the perspicuity of his discourse gives the same pleasure that wit would in another man. He has made his fortunes himself; and says that England may be richer than other kingdoms, by as plain methods as he himself is richer than other men; though at the same time I can say this of him, that there is not a point in the compass but blows home a ship in which he is an owner.

Next to Sir Andrew in the club-room sits Captain Sentry, a gentleman of great courage, good understanding, but invincible modesty. He is one of those that deserve very well, but are very awkward at putting their talents within the observation of such as should take notice of them. He was some years a captain, and behaved himself with great gallantry in several engagements, and at several sieges; but having a small estate of his own, and being next heir to Sir Roger, he has quitted a way of life, in which no man can rise suitably to his merit, who is not something of a courtier as well as a soldier. I have heard him often lament, that in a profession where merit is placed in so conspicuous a view, impudence should get the better of modesty. When he has talked to this purpose, I never heard him make a sour expression, but frankly confess that he left the world, because he was not fit for it. A strict honesty and an even regular behaviour are in themselves obstacles to him that must press through crowds, who endeavour at the same end with himself, the favour of a commander. He will, however, in his way of talk, excuse generals for not disposing according to men's desert, or inquiring into it: for, says he, that great man who has a mind to help me, has as many to break through to come at me, as I have to come at him: therefore, he will conclude, that the man who would make a figure, especially in a military way, must get over all false modesty, and assist his patron against the importunity of other pretenders, by a proper assurance in his own vindication. He says, it is a civil cowardice to be backward in asserting what you ought to expect, as it is a military fear to be slow in attacking when it is your duty. With this candor does the gentleman speak of himself and others. The same frankness

runs through all his conversation. The military part of his life has furnished him with many adventures, in the relation of which he is very agreeable to the company; for he is never over-bearing, though accustomed to command men in the utmost degree below him; nor ever too obsequious, from an habit of obeying men highly above him.

But, that our society may not appear a set of humourists, unacquainted with the gallantries and pleasures of the age, we have among us the gallant Will Honeycomb, a gentleman who, according to his years, should be in the decline of his life, but, having ever been very careful of his person, and always had a very easy fortune, time has made but a very little impression, either by wrinkles on his forehead, or traces in his brain. His person is well turned, of a good height. He is very ready at that sort of discourse with which men usually entertain women. He has all his life dressed very well, and remembers habits as others do men. He can smile when one speaks to him, and laughs easily. He knows the history of every mode, and can inform you from what Frenchwoman our wives and daughters had this manner of curling their hair, that way of placing their hoods; and whose vanity to shew her foot made that part of the dress so short in such a year. In a word, all his conversation and knowledge have been in the female world: as other men of his age will take notice to you what such a minister said upon such and such an occasion, he will tell you, when the Duke of Monmouth [n] danced at court, such a woman was then smitten, another was taken with him at the head of his troop in the Park. For all these important relations, he has ever about the same time received a kind glance or a blow of a fan from some celebrated beauty, mother of the present Lord such-a-one.

This way of talking of his very much enlivens the conversation, among us of a more sedate turn; and I find there is not one of the company, but myself, who rarely speak at all, but speaks of him as of that sort of man who is usually called a well-bred fine gentleman. To conclude his character, where women are not concerned, he is an honest worthy man.

I cannot tell whether I am to account him whom I am next to speak of, as one of our company; for he visits us but seldom, but when he does, it adds to every man else a new enjoyment of himself. He is a clergyman, a very philosophic man, of general

learning, great sanctity of life, and the most exact good breeding. He has the misfortune to be of a very weak constitution; and consequently cannot accept of such cares and business as preferments in his function would oblige him to; he is therefore among divines what a chamber councillor is among lawyers. The probity of his mind, and the integrity of his life, create him followers, as being eloquent or loud advances others. He seldom introduces the subject he speaks upon; but we are so far gone in years that he observes, when he is among us, an earnestness to have him fall on some divine topic, which he always treats with much authority, as one who has no interests in this world, as one who is hastening to the object of all his wishes, and conceives hope from his decays and infirmities. These are my ordinary companions.—R.

No. 12. *The Spectator's experience in London lodgings; ghost-stories; superstition and piety.*

Veteres avias tibi de pulmone revello.
PERS. Sat. v. 92.

I root the old woman from thy trembling heart.

At my coming to London, it was some time before I could settle myself in a house to my liking. I was forced to quit my first lodgings, by reason of an officious landlady, that would be asking me every morning how I had slept. I then fell into an honest family, and lived very happily for above a week; when my landlord, who was a jolly good-natured man, took it into his head that I wanted company, and therefore would frequently come into my chamber to keep me from being alone. This I bore for two or three days; but telling me one day that he was afraid I was melancholy, I thought it was high time for me to be gone, and accordingly took new lodgings that very night. About a week after, I found my jolly landlord, who, as I said before, was an honest hearty man, had put me into an advertisement of the Daily Courant, in the following words, *Whereas a melancholy man left his lodgings on Thursday last in the afternoon, and was afterwards seen going towards Islington; if any one can give notice of him to R. B. fishmonger in the Strand, he shall be very well rewarded for his pains.* As I am the best man in the world to keep my own counsel, and my landlord the fishmonger not know-

ing my name, this accident of my life was never discovered to this very day.

I am now settled with a widow-woman, who has a great many children, and complies with my humour in everything. I do not remember that we have exchanged a word together these five years; my coffee comes into my chamber every morning without asking for it; if I want fire I point to my chimney, if water to my bason: upon which my landlady nods, as much as to say she takes my meaning, and immediately obeys my signals. She has likewise modelled her family so well, that when her little boy offers to pull me by the coat, or prattle in my face, his eldest sister immediately calls him off, and bids him not disturb the gentleman. At my first entering into the family, I was troubled with the civility of their rising up to me every time I came into the room; but my landlady observing, that upon these occasions I always cried pish! and went out again, has forbidden any such ceremony to be used in the house; so that at present I walk into the kitchen or parlour, without being taken notice of, or giving any interruption to the business or discourse of the family. The maid will ask her mistress, though I am by, whether the gentleman is ready to go to dinner, as the mistress, who is indeed an excellent housewife, scolds at the servants as heartily before my face as behind my back. In short, I move up and down the house, and enter into all companies with the same liberty as a cat or any other domestic animal, and am as little suspected of telling any thing that I hear or see.

I remember last winter there were several young girls of the neighbourhood sitting about the fire with my landlady's daughters, and telling stories of spirits and apparitions. Upon my opening the door the young women broke off their discourse, but my landlady's daughters telling them that it was nobody but the gentleman, for that is the name which I go by in the neighbourhood as well as in the family, they went on without minding me. I seated myself by the candle that stood on a table at one end of the room; and pretending to read a book that I took out of my pocket, heard several dreadful stories of ghosts as pale as ashes, that had stood at the feet of a bed, or walked over a church-yard by moon-light; and of others that had been conjured into the Red sea, for disturbing people's rest, and drawing their curtains at midnight, with many other old women's fables of the like

nature. As one spirit raised another, I observed that at the end of every story the whole company closed their ranks, and crowded about the fire: I took notice, in particular, of a little boy, who was so attentive to every story, that I am mistaken if he ventures to go to bed by himself this twelve-month. Indeed they talked so long, that the imaginations of the whole assembly were manifestly crazed, and, I am sure, will be the worse for it as long as they live. I heard one of the girls, that had looked upon me over her shoulder, asking the company how long I had been in the room, and whether I did not look paler than I used to do. This put me under some apprehensions, that I should be forced to explain myself if I did not retire; for which reason I took the candle in my hand, and went up into my chamber, not without wondering at this unaccountable weakness in reasonable creatures, that they should love to astonish and terrify one another. Were I a father, I should take a particular care to preserve my children from these little horrors of imagination, which they are apt to contract when they are young, and are not able to shake off when they are in years. I have known a soldier that has entered a breach, affrighted at his own shadow; and look pale upon a little scratching at his door, who, the day before, had marched up against a battery of cannon. There are instances of persons, who have been terrified even to distraction at the figure of a tree, or the shaking of a bull-rush. The truth of it is, I look upon a sound imagination as the greatest blessing of life, next to a clear judgment and a good conscience. In the mean time, since there are very few whose minds are not more or less subject to these dreadful thoughts and apprehensions, we ought to arm ourselves against them by the dictates of reason and religion, *to pull the old woman out of our hearts*, as Persius expresses it in the motto of my paper, and extinguish those impertinent notions which we imbibed at a time that we were not able to judge of their absurdity. Or, if we believe, as many wise and good men have done, that there are such phantoms and apparitions as those I have been speaking of, let us endeavour to establish to ourselves an interest in Him who holds the reins of the whole creation in his hand, and moderates them after such a manner, that it is impossible for one being to break loose upon another, without his knowledge and permission:

For my own part, I am apt to join in opinion with those who

believe that all the regions of nature swarm with spirits, and that we have multitudes of spectators on all our actions, when we think ourselves most alone; but instead of terrifying myself with such a notion, I am wonderfully pleased to think that I am always engaged with such an innumerable society, in searching out the wonders of the creation, and joining in the same concert of praise and adoration.

Milton has finely described this mixed communion of men and spirits in Paradise; and had doubtless his eye upon a verse in old Hesiod[n], which is almost word for word the same with his third line in the following passage.

'Nor think, though men were none,
That heav'n would want spectators, God want praise:
Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep;
All these with ceaseless praise his works behold
Both day and night. How often from the steep
Of echoing hill or thicket have we heard
Celestial voices to the midnight air,
Sole, or responsive each to other's note,
Singing their great Creator? Oft in bands,
While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk,
With heav'nly touch of instrumental sounds,
In full harmonic number join'd, their songs
Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to heav'n.'—C.

No. 84. *Discussion at the Club; professional susceptibilities of certain members; it is agreed that the Spectator's satire shall be unfettered, so long as it is general.*

. . . . parcit
Cognatis maculis similis fera.
Juv. Sat. xv. 159.

The club of which I am a member, is very luckily composed of such persons as are engaged in different ways of life, and deputed as it were out of the most conspicuous classes of mankind: by this means I am furnished with the greatest variety of hints and materials, and know everything that passes in the different quarters and divisions, not only of this great city, but of the whole kingdom. My readers too have the satisfaction to find, that there is no rank

or degree among them who have not their representative in this club, and that there is always somebody present who will take care of their respective interests, that nothing may be written or published to the prejudice or infringement of their just rights and privileges.

I last night sat very late in company with this select body of friends, who entertained me with several remarks which they and others had made upon these my speculations, as also with the various success which they had met with among their several ranks and degrees of readers. Will Honeycomb told me, in the softest manner he could, that there were some ladies (but for your comfort, says Will, they are not those of the most wit) that were offended at the liberties I had taken with the opera and the puppet show; that some of them were likewise very much surprised, that I should think such serious points as the dress and equipage of persons of quality, proper subjects for raillery.

He was going on, when Sir Andrew Freeport took him up short, and told him, that the papers he hinted at had done great good in the city, and that all their wives and daughters were the better for them; and further added, that the whole city thought themselves very much obliged to me for declaring my generous intentions to scourge vice and folly as they appear in a multitude, without condescending to be a publisher of particular intrigues. 'In short,' says Sir Andrew, 'if you avoid that foolish beaten road of falling upon aldermen and citizens, and employ your pen upon the vanity and luxury of courts, your paper must needs be of general use.'

Upon this my friend the Templar told Sir Andrew, that he wondered to hear a man of his sense talk after that manner; that the city had always been the province for satire; and that the wits of King Charles's time jested upon nothing else during his whole reign. He then shewed, by the examples of Horace, Juvenal, Boileau, and the best writers of every age, that the follies of the stage and court had never been accounted too sacred for ridicule, how great soever the persons might be that patronised them: 'But after all,' says he, 'I think your raillery has made too great an excursion in attacking several persons of the Inns of Court; and I do not believe you can shew me any precedent for your behaviour in that particular.'

My good friend Sir Roger de Coverley, who had said nothing

all this while, began his speech with a pish! and told us, that he wondered to see so many men of sense so very serious upon fooleries. 'Let our good friend,' says he, 'attack every one that deserves it: I would only advise you, Mr. Spectator,' applying himself to me, 'to take care how you meddle with country squires: they are the ornaments of the English nation; men of good heads and sound bodies! and let me tell you, some of them take it ill of you, that you mention fox hunters with so little respect.'

Captain Sentry spoke very sparingly on this occasion. What he said was only to commend my prudence in not touching upon the army, and advised me to continue to act discreetly in that point.

'By this time I found every subject of my speculations was taken away from me, by one or other of the club; and began to think myself in the condition of the good man that had one wife who took a dislike to his grey hairs, and another to his black, till by their picking out what each of them had an aversion to, they left his head altogether bald and naked.

While I was thus musing with myself, my worthy friend the clergyman, who, very luckily for me, was at the club that night, undertook my cause. He told us that he wondered any order of persons should think themselves too considerable to be advised: that it was not quality, but innocence, which exempted men from reproof: that vice and folly ought to be attacked wherever they could be met with, and especially when they were placed in high and conspicuous stations of life. He further added, that my paper would only serve to aggravate the pains of poverty, if it chiefly exposed those who are already depressed, and in some measure turned into ridicule, by the meanness of their conditions and circumstances. He afterwards proceeded to take notice of the great use this paper might be of to the public, by reprehending those vices which are too trivial for the chastisement of the law, and too fantastical for the cognizance of the pulpit. He then advised me to prosecute my undertaking with chearfulness, and assured me, that whoever might be displeased with me, I should be approved by all those whose praises do honour to the persons on whom they are bestowed.

The whole club pays a particular deference to the discourse of this gentleman, and are drawn into what he says as much by the candid ingenuous manner with which he delivers himself, as by the

strength of argument and force of reason which he makes use of. Will Honeycomb immediately agreed, that what he had said was right; and that, for his part, he would not insist upon the quarter which he had demanded for the ladies. Sir Andrew gave up the city with the same frankness. The Templar would not stand out; and was followed by Sir Roger and the Captain; who all agreed that I should be at liberty to carry the war into what quarter I pleased; provided I continued to combat with criminals in a body, and to assault the vice without hurting the person.

This debate which was held for the good of mankind, put me in mind of that which the Roman triumvirate[n] were formerly engaged in for their destruction. Every man at first stood hard for his friend, till they found that by this means they should spoil their proscription: and at last making a sacrifice of all their acquaintance and relations, furnished out a very decent execution.

Having thus taken my resolutions, to march on boldly in the cause of virtue and good sense, and to annoy their adversaries in whatever degree or rank of men they may be found, I shall be deaf for the future to all the remonstrances that shall be made to me on this account. If Punch grows extravagant, I shall reprimand him very freely: if the stage becomes a nursery of folly and impertinence, I shall not be afraid to animadvert upon it. In short, if I meet with anything in city, court, or country, that shocks modesty or good manners, I shall use my utmost endeavours to make an example of it. I must however intreat every particular person who does me the honour to be a reader of this paper, never to think himself, or any one of his friends or enemies, aimed at in what is said: for I promise him, never to draw a faulty character which does not fit at least a thousand people: or to publish a single paper, that is not written in the spirit of benevolence, and with a love to mankind.—C.

No. 105. *The gay youth of Will Honeycomb; reflections on pedantry and pedants.*

Id arbitror
Adprime in vita esse utile, ne quid nimis.
TER. Andria, Act. I. Sc. I.

My friend Will Honeycomb values himself very much upon what he calls the knowledge of mankind, which has cost him

many disasters in his youth; for Will reckons every misfortune that he has met with among the women, and every rencounter among the men, as parts of his education, and fancies he should never have been the man he is, had not he broke windows, knocked down constables, disturbed honest people with his midnight serenades, and beat up Phryne's quarters, when he was a young fellow. The engaging in adventures of this nature Will calls the studying of mankind, and terms this knowledge of the town, the knowledge of the world. Will ingenuously confesses, that for half his life his head ached every morning with reading of men over night; and at present comforts himself under sundry infirmities with the reflection, that without them he could not have been acquainted with the gallantries of the age. This Will looks upon as the learning of a gentleman, and regards all other kinds of science as the accomplishments of one whom he calls a scholar, a bookish man, or a philosopher.

For these reasons Will shines in a mixed company, where he has the discretion not to go out of his depth, and has often a certain way of making his real ignorance appear a seeming one. Our club however has frequently caught him tripping, at which times they never spare him. For as Will often insults us with the knowledge of the town, we sometimes take our revenge upon him by our knowledge of books.

He was last week producing two or three letters which he writ in his youth to a coquette lady. The raillery of them was natural, and well enough for a mere man of the town; but, very unluckily, several of the words were wrong spelt. Will laughed this off at first as well as he could, but finding himself pushed on all sides, and especially by the Templar, he told us, with a little passion, that he never liked pedantry in spelling, and that he spelt like a gentleman, and not like a scholar: upon this Will had recourse to his old topic of shewing the narrow-spiritedness, the pride and ignorance of pedants; which he carried so far, that upon my retiring to my lodgings, I could not forbear throwing together such reflections as occurred to me upon that subject.

A man who has been brought up among books, and is able to talk of nothing else, is a very indifferent companion, and what we call a pedant. But, methinks, we should enlarge the

title, and give it every one that does not know how to think out of his profession and particular way of life.

What is a greater pedant than a mere man of the town? Bar him the play-houses, a catalogue of the reigning beauties, and an account of a few fashionable distempers that have befallen him, and you strike him dumb. How many a pretty gentleman's knowledge lies all within the verge of the court? He will tell you the names of the principal favourites, repeat the shrewd sayings of a man of quality, whisper an intrigue that is not yet blown upon by common fame: or, if the sphere of his observation is a little larger than ordinary, will perhaps enter into all the incidents, turns, and revolutions in a game of ombre[n]. When he has gone thus far, he has shewn you the whole circle of his accomplishments, his parts are drained, and he is disabled from any farther conversation. What are these but rank pedants? and yet these are the men who value themselves most on their exemption from the pedantry of colleges.

I might here mention the military pedant, who always talks in a camp, and is storming towns, making lodgments, and fighting battles from one end of the year to the other. Everything he speaks smells of gunpowder; if you take away his artillery from him, he has not a word to say for himself. I might likewise mention the law pedant, that is perpetually putting cases, repeating the transactions of Westminster Hall, wrangling with you upon the most indifferent circumstances of life, and not to be convinced of the distance of a place, or of the most trivial point in conversation, but by dint of argument. The state pedant is wrapped up in news, and lost in politics. If you mention either of the kings of Spain or Poland, he talks very notably; but if you go out of the gazette, you drop him. In short, a mere courtier, a mere soldier, a mere scholar, a mere anything, is an insipid pedantic character, and equally ridiculous.

Of all the species of pedants, which I have mentioned, the book pedant is much the most supportable; he has at least an exercised understanding, and a head which is full though confused, so that a man who converses with him may often receive from him hints of things that are worth knowing, and what he may possibly turn to his own advantage, though they are of little use to the owner. The worst kind of pedants among learned men, are such as are naturally endowed with a very small

share of common sense, and have read a great number of books without taste or distinction.

The truth of it is, learning, like travelling, and all other methods of improvement, as it finishes good sense, so it makes a silly man ten thousand times more insufferable, by supplying variety of matter to his impertinence, and giving him an opportunity of abounding in absurdities.

Shallow pedants cry up one another much more than men of solid and useful learning. To read the titles they give an editor, or collator of a manuscript, you would take him for the glory of the commonwealth of letters, and the wonder of his age, when perhaps upon examination you find that he has only rectified a Greek particle, or laid out a whole sentence in proper commas[B].

They are obliged indeed to be thus lavish of their praises, that they may keep one another in countenance, and it is no wonder if a great deal of knowledge, which is not capable of making a man wise, has a natural tendency to make him vain and arrogant.—L.

No. 106. *Sir Roger entertains the Spectator at his country house; the way of life there described.*

Hic tibi copia
Manabit ad plenum, benigno
Ruris honorum opulenta cornu.
HOR. Od. I. 17.

Having often received an invitation from my friend Sir Roger de Coverley to pass away a month with him in the country, I last week accompanied him thither, and am settled with him for some time at his country-house, where I intend to form several of my ensuing speculations. Sir Roger, who is very well acquainted with my humour, lets me rise and go to bed when I please; dine at his own table or in my chamber as I think fit, sit still and say nothing without bidding me be merry. When the gentlemen of the country come to see him, he only shews me at a distance: as I have been walking in his fields I have observed them stealing a sight of me over an hedge, and have heard the knight desiring them not to let me see them, for that I hated to be stared at.

I am the more at ease in Sir Roger's family, because it consists of sober and staid persons: for as the knight is the best master in the world, he seldom changes his servants; and as he

is beloved by all about him, his servants never care for leaving him; by this means his domestics are all in years, and grown old with their master. You would take his Valet-de-chambre for his brother, his butler is grey-headed, his groom is one of the gravest men that I have ever seen, and his coachman has the looks of a privy-counsellor. You see the goodness of the master even in the old house-dog, and in a grey pad that is kept in the stable with great care and tenderness out of regard to his past services, though he has been useless for several years.

I could not but observe with a great deal of pleasure the joy that appeared in the countenance of these ancient domestics upon my friend's arrival at his country-seat. Some of them could not refrain from tears at the sight of their old master; every one of them pressed forward to do something for him, and seemed discouraged if they were not employed. At the same time the good old knight, with a mixture of the father and the master of the family, tempered the inquiries after his own affairs with several kind questions relating to themselves. This humanity and good nature engages everybody to him, so that when he is pleasant upon any of them, all his family are in good humour, and none so much as the person whom he diverts himself with: on the contrary, if he coughs, or betrays any infirmity of old age, it is easy for a stander by to observe a secret concern in the looks of all his servants.

My worthy friend has put me under the particular care of his butler, who is a very prudent man, and, as well as the rest of his fellow-servants, wonderfully desirous of pleasing me, because they have often heard their master talk of me as of his particular friend.

My chief companion, when Sir Roger is diverting himself in the woods or the fields, is a very venerable man who is ever with Sir Roger, and has lived at his house in the nature[n] of a chaplain above thirty years. This gentleman is a person of good sense and some learning, of a very regular life and obliging conversation: he heartily loves Sir Roger, and knows that he is very much in the old knight's esteem, so that he lives in the family rather as a relation than a dependent.

I have observed in several of my papers, that my friend Sir Roger, amidst all his good qualities, is something of an humorist;

and that his virtues, as well as imperfections, are, as it were, tinged by a certain extravagance, which makes them particularly his, and distinguishes them from those of other men. This cast of mind, as it is generally very innocent in itself, so it renders his conversation highly agreeable, and more delightful than the same degree of sense and virtue would appear in their common or ordinary colours. As I was walking with him last night, he asked me how I liked the good man whom I have just now mentioned; and, without staying for my answer, told me that he was afraid of being insulted with Latin and Greek at his own table; for which reason he desired a particular friend of his at the university to find him out a clergyman rather of plain sense than much learning, of a good aspect, a clear voice, a sociable temper: and, if possible, a man that understood a little of back-gammon. 'My friend,' says Sir Roger, 'found me out this gentleman, who, besides the endowments required of him, is, they tell me, a good scholar, though he does not shew it: I have given him the parsonage of the parish; and because I know his value, have settled upon him a good annuity for life. If he outlives me, he shall find that he was higher in my esteem than perhaps he thinks he is. He has now been with me thirty years; and though he does not know I have taken notice of it, has never in all that time asked anything of me for himself, though he is every day soliciting me for something in behalf of one or other of my tenants, his parishioners. There has not been a law-suit in the parish since he has lived among them; if any dispute arises they apply themselves to him for the decision; if they do not acquiesce in his judgment, which I think never happened above once or twice at most, they appeal to me. At his first settling with me, I made him a present of all the good sermons which have been printed in English, and only begged of him that every Sunday he would pronounce one of them in the pulpit. Accordingly, he has digested them into such a series, that they follow one another naturally, and make a continued system of practical divinity.'

As Sir Roger was going on in his story, the gentleman we were talking of came up to us; and upon the knight's asking him who preached to-morrow (for it was Saturday night) told us, the Bishop of St. Asaph in the morning, and Dr. South in the afternoon. He then shewed us his list of preachers for the whole

year, where I saw with a great deal of pleasure archbishop Tillotson, bishop Saunderson, Dr. Barrow, Dr. Calamy, with several living authors who have published discourses of practical divinity[n]. I no sooner saw this venerable man in the pulpit, but I very much approved of my friend's insisting upon the qualifications of a good aspect and a clear voice; for I was so charmed with the gracefulness of his figure and delivery, as well as with the discourses he pronounced, that I think I never passed any time more to my satisfaction. A sermon repeated after this manner, is like the composition of a poet in the mouth of a graceful actor.

I could heartily wish that more of our country clergy would follow this example; and instead of wasting their spirits in laborious compositions of their own, would endeavour after a handsome elocution, and all those other talents that are proper to enforce what has been penned by greater masters. This would not only be more easy to themselves, but more edifying to the people.—L.

[Steele seems to have had a strong liking for the character of Sir Roger, and not to have been willing to resign it to the sole handling of Addison. At this part of the *Spectator* there are three papers from his pen on this attractive subject. In No. 107, the kindness which marked the knight's intercourse with his servants and tenants is described; he is painted as a sort of elderly Sir Charles Grandison. In No. 109, he takes the Spectator along the line of his family pictures, and descants upon them; this paper is a little dull. In No. 113, he confides to his guest his hopeless passion for a certain beautiful Widow, whom he had first seen some three and thirty years before, and who, without absolutely rejecting his suit, had tantalized and led him captive ever since, a willing thrall to her incomparable charms.]

No. 108. *Sir Roger in the country; Will Wimble.*

Gratis anhelans multa agendo nihil agens.
PHÆDR. Fab. 5. l. 2.

As I was yesterday morning walking with Sir Roger before his house, a country fellow brought him a huge fish, which, he told him Mr. Will Wimble[n] had caught that morning; and that he presented it with his service to him, and intended to come and dine with him. At the same time he delivered a letter, which my friend read to me as soon as the messenger left him.

'SIR ROGER,

'I desire you to accept of a jack, which is the best I have caught this season. I intend to come and stay with you a week, and see how the perch bite in the Black River. I observed with some concern, the last time I saw you upon the bowling-green, that your whip wanted a lash to it; I will bring half a dozen with me that I twisted last week, which I hope will serve you all the time you are in the country. I have not been out of the saddle for six days past, having been at Eaton with Sir John's eldest son. He takes to his learning hugely.

I am, Sir,
Your humble servant,
WILL WIMBLE.'

This extraordinary letter, and message that accompanied it, made me very curious to know the character and quality of the gentleman who sent them; which I found to be as follows. Will Wimble is younger brother to a baronet, and descended of the ancient family of the Wimbles. He is now between forty and fifty: but being bred to no business, and born to no estate, he generally lives with his elder brother as superintendent of his game. He hunts a pack of dogs better than any man in the country, and is very famous for finding out a hare. He is extremely well versed in all the little handicrafts of an idle man: he makes a May-fly to a miracle; and furnishes the whole country with angle rods. As he is a good-natured officious fellow, and very much esteemed upon account of his family, he is a welcome guest at every house, and keeps up a good correspondence among all the gentlemen about him. He carries a tulip-root in his pocket from one to another, or exchanges a puppy between a couple of friends that live perhaps in the opposite sides of the county. Will is a particular favourite of all the young heirs, whom he frequently obliges with a net that he has weaved, or a setting dog that he has made himself. He now and then presents a pair of garters of his own knitting to their mothers or sisters; and raises a great deal of mirth among them, by inquiring as often as he meets them, how they wear? These gentleman-like manufactures and obliging little humours make Will the darling of the country.

Sir Roger was proceeding in the character of him, when we

saw him make up to us with two or three hazel twigs in his hand that he had cut in Sir Roger's woods, as he came through them in his way to the house. I was very much pleased to observe, on one side the hearty and sincere welcome with which Sir Roger received him, and on the other the secret joy which his guest discovered at sight of the good old knight. After the first salutes were over, Will desired Sir Roger to lend him one of his servants to carry a set of shuttle-cocks he had with him in a little box to a lady that lived about a mile off, to whom it seems he had promised such a present for above this half year. Sir Roger's back was no sooner turned but honest Will began to tell me of a large cock-pheasant that he had sprung in one of the neighbouring woods, with two or three other adventures of the same nature. Odd and uncommon characters are the game that I look for, and most delight in; for which reason I was as much pleased with the novelty of the person that talked with me, as he could be for his life with the springing of a pheasant, and therefore listened to him with more than ordinary attention.

In the midst of his discourse the bell rung to dinner, where the gentleman I have been speaking of had the pleasure of seeing the huge jack he had caught, served up for the first dish in a most sumptuous manner. Upon our sitting down to it, he gave us a long account how he had hooked it, played with it, foiled it [n], and at length drew it out upon the bank, with several other particulars that lasted all the first course. A dish of wild fowl that came afterwards furnished conversation for the rest of the dinner, which concluded with a late invention of Will's for improving the quail-pipe [n].

Upon withdrawing into my room after dinner, I was secretly touched with compassion towards the honest gentleman that had dined with us; and could not but consider with a great deal of concern, how so good an heart and such busy hands were wholly employed in trifles; that so much humanity should be so little beneficial to others, and so much industry so little advantageous to himself. The same temper of mind and application to affairs might have recommended him to the public esteem, and might have raised his fortune in another station of life. What good to his country or himself might not a trader or a merchant have done with such useful though ordinary qualifications!

Will Wimble's is the case of many a younger brother of a

great family, who had rather see their children starve like gentlemen, than thrive in a trade or profession that is beneath their quality. This humour fills several parts of Europe with pride and beggary. It is the happiness of a trading nation like ours, that the younger sons, though incapable of any liberal art or profession, may be placed in such a way of life as may perhaps enable them to vie with the best of their family: accordingly we find several citizens that were launched into the world with narrow fortunes, rising by honest industry to greater estates than those of their elder brothers. It is not improbable but Will was formerly tried at divinity, law, or physic; and that, finding his genius did not lie that way, his parents at length gave him up to his own inventions. But certainly, however improper he might have been for studies of a higher nature, he was perfectly well turned for the occupations of trade and commerce. As I think this is a point which cannot be too much inculcated, I shall desire my reader to compare what I have here written with what I have said in my twenty-first * speculation.—L.

No. 110. *Sir Roger in the country; the Abbey Walk; a discussion on apparitions.*

Horror ubique animos, simul ipsa silentia terrent.
VIRG. Æn. ii. 755.

All things are full of horror and affright,
And dreadful ev'n the silence of the night. DRYDEN.

At a little distance from Sir Roger's house, among the ruins of an old abbey, there is a long walk of aged elms; which are shot up so very high, that when one passes under them, the rooks and crows that rest upon the tops of them, seem to be cawing in another region. I am very much delighted with this sort of noise, which I consider as a kind of natural prayer to that Being who supplies the wants of his whole creation, and who, in the beautiful language of the Psalms, feedeth the young ravens that call upon him. I like this retirement the better, because of an ill report it lies under of being haunted; for which reason, as I have been told in the family, no living creature ever walks in it besides the chaplain. My good friend the butler desired me, with a very

* See below, § On Manners.

grave face, not to venture myself in it after sunset, for that one of the footmen had been almost frighted out of his wits by a spirit that appeared to him in the shape of a black horse without an head; to which he added, that about a month ago, one of the maids coming home late that way, with a pail of milk upon her head, heard such a rustling among the bushes, that she let it fall.

I was taking a walk in this place last night between the hours of nine and ten, and could not but fancy it one of the most proper scenes in the world for a ghost to appear in. The ruins of the abbey are scattered up and down on every side, and half covered with ivy and elder bushes, the harbours of several solitary birds, which seldom make their appearance till the dusk of the evening. The place was formerly a churchyard, and has still several marks in it of graves and burying-places. There is such an echo among the old ruins and vaults, that if you stamp but a little louder than ordinary, you hear the sound repeated. At the same time the walk of elms, with the croaking of the ravens, which from time to time are heard from the tops of them, looks exceeding solemn and venerable. These objects naturally raise seriousness and attention; and when night heightens the awfulness of the place, and pours out her supernumerary horrors upon every thing in it, I do not at all wonder that weak minds fill it with spectres and apparitions.

Mr. Locke, in his chapter of the association of ideas[n], has very curious remarks, to shew how, by the prejudice of education, one idea often introduces into the mind a whole set that bear no resemblance to one another in the nature of things. Among several examples of this kind, he produces the following instance. *The ideas of goblins and sprights have really no more to do with darkness than light; yet let but a foolish maid inculcate these often on the mind of a child, and raise them there together, possibly he shall never be able to separate them again so long as he lives; but darkness shall ever afterwards bring with it those frightful ideas, and they shall be so joined, that he can no more bear the one than the other.*

As I was walking in this solitude, where the dusk of the evening conspired with so many other occasions of terror, I observed a cow grazing not far from me, which an imagination that was apt to startle might easily have construed into a

black horse without an head; and I daresay the poor footman lost his wits upon some such trivial occasion.

My friend Sir Roger has often told me, with a good deal of mirth, that at his first coming to his estate, he found three parts of his house altogether useless; that the best room in it had the reputation of being haunted, and by that means was locked up; that noises had been heard in his long gallery, so that he could not get a servant to enter it after eight o'clock at night; that the door of one of his chambers was nailed up, because there went a story in the family that a butler had formerly hanged himself in it; and that his mother, who lived to a great age, had shut up half the rooms in the house, in which either her husband, a son, or a daughter had died. The knight seeing his habitation reduced to so small a compass, and himself in a manner shut out of his own house, upon the death of his mother, ordered all the apartments to be flung open, and exorcised by his chaplain, who lay in every room one after another, and by that means dissipated the fears which had so long reigned in the family.

I should not have been thus particular upon these ridiculous horrors, did not I find them so very much prevail in all parts of the country. At the same time I think a person who is thus terrified with the imagination of ghosts and spectres much more reasonable than one who, contrary to the reports of all historians sacred and profane, antient and modern, and to the traditions of all nations, thinks the appearance of spirits fabulous and groundless. Could not I give myself up to this general testimony of mankind, I should to the relations of particular persons who are now living, and whom I cannot distrust in other matters of fact. I might here add, that not only the historians, to whom we may join the poets, but likewise the philosophers of antiquity, have favoured this opinion. Lucretius himself[n], though by the course of his philosophy he was obliged to maintain that the soul did not exist separate from the body, makes no doubt of the reality of apparitions, and that men have often appeared after their death. This I think very remarkable; he was so pressed with the matter of fact, which he could not have the confidence to deny, that he was forced to account for it by one of the most absurd unphilosophical notions that was ever started. He tells us, that the surfaces of all bodies are perpetually flying off from their respective bodies, one after another; and

that these surfaces or thin cases that included each other whilst they were joined in the body like the coats of an onion, are sometimes seen entire when they are separated from it; by which means we often behold the shapes and shadows of persons who are either dead or absent.

No. 112. *Sunday in the country; Sir Roger at church.*

Ἀθανάτους μὲν πρῶτα θεούς, νόμῳ ὡς διάκειται,
Τίμα—— PYTH.

First, in obedience to thy country's rites,
Worship th' immortal gods.

I am always very well pleased with a country Sunday, and think, if keeping holy the seventh day were only a human institution, it would be the best method that could have been thought of for the polishing and civilizing of mankind. It is certain the country people would soon degenerate into a kind of savages and barbarians, were there not such frequent returns of a stated time in which the whole village meet together with their best faces, and in their cleanliest habits, to converse with one another upon indifferent subjects, hear their duties explained to them, and join together in adoration of the Supreme Being. Sunday clears away the rust of the whole week, not only as it refreshes in their minds the notions of religion, but as it puts both the sexes upon appearing in their most agreeable forms, and exerting all such qualities as are apt to give them a figure in the eye of the village. A country fellow distinguishes himself as much in the churchyard, as a citizen does upon the Change, the whole parish politics being generally discussed in that place either after sermon or before the bell rings.

My friend Sir Roger, being a good churchman, has beautified the inside of his church with several texts of his own chusing; he has likewise given a handsome pulpit-cloth, and railed in the communion table at his own expence. He has often told me, that at his coming to his estate he found his parishioners very irregular; and that in order to make them kneel and join in the responses, he gave every one of them a hassoc and a common-prayer book: and at the same time employed an itinerant singing master, who goes about the country for that purpose,

to instruct them rightly in the tunes of the psalms; upon which they now very much value themselves, and indeed outdo most of the country churches that I have ever heard.

As Sir Roger is landlord to the whole congregation, he keeps them in very good order, and will suffer nobody to sleep in it besides himself; for if by chance he has been surprised into a short nap at sermon, upon recovering out of it he stands up and looks about him, and if he sees anybody else nodding, either wakes them himself, or sends his servants to them. Several other of the old knight's particularities break out upon these occasions: sometimes he will be lengthening out a verse in the singing-psalms, half a minute after the rest of the congregation have done with it; sometimes, when he is pleased with the matter of his devotion, he pronounces *Amen* three or four times to the same prayer; and sometimes stands up when everybody else is upon their knees, to count the congregation, or see if any of his tenants are missing.

I was yesterday very much surprised to hear my old friend, in the midst of the service, calling out to one John Matthews to mind what he was about, and not disturb the congregation. This John Matthews it seems is remarkable for being an idle fellow, and at that time was kicking his heels for his diversion. This authority of the knight, though exerted in that odd manner which accompanies him in all circumstances of life, has a very good effect upon the parish, who are not polite enough to see any thing ridiculous in his behaviour; besides that the general good sense and worthiness of his character makes his friends observe these little singularities as foils that rather set off than blemish his good qualities.

As soon as the sermon is finished, nobody presumes to stir till Sir Roger is gone out of the church. The knight walks down from his seat in the chancel between a double row of his tenants, that stand bowing to him on each side; and every now and then inquires how such an one's wife, or mother, or son, or father do, whom he does not see at church; which is understood as a secret reprimand to the person that is absent.

The chaplain has often told me, that upon a catechising day, when Sir Roger has been pleased with a boy that answers well, he has ordered a bible to be given him next day for his encouragement; and sometimes accompanies it with a flitch

of bacon to his mother. Sir Roger has likewise added five pounds a year to the clerk's place; and that he may encourage the young fellows to make themselves perfect in the church service, has promised, upon the death of the present incumbent, who is very old, to bestow it according to merit.

The fair understanding between Sir Roger and his chaplain, and their mutual concurrence in doing good, is the more remarkable, because the very next village is famous for the differences and contentions that rise between the parson and the 'squire, who live in a perpetual state of war. The parson is always preaching at the 'squire, and the 'squire to be revenged on the parson never comes to church. The 'squire has made all his tenants atheists, and tithe-stealers; while the parson instructs them every Sunday in the dignity of his order, and insinuates to them in almost every sermon that he is a better man than his patron. In short matters are come to such an extremity, that the 'squire has not said his prayers either in public or private this half year; and that the parson threatens him, if he does not mend his manners, to pray for him in the face of the whole congregation.

Feuds of this nature, though too frequent in the country, are very fatal to the ordinary people; who are so used to be dazzled with riches, that they pay as much deference to the understanding of a man of an estate, as of a man of learning: and are very hardly brought to regard any truth, how important soever it may be, that is preached to them, when they know there are several men of five hundred a year who do not believe it[a].—L.

No. 115. *Labour and exercise: Sir Roger in the hunting-field.*

Ut sit mens sana in corpore sano.
Juv. Sat. x. 356.
A healthy body and a mind at ease.

Bodily labour is of two kinds, either that which a man submits to for his livelihood, or that which he undergoes for his pleasure. The latter of them generally changes the name of labour for that of exercise, but differs only from ordinary labour as it rises from another motive.

A country life abounds in both these kinds of labour, and for

that reason gives a man a greater stock of health, and consequently a more perfect enjoyment of himself, than any other way of life. I consider the body as a system of tubes and glands, or, to use a more rustic phrase, a bundle of pipes and strainers, fitted to one another after so wonderful a manner as to make a proper engine for the soul to work with. This description does not only comprehend the bowels, bones, tendons, veins, nerves, and arteries, but every muscle and every ligature, which is a composition of fibres, that are so many imperceptible tubes or pipes interwoven on all sides with invisible glands or strainers.

This general idea of a human body, without considering it in its niceties of anatomy, lets us see how absolutely necessary labour is for the right preservation of it. There must be frequent motions and agitations, to mix, digest, and separate the juices contained in it, as well as to clear and cleanse that infinitude of pipes and strainers of which it is composed, and to give their solid parts a more firm and lasting tone. Labour or exercise ferments the humours, casts them into their proper channels, throws off redundancies, and helps nature in those secret distributions, without which the body cannot subsist in its vigour, nor the soul act with cheerfulness.

I might here mention the effects which this has upon all the faculties of the mind, by keeping the understanding clear, the imagination untroubled, and refining those spirits that are necessary for the proper exertion of our intellectual faculties, during the present laws of union between soul and body. It is to a neglect in this particular that we must ascribe the spleen, which is so frequent in men of studious and sedentary tempers, as well as the vapours, to which those of the other sex are so often subject.

Had not exercise been absolutely necessary for our well-being, nature would not have made the body so proper for it, by giving such an activity to the limbs, and such a pliancy to every part, as necessarily produce those compressions, extensions, contortions, dilatations, and all other kinds of motions that are necessary for the preservation of such a system of tubes and glands as has been before mentioned. And that we might not want inducements to engage us in such an exercise of the body as is proper for its welfare, it is so ordered, that nothing valuable can be procured without it. Not to mention riches and honour, even food and raiment are not to be come at without the toil of the

hands and sweat of the brows. Providence furnishes materials, but expects that we should work them up ourselves. The earth must be laboured before it gives its increase, and when it is forced into its several products, how many hands must they pass through before they are fit for use? Manufactures, trade and agriculture, naturally employ more than nineteen parts of the species in twenty; and as for those who are not obliged to labour, by the condition in which they are born, they are more miserable than the rest of mankind, unless they indulge themselves in that voluntary labour which goes by the name of exercise.

My friend Sir Roger has been an indefatigable man in business of this kind, and has hung several parts of his house with the trophies of his former labours. The walls of his great hall are covered with the horns of several kinds of deer that he has killed in the chase, which he thinks the most valuable furniture of his house, as they afford him frequent topics of discourse, and shew that he has not been idle. At the lower end of the hall, is a large otter's skin stuffed with hay, which his mother ordered to be hung up in that manner, and the knight looks upon it with great satisfaction, because it seems he was but nine years old when his dog killed him. A little room adjoining to the hall is a kind of arsenal filled with guns of several sizes and inventions, with which the knight has made great havoc in the woods, and destroyed many thousands of pheasants, partridges, and woodcocks. His stable doors are patched with noses that belonged to foxes of the knight's own hunting down. Sir Roger shewed me one of them, that for distinction's sake has a brass nail struck through it, which cost him about *fifteen* hours' riding, carried him through half a dozen counties, killed him a brace of geldings, and lost above half his dogs. This the knight looks upon as one of the greatest exploits of his life. The perverse widow,* whom I have given some account of, was the death of several foxes; for Sir Roger has told me, that in the course of his amours he patched the western door of his stable. Whenever the widow was cruel, the foxes were sure to pay for it. In proportion as his passion for the widow abated, and old age came on, he left off fox-hunting; but a hare is not yet safe that sits within ten miles of his house.

There is no kind of exercise which I would so recommend to my readers of both sexes as this of riding, as there is none which

* See Page 21, l. 26.

so much conduces to health, and is every way accommodated to the body, according to the idea which I have given of it. Dr. Sydenham is very lavish in its praises; and if the English reader will see the mechanical effects of it described at length, he may find them in a book published not many years since, under the title of *Medicina Gymnastica*. For my own part, when I am in town, for want of these opportunities, I exercise myself an hour every morning upon a dumb bell that is placed in a corner of my room, and pleases me the more, because it does everything I require of it in the most profound silence. My landlady and her daughters are so well acquainted with my hours of exercise, that they never come into my room to disturb me whilst I am ringing.

When I was some years younger than I am at present, I used to employ myself in a more laborious diversion, which I learned from a Latin treatise of exercises [n], that is written with great erudition: it is there called the σκιομαχία, or the fighting with a man's own shadow, and consists in the brandishing of two short sticks grasped in each hand, and loaden with plugs of lead at either end. This opens the chest, exercises the limbs, and gives a man all the pleasure of boxing without the blows. I could wish that several learned men would lay out that time which they employ in controversies and disputes about nothing, in this method of fighting with their own shadows. It might conduce very much to evaporate the spleen, which makes them uneasy to the public as well as to themselves.

To conclude, as I am a compound of soul and body, I consider myself as obliged to a double scheme of duties; and think I have not fulfilled the business of the day, when I do not thus employ the one in labour and exercise, as well as the other in study and contemplation.—L.

[No. 116, though signed X, the initial which marks the papers contributed by Eustace Budgell, was commonly reported at the time to have been written by Addison, and internal evidence goes far to prove that report spoke truly. It is a charming paper, describing a hare-hunt in which the Spectator accompanied Sir Roger, and did not distinguish himself as a rider to hounds.]

No. 117. *Witch-craft: Moll White; Sir Roger and the Spectator go to see her.*

——Ipsi sibi somnia fingunt.
VIRG. Ecl. viii. 108.

There are some opinions in which a man should stand neuter without engaging his assent to one side or the other. Such a hovering faith as this, which refuses to settle upon any determination, is absolutely necessary in a mind that is careful to avoid errors and prepossessions. When the arguments press equally on both sides in matters that are indifferent to us, the safest method is to give up ourselves to neither.

It is with this temper of mind that I consider the subject of witchcraft. When I hear the relations that are made from all parts of the world, not only from Norway and Lapland, from the East and West Indies, but from every particular nation in Europe, I cannot forbear thinking that there is such an intercourse and commerce with evil spirits, as that which we express by the name of witchcraft. But when I consider that the ignorant and credulous parts of the world abound the most in these relations, and that the persons among us who are supposed to engage in such an infernal commerce are people of a weak understanding and crazed imagination, and at the same time reflect upon the many impostures and delusions of this nature that have been detected in all ages, I endeavour to suspend my belief till I hear more certain accounts than any which have yet come to my knowledge. In short, when I consider the question, whether there are such persons in the world, as those we call witches, my mind is divided between the two opposite opinions; or rather (to speak my thoughts freely) I believe in general that there is and has been such a thing as witchcraft; but at the same time can give no credit to any particular instance of it.

I am engaged in this speculation, by some occurrences that I met with yesterday, which I shall give my reader an account of at large. As I was walking with my friend Sir Roger by the side of one of his woods, an old woman applied herself to me for my charity. Her dress and figure put me in mind of the following description in *Otway*.

In a close lane as I pursued my journey,
I espied a wrinkled hag, with age grown double,

Picking dry sticks, and mumbling to herself.
Her eyes with scalding rheum were gall'd and red;
Cold palsy shook her head; her hands seem'd wither'd;
And on her crooked shoulders had she wrapp'd
The tatter'd remnants of an old stripp'd hanging;
Which serv'd to keep her carcase from the cold:
So there was nothing of a piece about her.
Her lower weeds were all o'er coarsely patch'd
With diff'rent colour'd rags, black, red, white, yellow,
And seem'd to speak variety of wretchedness[n].

As I was musing on this description, and comparing it with the object before me, the knight told me, that this very old woman had the reputation of a witch all over the country, that her lips were observed to be always in motion, and that there was not a switch about her house which her neighbours did not believe had carried her several hundreds of miles. If she chanced to stumble, they always found sticks or straws that lay in the figure of a cross before her. If she made any mistake at church, and cried *Amen* in a wrong place, they never failed to conclude that she was saying her prayers backwards. There was not a maid in the parish that would take a pin of her, though she should offer a bag of money with it. She goes by the name of Moll White, and has made the country ring with several imaginary exploits which are palmed upon her. If the dairy-maid does not make her butter come so soon as she would have it, Moll White is at the bottom of the churn. If a horse sweats in the stable, Moll White has been upon his back. If a hare makes an unexpected escape from the hounds, the huntsman curses Moll White. Nay (says Sir Roger) I have known the master of the pack, upon such an occasion, send one of his servants to see if Moll White had been out that morning.

This account raised my curiosity so far, that I begged my friend Sir Roger to go with me into her hovel, which stood in a solitary corner under the side of the wood. Upon our first entering Sir Roger winked to me, and pointed at something that stood behind the door, which, upon looking that way, I found to be an old broomstaff. At the same time he whispered me in the ear to take notice of a tabby cat that sat in the chimney corner, which, as the old knight told me, lay under as bad a report as Moll White herself; for besides that Moll is said often to accompany her in the same shape, the cat is reported to

have spoken twice or thrice in her life, and to have played several pranks above the capacity of an ordinary cat.

I was secretly concerned to see human nature in so much wretchedness and disgrace, but at the same time could not forbear smiling to hear Sir Roger, who is a little puzzled about the old woman, advising her, as a justice of peace, to avoid all communication with the devil, and never to hurt any of her neighbours' cattle. We concluded our visit with a bounty, which was very acceptable.

In our return home, Sir Roger told me that old Moll had been often brought before him for making children spit pins, and giving maids the night-mare; and that the country people would be tossing her into a pond, and trying experiments with her every day, if it was not for him and his chaplain[n].

I have since found upon inquiry, that Sir Roger was several times staggered with the reports that had been brought him concerning this old woman, and would frequently have bound her over to the county sessions, had not his chaplain with much ado persuaded him to the contrary.

I have been the more particular in this account, because I hear there is scarce a village in England that has not a Moll White in it. When an old woman begins to dote, and grow chargeable to a parish, she is generally turned into a witch, and fills the whole country with extravagant fancies, imaginary distempers, and terrifying dreams. In the mean time, the poor wretch that is the innocent occasion of so many evils begins to be frighted at herself, and sometimes confesses secret commerces and familiarities that her imagination forms in a delirious old age. This frequently cuts off charity from the greatest objects of compassion, and inspires people with a malevolence towards those poor decrepid parts of our species, in whom human nature is defaced by infirmity and dotage.—L.

No. 122. *Sir Roger takes the Spectator to the county assizes, where the knight is treated with great deference—The Saracen's Head.*

Comes jucundus in via pro vehiculo est.
PUB. SYR. Frag.

A man's first care should be to avoid the reproaches of his own heart; his next, to escape the censures of the world; if the last

interferes with the former, it ought to be entirely neglected; but otherwise there cannot be a greater satisfaction to an honest mind, than to see those approbations which it gives itself seconded by the applauses of the public: a man is more sure of his conduct, when the verdict which he passes upon his own behaviour is thus warranted and confirmed by the opinion of all that know him.

My worthy friend Sir Roger is one of those who is not only at peace within himself, but beloved and esteemed by all about him. He receives a suitable tribute for his universal benevolence to mankind, in the returns of affection and good-will, which are paid him by every one that lives within his neighbourhood. I lately met with two or three odd instances of that general respect which is shewn to the good old knight. He would needs carry Will Wimble and myself with him to the county assizes: as we were upon the road Will Wimble joined a couple of plain men who rode before us, and conversed with them for some time; during which my friend Sir Roger acquainted me with their characters.

'The first of them,' says he, 'that has a spaniel by his side, is a yeoman of about an hundred pounds a year, an honest man: he is just within the game-act, and qualified to kill an hare or a pheasant: he knocks down a dinner with his gun twice or thrice a week: and by that means lives much cheaper than those who have not so good an estate as himself. He would be a good neighbour if he did not destroy so many partridges: in short he is a very sensible man; shoots flying; and has been several times foreman of the petty jury.

'The other that rides along with him is Tom Touchy, a fellow famous for taking the law of every body. There is not one in the town where he lives that he has not sued at a quarter-sessions. The rogue had once the impudence to go to law with the widow. His head is full of costs, damages, and ejectments; he plagued a couple of honest gentlemen so long for a trespass in breaking one of his hedges, till he was forced to sell the ground it inclosed to defray the charges of the prosecution: his father left him fourscore pounds a year; but he has cast and been cast so often, that he is not now worth thirty. I suppose he is going upon the old business of the willow tree.'

As Sir Roger was giving me this account of Tom Touchy, Will

Wimble and his two companions stopped short until we came up to them. After having paid their respects to Sir Roger, Will told him that Mr. Touchy and he must appeal to him upon a dispute that arose between them. Will it seems had been giving his fellow-traveller an account of his angling one day in such a hole; when Tom Touchy, instead of hearing out his story, told him, that Mr. such an one, if he pleased, might *take the law of him* for fishing in that part of the river. My friend Sir Roger heard them both upon a round trot; and after having paused some time, told them, with the air of a man who would not give his judgment rashly, that *much might be said on both sides.* They were neither of them dissatisfied with the knight's determination, because neither of them found himself in the wrong by it; upon which we made the best of our way to the assizes.

The court was set before Sir Roger came; but notwithstanding all the justices had taken their places upon the bench, they made room for the old knight at the head of them; who, for his reputation in the country, took occasion to whisper in the judge's ear, *that he was glad his lordship had met with so much good weather in his circuit.* I was listening to the proceedings of the court with much attention, and infinitely pleased with that great appearance and solemnity which so properly accompanies such a public administration of our laws; when, after about an hour's sitting, I observed to my great surprise, in the midst of a trial, that my friend Sir Roger was getting up to speak. I was in some pain for him till I found he had acquitted himself of two or three sentences, with a look of much business and great intrepidity.

Upon his first rising the court was hushed, and a general whisper ran among the country people that Sir Roger *was up.* The speech he made was so little to the purpose, that I shall not trouble my readers with an account of it; and I believe was not so much designed by the knight himself to inform the court, as to give him a figure in my eye, and keep up his credit in the country.

I was highly delighted, when the court rose, to see the gentlemen of the country gathering about my old friend, and striving who should compliment him most; at the same time that the ordinary people gazed upon him at a distance, not a little admiring his courage, that was not afraid to speak to the judge.

In our return home we met with a very odd accident; which I

cannot forbear relating, because it shows how desirous all who know Sir Roger are of giving him marks of their esteem. When we were arrived upon the verge of his estate, we stopped at a little inn to rest ourselves and our horses. The man of the house had, it seems, been formerly a servant in the knight's family; and to do honour to his old master, had some time since, unknown to Sir Roger, put him up in a sign-post before the door; so that "the Knight's Head" had hung out upon the road about a week before he himself knew anything of the matter. As soon as Sir Roger was acquainted with it, finding that his servant's indiscretion proceeded wholly from affection and good-will, he only told him that he had made him too high a compliment; and when the fellow seemed to think that could hardly be, added with a more decisive look, that it was too great an honour for any man under a duke; but told him at the same time, that it might be altered with a very few touches, and that he himself would be at the charge of it. Accordingly, they got a painter by the knight's directions to add a pair of whiskers to the face, and by a little aggravation of the features to change it into the *Saracen's Head.* I should not have known this story, had not the inn-keeper, upon Sir Roger's alighting, told him in my hearing, that his honour's head was brought back last night with the alterations that he had ordered to be made in it. Upon this my friend with his usual cheerfulness related the particulars above-mentioned, and ordered the head to be brought into the room. I could not forbear discovering greater expressions of mirth than ordinary upon the appearance of this monstrous face, under which, notwithstanding it was made to frown and stare in a most extraordinary manner, I could still discover a distant resemblance of my old friend. Sir Roger, upon seeing me laugh, desired me to tell him truly if I thought it possible for people to know him in that disguise. I at first kept my usual silence: but upon the knight conjuring me to tell him whether it was not still more like himself than a Saracen, I composed my countenance in the best manner I could, and replied, *That much might be said on both sides.*

These several adventures, with the knight's behaviour in them, gave me as pleasant a day as ever I met with in any of my travels.—L.

No. 123. *The idle young squire; reflections.*

Doctrina sed vim promovet insitam.
Rectique cultus pectora roborant;
Utcunque defecere mores,
Dedecorant bene nata culpæ. HOR. Od. iv. 4.

As I was yesterday taking the air with my friend Sir Roger, we were met by a fresh-coloured ruddy young man, who rid by us full speed, with a couple of servants behind him. Upon my inquiry who he was, Sir Roger told me that he was a young gentleman of a considerable estate, who had been educated by a tender mother that lived not many miles from the place where we were. She is a very good lady, says my friend, but took so much care of her son's health, that she has made him good for nothing. She quickly found that reading was bad for his eyes, and that writing made his head ake. He was let loose among the woods as soon as he was able to ride on horseback, or to carry a gun upon his shoulder. To be brief, I found, by my friend's account of him, that he had got a great stock of health, but nothing else; and that if it were a man's business only to live, there would not be a more accomplished young fellow in the whole country.

The truth of it is, since my residing in these parts I have seen and heard innumerable instances of young heirs and elder brothers, who either from their own reflecting upon the estates they are born to, and therefore thinking all other accomplishments unnecessary, or from hearing these notions frequently inculcated to them by the flattery of their servants and domestics, or from the same foolish thought prevailing in those who have the care of their education, are of no manner of use but to keep up their families, and transmit their lands and houses in a line to posterity.

No. 125. *Amusing anecdote told by Sir Roger, leading to strictures on the evils of party spirit.*

Ne pueri, ne tanta animis assuescite bella:
Neu patriæ validas in viscera vertite vires.
VIRG. Æn. vi. 832.

Embrace again, my sons, be foes no more,
Nor stain your country with her children's gore.
DRYDEN.

My worthy friend Sir Roger, when we are talking of the malice of parties, very frequently tells us an accident that happened

to him when he was a school-boy, which was at a time when the feuds ran high between the round-heads and cavaliers. This worthy knight, being then but a stripling, had occasion to inquire which was the way to St. Anne's lane; upon which the person whom he spoke to, instead of answering his question, called him a young Popish cur, and asked him who had made Anne a saint! The boy, being in some confusion, inquired of the next he met, which was the way to Anne's lane; but was called a prick-eared cur for his pains, and instead of being shewn the way, was told, that she had been a saint before he was born, and would be one after he was hanged. Upon this, says Sir Roger, I did not think fit to repeat the former question, but going into every lane of the neighbourhood, asked what they called the name of that lane. By which ingenious artifice he found out the place he inquired after, without giving offence to any party. Sir Roger generally closes this narrative with reflexions on the mischief that parties do in the country; how they spoil good neighbourhood, and make honest gentlemen hate one another; besides that they manifestly tend to the prejudice of the land-tax, and the destruction of the game.

There cannot a greater judgment befal a country than such a dreadful spirit of division as rends a government into two distinct people, and makes them greater strangers and more averse to one another, than if they were actually two different nations. The effects of such a division are pernicious to the last degree, not only with regard to those advantages which they give the common enemy, but to those private evils which they produce in the heart of almost every particular person. This influence is very fatal both to men's morals and their understandings; it sinks the virtue of a nation, and not only so, but destroys even common sense.

A furious party-spirit, when it rages in its full violence, exerts itself in civil war and bloodshed; and, when it is under its greatest restraints, naturally breaks out in falsehood, detraction, calumny, and a partial administration of justice. In a word, it fills a nation with spleen and rancour, and extinguishes all the seeds of good-nature, compassion, and humanity.

Plutarch says very finely, that a man should not allow himself to hate even his enemies, because, says he, 'if you indulge this passion on some occasions, it will rise of itself in others; if you

hate your enemies, you will contract such a vicious habit of mind, as by degrees will break out upon those who are your friends, or those who are indifferent to you[n].' I might here observe how admirably this precept of morality (which derives the malignity of hatred from the passion itself, and not from its object) answers to that great rule which was dictated to the world about an hundred years before this philosopher wrote; but instead of that, I shall only take notice, with a real grief of heart, that the minds of many good men among us appear soured with party-principles, and alienated from one another in such a manner, as seems to me altogether inconsistent with the dictates either of reason or religion. Zeal for a public cause is apt to breed passions in the hearts of virtuous persons, to which the regard of their own private interest would never have betrayed them.

If this party-spirit has so ill an effect on our morals, it has likewise a very great one upon our judgments. We often hear a poor insipid paper or pamphlet cried up, and sometimes a noble piece depreciated, by those who are of a different principle from the author. One who is actuated by this spirit is almost under an incapacity of discerning either real blemishes or beauties. A man of merit in a different principle, is like an object seen in two different mediums, that appears crooked or broken, however straight and entire it may be in itself. For this reason there is scarce a person of any figure in England who does not go by two contrary characters, as opposite to one another as light and darkness. Knowledge and learning suffer in a particular manner from this strange prejudice, which at present prevails amongst all ranks and degrees in the British nation. As men formerly became eminent in learned societies by their parts and acquisitions, they now distinguish themselves by the warmth and violence with which they espouse their respective parties. Books are valued upon the like considerations: an abusive scurrilous stile passes for satire, and a dull scheme of party notions is called fine writing.

There is one piece of sophistry practised by both sides, and that is the taking any scandalous story, that has been ever whispered or invented of a private man, for a known undoubted truth, and raising suitable speculations upon it. Calumnies that have been never proved, or have been often refuted, are the

ordinary postulatums of these infamous scribblers, upon which they proceed as upon first principles granted by all men, though in their hearts they know they are false, or at best very doubtful. When they have laid these foundations of scurrility, it is no wonder that their superstructure is every way answerable to them. If this shameless practice of the present age endures much longer, praise and reproach will cease to be motives of action in good men.

There are certain periods of time in all governments when this inhuman spirit prevails. Italy was long torn in pieces by the Guelfes and Gibellines [n], and France by those who were for and against the League [n]: but it is very unhappy for a man to be born in such a stormy and tempestuous season. It is the restless ambition of artful men, that thus breaks a people into factions, and draws several well-meaning persons to their interest by a specious concern for their country. How many honest minds are filled with uncharitable and barbarous notions, out of their zeal for the public good? What cruelties and outrages would they not commit against men of an adverse party, whom they would honour and esteem, if instead of considering them as they are represented, they knew them as they are? Thus are persons of the greatest probity seduced into shameful errors and prejudices, and made bad men even by that noblest of principles, the love of their country. I cannot here forbear mentioning the famous Spanish proverb, *If there were neither fools nor knaves in the world all people would be of one mind.*

For my own part, I could heartily wish that all honest men would enter into an association, for the support of one another against the endeavours of those whom they ought to look upon as their common enemies, whatsoever side they may belong to. Were there such an honest body of neutral forces, we should never see the worst of men in great figures of life, because they are useful to a party; nor the best unregarded, because they are above practising those methods which would be grateful to their faction. We should then single every criminal out of the herd, and hunt him down, however formidable and overgrown he might appear: on the contrary, we should shelter distressed innocence, and defend virtue, however beset with contempt or ridicule, envy or defamation. In short, we should not any longer regard our fellow-subjects as Whigs or Tories, but should

make the man of merit our friend, and the villain our enemy.—C.

No. 126. *Strictures on party-spirit continued; illustrations taken from the Spectator's experience among the county people, Sir Roger's neighbours.*

Tros Rutulusve fuat, nullo discrimine habebo.
VIRG. Æn. x. 108.
Rutulians, Trojans, are the same to me.
DRYDEN.

In my yesterday's paper I proposed, that the honest men of all parties should enter into a kind of association for the defence of one another, and the confusion of their common enemies. As it is designed this neutral body should act with a regard to nothing but truth and equity, and divest themselves of the little heats and prepossessions that cleave to parties of all kinds, I have prepared for them the following form of an association, which may express their intentions in the most plain and simple manner.

We whose names are hereunto subscribed, do solemnly declare, that we do in our consciences believe two and two make four; and that we shall adjudge any man whatsoever to be our enemy who endeavours to persuade us to the contrary. We are likewise ready to maintain with the hazard of all that is near and dear to us, that six is less than seven in all times and all places; and that ten will not be more three years hence than it is at present. We do also firmly declare, that it is our resolution as long as we live to call black black, and white white. And we shall upon all occasions oppose such persons that upon any day of the year shall call black white, or white black, with the utmost peril of our lives and fortunes.

Were there such a combination of honest men, who without any regard to places would endeavour to extirpate all such furious zealots as would sacrifice one half of their country to the passion and interest of the other; as also such infamous hypocrites, that are for promoting their own advantage under colour of the public good; with all the profligate immoral retainers to each side, that have nothing to recommend them but an implicit submission to their leaders; we should soon see that furious party-spirit extinguished, which may in time expose us to the derision and contempt of all the nations about us.

A member of this society, that would thus carefully employ himself in making room for merit, by throwing down the worthless and depraved part of mankind from those conspicuous stations of life to which they have been sometimes advanced, and all this without any regard to his private interest, would be no small benefactor to his country.

I remember to have read in Diodorus Siculus an account of a very active little animal, which I think he calls Ichneumon, that makes it the whole business of his life to break the eggs of the crocodile, which he is always in search after. This instinct is the more remarkable, because the Ichneumon never feeds upon the eggs he has broken, nor any other way finds his account in them. Were it not for the incessant labours of this industrious animal, Egypt, says the historian, would be over-run with crocodiles; for the Egyptians are so far from destroying those pernicious creatures, that they worship them as gods.

If we look into the behaviour of ordinary partizans, we shall find them far from resembling this disinterested animal; and rather acting after the example of the wild Tartars, who are ambitious of destroying a man of the most extraordinary parts and accomplishments, as thinking that upon his decease, the same talents, whatever posts they qualified him for, enter of course into his destroyer[n].

As in the whole train of my speculations I have endeavoured as much as I am able to extinguish that pernicious spirit of passion and prejudice, which rages with the same violence in all parties, I am still the more desirous of doing some good in this particular, because I observe that the spirit of party reigns more in the country than in the town. It here contracts a kind of brutality and rustic fierceness, to which men of a politer conversation are wholly strangers. It extends itself even to the return of the bow and the hat; and at the same time that the heads of parties preserve towards one another an outward show of good breeding, and keep up a perpetual intercourse of civilities, their tools that are dispersed in these outlying parts will not so much as mingle together at a cock-match. This humour fills the country with several periodical meetings of Whig jockies and Tory fox-hunters; not to mention the innumerable curses, frowns, and whispers it produces at a quarter-sessions.

I do not know whether I have observed in any of my former papers, that my friends Sir Roger de Coverley and Sir Andrew Freeport are of different principles, the first of them inclined to the *landed* and the other to the *monied* interest. This humour is so moderate in each of them, that it proceeds no farther than to an agreeable raillery, which very often diverts the rest of the club. I find however that the knight is a much stronger Tory in the country than in the town, which, as he has told me in my ear, is absolutely necessary for the keeping up his interest. In all our journey from London to his house we did not so much as bait at a Whig inn: or if by chance the coach-man stopped at a wrong place, one of Sir Roger's servants would ride up to his master full speed, and whisper to him that the master of the house was against such an one in the last election. This often betrayed us into hard beds and bad cheer; for we were not so inquisitive about the inn as the inn-keeper; and provided our landlord's principles were sound, did not take any notice of the staleness of his provisions. This I found still the more inconvenient, because the better the host was, the worse generally were his accommodations; the fellow knowing very well that those who were his friends would take up with coarse diet and hard lodging. For these reasons, all the while I was upon the road I dreaded entering into an house of any one that Sir Roger had applauded for an honest man[n].

Since my stay at Sir Roger's in the country, I daily find more instances of this narrow party-humour. Being upon a bowling-green at a neighbouring market-town the other day, (for that is the place where the gentlemen of one side meet once a week,) I observed a stranger among them of a better presence and genteeler behaviour than ordinary; but was much surprised, that notwithstanding he was a very fair better, nobody would take him up. But upon inquiry I found, that he was one who had given a disagreeable vote in a former parliament, for which reason there was not a man upon that bowling-green who would have so much correspondence with him as to win his money of him.

Among other instances of this nature, I must not omit one which concerns myself. Will Wimble was the other day relating several strange stories that he had picked up, nobody knows where, of a certain great man; and upon my staring

at him, as one that was surprised to hear such things in the country, which had never been so much as whispered in the town, Will stopped short in the thread of his discourse, and after dinner asked my friend Sir Roger in his ear, if he was sure that I was not a fanatic.

It gives me a serious concern to see such a spirit of dissension in the country; not only as it destroys virtue and common sense, and renders us in a manner barbarians towards one another, but as it perpetuates our animosities, widens our breaches, and transmits our present passions and prejudices to our posterity. For my own part, I am sometimes afraid that I discover the seeds of a civil war in these our divisions; and therefore cannot but bewail, as in their first principles, the miseries and calamities of our children.—C.

No. 130. *Gipsies; Sir Roger and the Spectator have their fortunes told; anecdote of a boy stolen by gipsies.*

Semperque recentes
Convectare juvat prædas, et vivere rapto.
VIRG. Æn. vii. 748.

Hunting their sport, and plundering was their trade.
DRYDEN.

As I was yesterday riding out in the fields with my friend Sir Roger, we saw at a little distance from us a troop of gipsies. Upon the first discovering of them, my friend was in some doubt whether he should not exert the *Justice of the peace* upon such a band of lawless vagrants; but not having his clerk with him, who is a necessary counsellor on those occasions, and fearing that his poultry might fare the worse for it, he let the thought drop: but at the same time gave me a particular account of the mischiefs they do in the country, in stealing people's goods and spoiling their servants. 'If a stray piece of linen hangs upon an hedge,' says Sir Roger, 'they are sure to have it; if a hog loses his way in the fields, it is ten to one but he becomes their prey; our geese cannot live in peace for them: if a man prosecutes them with severity, his henroost is sure to pay for it. They generally straggle into these parts about this time of the year; and set the heads of our servant-maids so agog for husbands, that we do not expect to have any business done as

it should be whilst they are in the country. I have an honest dairy-maid who crosses their hands with a piece of silver every summer, and never fails being promised the handsomest young fellow in the parish for her pains. Your friend the butler has been fool enough to be seduced by them; and, though he is sure to lose a knife, a fork, or a spoon every time his fortune is told him, generally shuts himself up in the pantry with an old gipsy for above half an hour once in a twelvemonth. Sweet-hearts are the things they live upon, which they bestow very plentifully upon all those that apply themselves to them. You see now and then some handsome young jades among them: the sluts have very often white teeth and black eyes.'

Sir Roger observing that I listened with great attention to his account of a people who were so entirely new to me, told me, that if I would they should tell us our fortunes. As I was very well pleased with the knight's proposal, we rid up and communicated our hands to them. A Cassandra[n] of the crew, after having examined my lines very diligently, told me, that I loved a pretty maid in a corner, that I was a good woman's man, with some other particulars which I do not think proper to relate. My friend Sir Roger alighted from his horse, and exposing his palm to two or three of them that stood by him, they crumpled it into all shapes, and diligently scanned every wrinkle that could be made in it; when one of them who was elder and more sun-burnt than the rest, told him, that he had a widow in his line of life; upon which the knight cried, 'Go, go, you are an idle baggage;' and at the same time smiled upon me. The gipsy finding he was not displeased in his heart, told him after a farther inquiry into his hand, that his true love was constant, and that she should dream of him to-night: my old friend cried, 'Pish,' and bid her go on. The gipsy told him that he was a batchelor, but would not be so long; and that he was dearer to somebody than he thought; the knight still repeated that she was an idle baggage, and bid her go on. 'Ah master,' says the gipsy, 'that roguish leer of yours makes a pretty woman's heart ake; you han't that simper about the mouth for nothing.' The uncouth gibberish with which all this was uttered, like the darkness of an oracle, made us the more attentive to it. To be short, the knight left the money with her that he had crossed her hand with, and got up again on his horse.

As we were riding away, Sir Roger told me, that he knew several sensible people who believed these gipsies now and then foretold very strange things; and for half an hour together appeared more jocund than ordinary. In the height of his good humour, meeting a common beggar upon the road who was no conjuror, as he went to relieve him, he found his pocket was picked; that being a kind of palmistry at which this race of vermin are very dexterous.

I might here entertain my reader with historical remarks on this idle profligate people, who infest all the countries in Europe, and live in the midst of governments in a kind of commonwealth by themselves. But instead of entering into observations of this nature, I shall fill the remaining part of my paper with a story which is still fresh in Holland, and was printed in one of our monthly accounts about twenty years ago. 'As the Trekschuyt, or the hackney boat[n], which carries passengers from Leyden to Amsterdam, was putting off, a boy running along the side of the canal desired to be taken in; which the master of the boat refused, because the lad had not quite money enough to pay the usual fare. An eminent merchant being pleased with the looks of the boy, and secretly touched with compassion towards him, paid the money for him, and ordered him to be taken on board. Upon talking with him afterwards, he found that he could speak readily in three or four languages, and learned upon further examination that he had been stolen away when he was a child by a gipsy, and had rambled ever since with a gang of these strollers up and down several parts of Europe. It happened that the merchant, whose heart seems to have inclined towards the boy by a secret kind of instinct, had himself lost a child some years before. The parents after a long search for him, gave him for drowned in one of the canals with which that country abounds; and the mother was so afflicted at the loss of a fine boy, who was her only son, that she died for grief of it. Upon laying together all particulars, and examining the several moles and marks by which the mother used to describe the child when he was first missing, the boy proved to be the son of the merchant whose heart had so unaccountably melted at the sight of him. The lad was very well pleased to find a father who was so rich, and likely to leave him a good estate; the father on the other hand was not a little delighted to see a son return

to him, whom he had given for lost, with such a strength of constitution, sharpness of understanding, and skill of languages.' Here the printed story leaves off, but if I may give credit to reports, our linguist, having received such extraordinary rudiments towards a good education, was afterwards trained up in every thing that becomes a gentleman; wearing off by little and little all the vicious habits and practices that he had been used to in the course of his peregrinations; nay, it is said, that he has since been employed in foreign courts upon national business, with great reputation to himself and honour to those who sent him, and that he has visited several countries as a public minister, in which he formerly wandered as a gipsy.—C.

No. 131. *Various opinions entertained of the Spectator in the country. Letter from Will Honeycomb.*

Ipsæ rursum concedite sylvæ.
VIRG. Ecl. x. 63.

It is usual for a man who loves country sports to preserve the game on his own grounds, and divert himself upon those that belong to his neighbour. My friend Sir Roger generally goes two or three miles from his house, and gets into the frontiers of his estate, before he beats about in search of a hare or partridge, on purpose to spare his own fields, where he is always sure of finding diversion when the worst comes to the worst. By this means the breed about his house has time to increase and multiply, besides that the sport is the more agreeable where the game is the harder to come at, and where it does not lie so thick as to produce any perplexity or confusion in the pursuit. For these reasons the country gentleman, like the fox, seldom preys near his own home.

In the same manner I have made a month's excursion out of town, which is the great field of game for sportsmen of my species, to try my fortune in the country, where I have started several subjects, and hunted them down, with some pleasure to myself, and I hope to others. I am here forced to use a great deal of diligence before I can spring anything to my mind, whereas in town, whilst I am following one character, it is ten to one but I am crossed in my way by another, and put up such

a variety of odd creatures in both sexes, that they foil the scent of one another, and puzzle the chace. My greatest difficulty in the country is to find sport, and in town to choose it. In the mean time, as I have given a whole month's rest to the cities of London and Westminster, I promise myself abundance of new game upon my return thither.

It is indeed high time for me to leave the country, since I find the whole neighbourhood begin to grow very inquisitive after my name and character; my love of solitude, taciturnity, and particular way of life, having raised a great curiosity in all these parts.

The notions which have been framed of me are various; some look upon me as very proud, some as very modest, and some as very melancholy. Will Wimble, as my friend the butler tells me, observing me very much alone, and extremely silent when I am in company, is afraid I have killed a man. The country people seem to suspect me for a conjuror; and some of them hearing of the visit which I made to Moll White, will needs have it that Sir Roger has brought down a cunning man with him, to cure the old woman, and free the country from her charms. So that the character which I go under in part of the neighbourhood is what they here call a *white witch* [n].

A justice of peace, who lives about five miles off, and is not of Sir Roger's party, has, it seems, said twice or thrice at his table, that he wishes Sir Roger does not harbour a Jesuit in his house; that he thinks the gentlemen of the country would do very well to make me give some account of myself.

On the other side, some of Sir Roger's friends are afraid the old knight is imposed upon by a designing fellow, and as they have heard that he converses very promiscuously when he is in town, do not know but he has brought down with him some discarded Whig, that is sullen, and says nothing because he is out of place [n].

Such is the variety of opinions which are here entertained of me, so that I pass among some for a disaffected person, and among others for a popish priest; among some for a wizard, and among others for a murderer; and all this for no other reason, that I can imagine, but because I do not hoot and hollow and make a noise. It is true, my friend Sir Roger tells them that it is my way, and that I am only a philosopher; but this will

not satisfy them. They think there is more in me than he discovers, and that I do not hold my tongue for nothing.

For these and other reasons I shall set out for London to-morrow, having found by experience that the country is not a place for a person of my temper, who does not love jollity, and what they call good neighbourhood. A man that is out of humour when an unexpected guest breaks in upon him, and does not care for sacrificing an afternoon to every chance comer,—that will be the master of his own time, and the pursuer of his own inclinations,—makes but a very unsociable figure in this kind of life. I shall therefore retire into the town, if I may make use of that phrase, and get into the crowd again as fast as I can, in order to be alone. I can there raise what speculations I please upon others without being observed myself, and at the same time enjoy all the advantages of company with all the privileges of solitude. In the meanwhile, to finish the month, and conclude these my rural speculations, I shall here insert a letter from my friend Will Honeycomb, who has not lived a month for these forty years out of the smoke of London, and rallies me after his way upon my country life.

'DEAR SPEC,

I suppose this letter will find thee picking up daisies, or smelling to a lock of hay, or passing away thy time in some innocent country diversion of the like nature. I have however orders from the club to summon thee up to town, being all of us cursedly afraid thou wilt not be able to relish our company, after thy conversations with Moll White and Will Wimble. Pr'ythee don't send up any more stories of a cock and a bull, nor frighten the town with spirits and witches. Thy speculations begin to smell confoundedly of woods and meadows. If thou dost not come up quickly, we shall conclude that thou art in love with one of Sir Roger's dairy-maids. Service to the knight. Sir Andrew is grown the cock of the club since he left us, and if he does not return quickly, will make every mother's son of us common-wealth's men.

Dear Spec,
Thine eternally,
C. WILL HONEYCOMB.'

No. 269. *Sir Roger comes up to town to see Prince Eugene: he tells the Spectator the news of the country.*

Ævo rarissima nostro
Simplicitas.

OVID, Ars. Am. i. 241.

And brings our old simplicity again.
DRYDEN.

I was this morning surprised with a great knocking at the door, when my landlady's daughter came up to me, and told me, that there was a man below desired to speak with me. Upon my asking her who it was, she told me it was a very grave elderly person, but that she did not know his name. I immediately went down to him, and found him to be the coachman of my worthy friend Sir Roger de Coverley. He told me that his master came to town last night, and would be glad to take a turn with me in Gray's-inn walks[n]. As I was wondering in myself what had brought Sir Roger to town, not having lately received any letter from him, he told me that his master was come up to get a sight of prince Eugene[n], and that he desired I would immediately meet him.

I was not a little pleased with the curiosity of the old knight, though I did not much wonder at it, having heard him say more than once in private discourse, that he looked upon prince Eugenio (for so the knight always calls him)[n] to be a greater man than Scanderbeg[n].

I was no sooner come into Gray's-inn walks, but I heard my friend upon the terrace hemming twice or thrice to himself with great vigour, for he loves to clear his pipes in good air (to make use of his own phrase), and is not a little pleased with any one who takes notice of the strength which he still exerts in his morning hems.

I was touched with a secret joy at the sight of the good old man, who before he saw me was engaged in conversation with a beggar man that had asked an alms of him. I could hear my friend chide him for not finding out some work; but at the same time saw him put his hand into his pocket and give him sixpence.

Our salutations were very hearty on both sides, consisting of many kind shakes of the hand, and several affectionate looks

which we cast upon one another. After which the knight told me, my good friend his chaplain was very well, and much at my service, and that the Sunday before he had made a most incomparable sermon out of Dr. Barrow. 'I have left,' says he, 'all my affairs in his hands, and being willing to lay an obligation upon him, have deposited with him thirty merks[n], to be distributed among his poor parishioners.'

He then proceeded to acquaint me with the welfare of Will Wimble. Upon which he put his hand into his fob, and presented me in his name with a tobacco-stopper, telling me, that Will had been busy all the beginning of the winter in turning great quantities of them; and that he made a present of one to every gentleman in the country who has good principles, and smokes. He added, that poor Will was at present under great tribulation, for that Tom Touchy had taken the law of him for cutting some hazel sticks out of one of his hedges.

Among other pieces of news which the knight brought from his country-seat, he informed me that Moll White was dead; and that about a month after her death the wind was so very high, that it blew down the end of one of his barns. 'But for my own part,' says Sir Roger, 'I do not think that the old woman had any hand in it.'

He afterwards fell into an account of the diversions which had passed in his house during the holidays; for Sir Roger, after the laudable custom of his ancestors, always keeps open house at Christmas. I learned from him, that he had killed eight fat hogs for this season; that he had dealt about his chines very liberally amongst his neighbours; and that in particular he had sent a string of hog's-puddings with a pack of cards to every poor family in the parish. 'I have often thought,' says Sir Roger, 'it happens very well that Christmas should fall out in the middle of winter. It is the most dead and uncomfortable time of the year, when the poor people would suffer very much from their poverty and cold, if they had not good cheer, warm fires, and Christmas gambols to support them. I love to rejoice their poor hearts at this season, and to see the whole village merry in my great hall. I allow a double quantity of malt to my small beer, and set it a running for twelve days to every one that calls for it. I have always a piece of cold beef and a mince-pye upon the table, and am wonderfully pleased to see my tenants pass away a whole

evening in playing their innocent tricks, and smutting one another. Our friend Will Wimble is as merry as any of them, and shews a thousand roguish tricks upon these occasions.'

I was very much delighted with the reflexion of my old friend, which carried so much goodness in it. He then launched out into the praise of the late act of parliament for securing the Church of England, and told me, with great satisfaction, that he believed it already began to take effect, for that a rigid dissenter, who chanced to dine at his house on Christmas day had been observed to eat very plentifully of his plumb-porridge[n].

After having dispatched all our country matters, Sir Roger made several inquiries concerning the club, and particularly of his old antagonist Sir Andrew Freeport. He asked me with a kind of smile, whether Sir Andrew had not taken the advantage of his absence to vent among them some of his republican doctrines; but soon after, gathering up his countenance into a more than ordinary seriousness, 'Tell me truly,' said he, 'don't you think Sir Andrew had a hand in the pope's procession'[n]——but without giving me time to answer him, 'Well, well,' says he, 'I know you are a wary man, and do not care for talking of public matters.'

The knight then asked me if I had seen prince Eugenio, and made me promise to get him a stand in some convenient place where he might have a full sight of that extraordinary man, whose presence does so much honour to the British nation. He dwelt very long on the praises of this great general, and I found that, since I was with him in the country, he had drawn many observations together out of his reading in Baker's Chronicle[n], and other authors, who always lie in his hall window, which very much redound to the honour of this prince.

Having passed away the greatest part of the morning in hearing the knight's reflexions, which were partly private and partly political, he asked me if I would smoke a pipe with him over a dish of coffee at Squire's. As I love the old man, I take delight in complying with every thing that is agreeable to him, and accordingly waited on him to the coffee house, where his venerable aspect drew upon us the eyes of the whole room. He had no sooner seated himself at the upper end of the high table, but he called for a clean pipe, a paper of tobacco, a dish of coffee, a wax-candle, and the Supplement, with such an air of cheerfulness and

good-humour, that all the boys in the coffee-room (who seemed to take pleasure in serving him) were at once employed on his several errands, insomuch that no body else could come at a dish of tea, till the knight had got all his conveniences about him.—L.

No. 295.

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[At the end of this paper, which is on *Pin-money*, occurs the following passage about Sir Roger's hapless suit to the widow.]

I remember my friend Sir Roger, who I dare say never read this passage in Plato[n], told me some time since, that upon his courting the perverse widow (of whom I have given an account in former papers) he had disposed of an hundred acres in a diamond ring, which he would have presented her with, had she thought fit to accept it; and that upon her wedding day she should have carried on her head fifty of the tallest oaks upon his estate. He further informed me that he would have given her a coal-pit to keep her in clean linen, that he would have allowed her the profits of a wind-mill for her fans, and would have presented her once in three years with the shearing of his sheep for her under petticoats. To which the knight always adds, that though he did not care for fine clothes himself, yet there should not have been a woman in the country better dressed than my lady Coverley. Sir Roger, perhaps, may in this, as well as in many other of his devices, appear something odd and singular; but if the humour of *pin-money* prevails, I think it would be very proper for every gentleman of an estate to mark out so many acres of it under the title of *The Pins*.—L.

No. 329. *Sir Roger and the Spectator visit Westminster Abbey.*

Ire tamen restat, Numa quo devenit, et Ancus.
HOR. Epist. i. 6. 27.

It yet remains to tread the drear descent,
Where good Pompilius, and great Ancus went.

My friend Sir Roger de Coverley told me t'other night, that he had been reading my paper upon Westminster Abbey,* in

* No. 26, omitted from this selection.

which, says he, there are a great many ingenious fancies. He told me at the same time, that he observed I had promised another paper upon the tombs, and that he should be glad to go and see them with me, not having visited them since he had read history. I could not at first imagine how this came into the knight's head, till I recollected that he had been very busy all last summer upon Baker's Chronicle, which he has quoted several times in his disputes with Sir Andrew Freeport since his last coming to town. Accordingly I promised to call upon him the next morning, that we might go together to the Abbey.

I found the knight under his butler's hand, who always shaves him. He was no sooner dressed than he called for a glass of the widow Trueby's water, which he told me he always drank before he went abroad. He recommended to me a dram of it at the same time, with so much heartiness, that I could not forbear drinking it. As soon as I had got it down, I found it very unpalatable; upon which the knight, observing that I had made several wry faces, told me that he knew I should not like it at first, but that it was the best thing in the world against the stone or gravel.

I could have wished indeed that he had acquainted me with the virtues of it sooner; but it was too late to complain, and I knew what he had done was out of good-will. Sir Roger told me further, that he looked upon it to be very good for a man whilst he stayed in town, to keep off infection, and that he got together a quantity of it upon the first news of the sickness being at Dantzick: when of a sudden turning short to one of his servants who stood behind him, he bid him call a hackney-coach, and take care it was an elderly man that drove it.

He then resumed his discourse upon Mrs. Trueby's water, telling me that the widow Trueby was one who did more good than all the doctors and apothecaries in the country; that she distilled every poppy that grew within five miles of her; that she distributed her water gratis among all sorts of people: to which the knight added, that she had a very great jointure, and that the whole country would fain have it a match between him and her; 'and truly,' says Sir Roger, 'if I had not been engaged, perhaps I could not have done better.'

His discourse was broken off by his man's telling him he had called a coach. Upon our going to it, after having cast his

eye upon the wheels, he asked the coachman if his axle-tree was good; upon the fellow's telling him he would warrant it, the knight turned to me, told me he looked like an honest man, and went in without further ceremony.

We had not gone far, when Sir Roger, popping out his head, called the coachman down from his box, and upon his presenting himself at the window, asked him if he smoked; as I was considering what this would end in, he bid him stop by the way at any good tobacconist's, and take in a roll of their best Virginia. Nothing material happened in the remaining part of our journey, till we were set down at the west end of the Abbey.

As we went up the body of the church, the knight pointed at the trophies upon one of the new monuments, and cried out, 'A brave man, I warrant him!' Passing afterwards by Sir Cloudsly Shovel[n], he flung his hand that way, and cried, 'Sir Cloudsly Shovel, a very gallant man!' As we stood before Busby's[n] tomb, the knight uttered himself again after the same manner. 'Dr. Busby, a great man! he whipped my grandfather; a very great man! I should have gone to him myself, if I had not been a blockhead; a very great man!'

We were immediately conducted into the little chapel on the right hand[n]. Sir Roger planting himself at our historian's elbow, was very attentive to everything he said, particularly to the account he gave us of the lord who cut off the king of Morocco's head. Among several other figures, he was very well pleased to see the statesman Cecil upon his knees; and concluding them all to be great men, was conducted to the figure which represents that martyr to good housewifery, who died by the prick of a needle[n]. Upon our interpreter's telling us that she was a maid of honour to Q. Elizabeth, the knight was very inquisitive into her name and family; and after having regarded her finger for some time, 'I wonder,' says he, 'that Sir Richard Baker has said nothing of her in his Chronicle.'

We were then conveyed to the two coronation chairs, where my old friend, after having heard that the stone underneath the most ancient of them, which was brought from Scotland[n], was called Jacob's pillar, set himself down in the chair; and looking like the figure of an old Gothic king, asked our interpreter, what authority they had to say, that Jacob had ever been in Scotland? The fellow, instead of returning him an answer, told him, that he

hoped his honour would pay his forfeit. I could observe Sir Roger a little ruffled upon being thus trepanned; but our guide not insisting upon his demand, the knight soon recovered his good humour, and whispered in my ear, that if Will Wimble were with us, and saw those two chairs, it would go hard but he would get a tobacco-stopper out of one or t'other of them.

Sir Roger, in the next place, laid his hand upon Edward the Third's sword, and leaning upon the pommel of it, gave us the whole history of the Black Prince; concluding, that in Sir Richard Baker's opinion, Edward the Third was one of the greatest princes that ever sat upon the English throne.

We were then shewn Edward the Confessor's tomb; upon which Sir Roger acquainted us, that he was the first who touched for the evil; and afterwards Henry the Fourth's, upon which he shook his head, and told us there was fine reading in the casualties of that reign.

Our conductor then pointed to that monument where there is the figure of one of our English kings without an head: and upon giving us to know, that the head, which was of beaten silver, had been stolen away several years since; 'Some Whig, I'll warrant you,' says Sir Roger; 'you ought to lock up your kings better; they will carry off the body too, if you don't take care.'

The glorious names of Henry the Fifth and Queen Elizabeth gave the knight great opportunities of shining, and of doing justice to Sir Richard Baker, who, as our knight observed with some surprise, had a great many kings in him, whose monuments he had not seen in the abbey.

For my own part, I could not but be pleased to see the knight shew such an honest passion for the glory of his country, and such a respectful gratitude to the memory of its princes.

I must not omit, that the benevolence of my good old friend, which flows out towards every one he converses with, made him very kind to our interpreter, whom he looked upon as an extraordinary man; for which reason he shook him by the hand at parting, telling him, that he should be very glad to see him at his lodgings in Norfolk Buildings, and talk over these matters with him more at leisure.—L.

No. 335. *Sir Roger goes to the play; sees the tragedy of the* Distressed Mother; *his behaviour during the performance.*

Respicere exemplar vitæ morumque jubebo
Doctum imitatorem, et veras hinc ducere voces.
HOR. Ars Poet. 317.

Keep Nature's great original in view,
And thence the living images pursue.
FRANCIS.

My friend Sir Roger de Coverley, when we last met together at the club, told me that he had a great mind to see the new tragedy with me, assuring me at the same time, that he had not been at a play these twenty years. 'The last I saw,' said Sir Roger, 'was *The Committee*[n], which I should not have gone to neither, had not I been told before-hand that it was a good church of England comedy.' He then proceeded to inquire of me who this *Distressed Mother*[n] was; and upon hearing that she was Hector's widow, he told me that her husband was a brave man, and that when he was a school-boy he had read his life at the end of the dictionary. My friend asked me, in the next place, if there would not be some danger in coming home late, in case the Mohocks[n] should be abroad. 'I assure you,' says he, 'I thought I had fallen into their hands last night; for I observed two or three lusty black men that followed me half way up Fleet-street, and mended their pace behind me in proportion as I put on to get away from them. You must know,' continued the knight, with a smile, 'I fancied they had a mind to *hunt* me; for I remember an honest gentleman in my neighbourhood, who was served such a trick in king Charles II.'s time, for which reason he has not ventured himself in town ever since. I might have shewn them very good sport, had this been their design; for as I am an old fox-hunter, I should have turned and dodged, and have played them a thousand tricks they had never seen in their lives before.' Sir Roger added, that if these gentlemen had any such intention, they did not succeed very well in it; 'for I threw them out,' says he, 'at the end of Norfolk-street, where I doubled the corner, and got shelter in my lodgings before they could imagine what was become of me. However,' says the knight, 'if Captain Sentry will make one with us to-morrow night, and if you will both of you call upon me about four o'clock, that we may be

at the house before it is full, I will have my own coach in readiness to attend you, for John tells me he has got the fore-wheels mended.'

The Captain, who did not fail to meet me there at the appointed hour, bid Sir Roger fear nothing, for that he had put on the same sword which he made use of at the battle of Steenkirk[n]. Sir Roger's servants, and among the rest, my old friend the butler, had, I found, provided themselves with good oaken plants, to attend their master upon this occasion. When we had placed him in his coach, with myself at his left hand, the Captain before him, and his butler at the head of his footmen in the rear, we convoyed him in safety to the play-house, where, after having marched up the entry in good order, the Captain and I went in with him, and seated him betwixt us in the pit. As soon as the house was full, and the candles lighted, my old friend stood up and looked about him with that pleasure, which a mind seasoned with humanity naturally feels in itself, at the sight of a multitude of people who seem pleased with one another, and partake of the same common entertainment. I could not but fancy myself, as the old man stood up in the middle of the pit, that he made a very proper centre to a tragic audience. Upon the entering of Pyrrhus, the knight told me that he did not believe the king of France himself had a better strut. I was indeed very attentive to my old friend's remarks, because I looked upon them as a piece of natural criticism; and was well pleased to hear him, at the conclusion of almost every scene, telling me that he could not imagine how the play would end. One while he appeared much concerned for Andromache, and a little while after as much for Hermione; and was extremely puzzled to think what would become of Pyrrhus.

When Sir Roger saw Andromache's obstinate refusal to her lover's importunities, he whispered me in the ear, that he was sure she would never have him; to which he added, with a more than ordinary vehemence, 'You can't imagine, Sir, what it is to have to do with a widow.' Upon Pyrrhus his threatening afterwards to leave her, the knight shook his head and muttered to himself, 'Ay, do if you can.' This part dwelt so much upon my friend's imagination, that at the close of the third act, as I was thinking of something else, he whispered in my ear, 'These widows, Sir, are the most perverse creatures in the world. But

pray,' says he, 'you that are a critic, is this play according to your dramatic rules, as you call them? Should your people in tragedy always talk to be understood? Why, there is not a single sentence in this play that I do not know the meaning of.'

The fourth act very unluckily began before I had time to give the old gentleman an answer: 'Well,' says the knight, sitting down with great satisfaction, 'I suppose we are now to see Hector's ghost.' He then renewed his attention, and, from time to time, fell a-praising the widow. He made, indeed, a little mistake as to one of her pages, whom at his first entering he took for Astyanax: but he quickly set himself right in that particular, though, at the same time, he owned he should have been very glad to have seen the little boy, 'Who,' said he, 'must needs be a very fine child by the account that is given of him.' Upon Hermione's going off with a menace to Pyrrhus, the audience gave a loud clap; to which Sir Roger added, 'On my word, a notable young baggage!'

As there was a very remarkable silence and stillness in the audience during the whole action, it was natural for them to take the opportunity of these intervals between the acts, to express their opinion of the players and of their respective parts. Sir Roger hearing a cluster of them praise Orestes, struck in with them, and told them that he thought his friend Pylades was a very sensible man; as they were afterwards applauding Pyrrhus, Sir Roger put in a second time, 'And let me tell you,' says he, 'though he speaks but little, I like the old fellow in whiskers as well as any of them.' Captain Sentry seeing two or three wags who sat near us, lean with an attentive ear towards Sir Roger, and fearing lest they should smoke[n] the knight, plucked him by the elbow, and whispered something in his ear, that lasted till the opening of the fifth act. The knight was wonderfully attentive to the account which Orestes gives of Pyrrhus his death, and at the conclusion of it told me, it was such a bloody piece of work, that he was glad it was not done upon the stage. Seeing afterwards Orestes in his raving fit, he grew more than ordinary serious, and took occasion to moralize (in his way) upon an evil conscience, adding, that Orestes, in his madness, looked as if he saw something.

As we were the first that came into the house, so we were the last that went out of it; being resolved to have a clear passage

for our old friend, whom we did not care to venture among the justling of the crowd. Sir Roger went out fully satisfied with his entertainment, and we guarded him to his lodgings in the same manner that we brought him to the play-house; being highly pleased, for my own part, not only with the performance of the excellent piece which had been presented, but with the satisfaction which it had given to the good old man.—L.

No. 383. *Sir Roger and the Spectator go by water to Vauxhall Gardens.*

Criminibus debent hortos.
Juv. Sat. i. 75.

As I was sitting in my chamber, and thinking on a subject for my next *Spectator*, I heard two or three irregular bounces at my landlady's door, and upon the opening of it, a loud cheerful voice inquiring whether the philosopher was at home. The child who went to the door answered very innocently, that he did not lodge there. I immediately recollected that it was my good friend Sir Roger's voice; and that I had promised to go with him on the water to Spring-garden, in case it proved a good evening. The knight put me in mind of my promise from the bottom of the stair-case, but told me, that if I was speculating, he would stay below till I had done. Upon my coming down, I found all the children of the family got about my old friend, and my landlady herself, who is a notable prating gossip, engaged in a conference with him: being mightily pleased with his stroking her little boy upon the head, and bidding him be a good child, and mind his book.

We were no sooner come to the Temple-stairs, but we were surrounded with a crowd of water-men, offering us their respective services. Sir Roger, after having looked about him very attentively, spied one with a wooden leg, and immediately gave him orders to get his boat ready. As we were walking towards it, 'You must know,' says Sir Roger, 'I never make use of anybody to row me, that has not either lost a leg or an arm. I would rather bate him a few strokes of his oar than not employ an honest man that has been wounded in the Queen's service. If I was a lord or a bishop, and kept a

barge, I would not put a fellow in my livery that had not a wooden leg.'

My old friend, after having seated himself and trimmed the boat with his coachman, who, being a very sober man, always serves for ballast on these occasions, we made the best of our way for Vaux-hall. Sir Roger obliged the waterman to give us the history of his right leg, and hearing that he had left it at La Hogue[n], with many particulars which passed in that glorious action, the knight, in the triumph of his heart, made several reflexions on the greatness of the British nation; as, that one Englishman could beat three Frenchmen; that we could never be in danger of popery so long as we took care of our fleet; that the Thames was the noblest river in Europe; that London bridge was a greater piece of work than any of the seven wonders of the world; with many other honest prejudices which naturally cleave to the heart of a true Englishman.

After some short pause, the old knight, turning about his head twice or thrice, to take a survey of this great metropolis, bid me observe how thick the city was set with churches, and that there was scarce a single steeple on this side Temple-bar. 'A most heathenish sight!' says Sir Roger: 'There is no religion at this end of the town. The fifty new churches[n] will very much mend the prospect: but church-work is slow, church-work is slow.'

I do not remember I have anywhere mentioned, in Sir Roger's character, his custom of saluting everybody that passes by him with a good-morrow or a good-night. This the old man does out of the overflowings of his humanity, though at the same time it renders him so popular among all his country neighbours, that it is thought to have gone a good way in making him once or twice knight of the shire[n]. He cannot forbear this exercise of benevolence even in town, when he meets with any one in his morning or evening walk. It broke from him to several boats that passed by upon the water; but to the knight's great surprise, as he gave the good-night to two or three young fellows a little before our landing, one of them, instead of returning the civility, asked us, what queer old put we had in the boat, and whether he was not ashamed to go a wenching at his years? with a great deal of the like Thames ribaldry.

Sir Roger seemed a little shocked at first, but at length assuming a face of magistracy, told us, *That if he were a Middlesex justice, he would make such vagrants know that her Majesty's subjects were no more to be abused by water than by land.*

We were now arrived at Spring-garden, which is exquisitely pleasant at this time of the year. When I considered the fragrancy of the walks and bowers, with the choirs of birds that sung upon the trees, and the loose tribe of people that walked under the shades, I could not but look upon the place as a kind of Mahometan paradise. Sir Roger told me it put him in mind of a little coppice by his house in the country, which his chaplain used to call an aviary of nightingales. 'You must understand,' says the knight, 'there is nothing in the world that pleases a man in love so much as your nightingale. Ah, Mr. Spectator! the many moon-light nights that I have walked by myself, and thought on the widow by the music of the nightingale!' He here fetched a deep sigh, and was falling into a fit of musing, when a mask, who came behind him, gave him a gentle tap upon the shoulder, and asked him if he would drink a bottle of mead with her? But the knight, being startled at so unexpected a familiarity, and displeased to be interrupted in his thoughts of the widow, told her, *She was a wanton baggage*, and bid her go about her business.

We concluded our walk with a glass of Burton ale, and a slice of hung beef. When we had done eating ourselves, the knight called a waiter to him, and bid him carry the remainder to the waterman that had but one leg. I perceived the fellow stared upon him at the oddness of the message, and was going to be saucy; upon which I ratified the knight's commands with a peremptory look.

As we were going out of the garden, my old friend thinking himself obliged, as a member of the *quorum*, to animadvert upon the morals of the place, told the mistress of the house, who sat at the bar, that he should be a better customer to her garden, if there were more nightingales, and fewer improper persons.—L.

[As year followed year, Addison seems to have felt the maintenance of the *Spectator*, unexampled as had been its success, an increasing burden, and to have cast about for the means of handsomely bringing it

to a close. One obvious expedient was to kill off, or otherwise dispose of, the members of the Club. We find mention made accordingly, in No. 513, of the Clergyman as lying on his death-bed, and four numbers later the incomparable Sir Roger himself is made to succumb to fate. On the whole, Addison's management of the character had been little interfered with by the other contributors. In a paper (No. 174), probably written by Steele, the knight holds an entertaining argument with Sir Andrew Freeport on the merits of trade; and in one by Budgell (No. 359), he is made to discourse on *beards* in a style neither edifying nor witty. A slight mention of him occurs in No. 359. But about a month after the appearance of Addison's paper, just printed, describing Sir Roger's visit to Vauxhall, Steele introduced him (No. 410) as the hero of a questionable and unseemly adventure, in which the reader is presented with the disagreeable alternative of considering the poor old knight either as a knave or a fool. He is described as falling in with a girl called Sukey in the Temple cloisters, with whose appearance and manners he is so much taken that he gives her a dinner at a tavern, invites her to come to his lodgings, and promises that if she comes down into the country she shall be encouraged. This made Addison very angry; he is said to have had a sharp altercation with Steele*, and he resolved to send the darling of his imagination to the land where the "wicked cease from troubling," and no rude hand could mar the sweet image of simplicity and goodness which he desired should be the final result, in the minds of thousands of readers, of the contemplation of Sir Roger's character. We are thus brought to the following paper.]

No. 517. *Death of Sir Roger de Coverley: Letter from his butler read at the Club, giving particulars of his last illness.*

Heu pietas! heu prisca fides!
VIRG. Æn. vi. 878.

Mirrour of antient faith!
Undaunted worth! inviolable truth!
DRYDEN.

We last night received a piece of ill news at our club, which very sensibly afflicted every one of us. I question not but my readers themselves will be troubled at the hearing of it. To keep them no longer in suspense, Sir Roger de Coverley *is dead.* He departed this life at his house in the country, after a few weeks' sickness. Sir Andrew Freeport has a letter from one of his correspondents in those parts, that informs him the old man caught a cold at the county sessions, as he was very

* Life by Dr. Johnson.

warmly promoting an address of his own penning, in which he succeeded according to his wishes. But this particular comes from a Whig justice of peace, who was always Sir Roger's enemy and antagonist. I have letters both from the chaplain and Captain Sentry which mention nothing of it, but are filled with many particulars to the honour of the good old man. I have likewise a letter from the butler, who took so much care of me last summer when I was at the knight's house. As my friend the butler mentions, in the simplicity of his heart, several circumstances the others have passed over in silence, I shall give my reader a copy of his letter, without any alteration or diminution.

'HONOURED SIR,

'Knowing that you was my old master's good friend, I could not forbear sending you the melancholy news of his death, which has afflicted the whole country, as well as his poor servants, who loved him, I may say, better than we did our lives. I am afraid he caught his death the last county-sessions, where he would go to see justice done to a poor widow woman, and her fatherless children, that had been wronged by a neighbouring gentleman; for you know, sir, my good master was always the poor man's friend. Upon his coming home, the first complaint he made was, that he had lost his roast-beef stomach, not being able to touch a sirloin, which was served up according to custom; and you know he used to take great delight in it. From that time forward he grew worse and worse, but still kept a good heart to the last. Indeed we were once in great hope of his recovery, upon a kind message that was sent him from the widow lady whom he had made love to the forty last years of his life, but this only proved a lightning before death. He has bequeathed to this lady, as a token of his love, a great pearl necklace, and a couple of silver bracelets set with jewels, which belonged to my good old lady his mother: he has bequeathed the fine white gelding, that he used to ride a hunting upon, to his chaplain, because he thought he would be kind to him, and has left you all his books. He has, moreover, bequeathed to the chaplain a very pretty tenement with good lands about it. It being a very cold day when he made his will, he left for mourning, to every man in the parish, a great frize-coat, and to every woman a black riding-

hood. It was a most moving sight to see him take leave of his poor servants, commending us all for our fidelity, whilst we were not able to speak a word for weeping. As we most of us are grown grey-headed in our dear master's service, he has left us pensions and legacies, which we may live very comfortably upon the remaining part of our days. He has bequeathed a great deal more in charity, which is not yet come to my knowledge, and it is peremptorily said in the parish, that he has left money to build a steeple to the church; for he was heard to say some time ago that if he lived two years longer, Coverley church should have a steeple to it. The chaplain tells everybody that he made a very good end, and never speaks of him without tears. He was buried, according to his own directions, among the family of the Coverleys, on the left hand of his father Sir Arthur. The coffin was carried by six of his tenants, and the pall held up by six of the *quorum*: the whole parish followed the corpse with heavy hearts, and in their mourning suits, the men in frize, and the women in riding-hoods. Captain Sentry, my master's nephew, has taken possession of the hall-house, and the whole estate. When my old master saw him a little before his death, he shook him by the hand, and wished him joy of the estate which was falling to him, desiring him only to make a good use of it, and to pay the several legacies, and the gifts of charity which he told him he had left as quit-rents upon the estate. The Captain truly seems a courteous man, though he says but little. He makes much of those whom my master loved, and shews great kindnesses to the old house-dog, that you know my poor master was so fond of. It would have gone to your heart to have heard the moans the dumb creature made on the day of my master's death. He has never joyed himself since; no more has any of us. 'Twas the melancholiest day for the poor people that ever happened in Worcestershire. This is all from,

'Honoured Sir, your most sorrowful servant,

'EDWARD BISCUIT.

'P.S. My master desired, some weeks before he died, that a book which comes up to you by the carrier, should be given to Sir Andrew Freeport, in his name.'

This letter, notwithstanding the poor butler's manner of writing it, gave us such an idea of our good old friend, that upon

the reading of it there was not a dry eye in the club. Sir Andrew, opening the book, found it to be a collection of acts of parliament. There was in particular the Act of Uniformity, with some passages in it marked by Sir Roger's own hand. Sir Andrew found that they related to two or three points, which he had disputed with Sir Roger the last time he appeared at the club. Sir Andrew, who would have been merry at such an incident on another occasion, at the sight of the old man's hand-writing, burst into tears, and put the book into his pocket. Captain Sentry informs me, that the knight has left rings and mourning for every one in the club.—O.

[In the following number Will Honeycomb is disposed of; his sprightliness and knowledge of the town will be at the service of the Club no more. Captain Sentry succeeds to the estate of his uncle Sir Roger de Coverley, and we are to suppose that he will not often be seen in town for the future. He almost says as much in a letter introduced in No. 544, probably written by Steele, in which also he takes occasion to protest that the passage in No. 410 relating to Sir Roger's behaviour to the girl whom he met at the Temple cloisters had been misunderstood, and that not the slightest reflection on the knight's moral character had been intended. In No. 541 we are told that the Templar has determined upon "a closer pursuit of the law," which seems to be a way of saying that he will not any longer frequent the Club.]

No. 530. *Woman-haters generally marry in the end. Letter from Will Honeycomb, announcing his marriage to a farmer's daughter.*

Sic visum Veneri; cui placet impares
Formas atque animos sub juga ahenea
Sævo mittere cum joco.
HOR. Od. 1. 33.

So Venus wills, whose power controuls
The fond affections of our souls;
With sportive cruelty she binds
Unequal forms, unequal minds.
FRANCIS.

It is very usual for those who have been severe upon marriage, in some part or other of their lives to enter into the fraternity which they have ridiculed, and to see their raillery return upon their own heads. I scarce ever knew a woman-hater that did not sooner or later pay for it. Marriage, which is a blessing to

another man, falls upon such a one as a judgment. Mr. Congreve's *Old Batchelor*[n] is set forth to us with much wit and humour, as an example of this kind. In short, those who have most distinguished themselves by railing at the sex in general, very often make an honourable amends, by chusing one of the most worthless persons of it for a companion and yoke-fellow. Hymen takes his revenge in kind, on those who turn his mysteries into ridicule.

My friend Will Honeycomb, who was so unmercifully witty upon the women, in a couple of letters[n], which I lately communicated to the public, has given the ladies ample satisfaction by marrying a farmer's daughter; a piece of news which came to our club by the last post. The Templar is very positive that he has married a dairy-maid: but Will, in his letter to me on this occasion, sets the best face upon the matter that he can, and gives a more tolerable account of his spouse. I must confess I suspected something more than ordinary, when upon opening the letter I found that Will was fallen off from his former gaiety, having changed Dear Spec, which was his usual salute at the beginning of the letter, into *My worthy friend*, and subscribed himself at the latter end of it at full length William Honeycomb. In short, the gay, the loud, the vain Will Honeycomb, who had made love to every great fortune that has appeared in town for above thirty years together, and boasted of favours from ladies whom he had never seen, is at length wedded to a plain country girl.

His letter gives us the picture of a converted rake. The sober character of the husband is dashed with the man of the town, and enlivened with those little cant phrases which have made my friend Will often thought very pretty company. But let us hear what he says for himself.

'MY WORTHY FRIEND,

'I question not but you, and the rest of my acquaintance, wonder that I, who have lived in the smoke and gallantries of the town for thirty years together, should all on a sudden grow fond of a country life. Had not my dog of a steward run away as he did, without making up his accounts, I had still been immersed in sin and sea-coal[n]. But since my late forced visit to my estate, I am so pleased with it, that I am resolved to

live and die upon it. I am every day abroad among my acres, and can scarce forbear filling my letter with breezes, shades, flowers, meadows, and purling streams. The simplicity of manners which I have heard you so often speak of, and which appears here in perfection, charms me wonderfully. As an instance of it, I must acquaint you, and by your means the whole club, that I have lately married one of my tenants' daughters. She is born of honest parents, and though she has no portion, she has a great deal of virtue. The natural sweetness and innocence of her behaviour, the freshness of her complexion, the unaffected turn of her shape and person, shot me through and through every time I saw her, and did more execution upon me in grogram, than the greatest beauty in town or court had ever done in brocade. In short, she is such a one as promises me a good heir to my estate, and if by her means I cannot leave to my children what are falsely called the gifts of birth, high titles and alliances, I hope to convey to them the more real and valuable gifts of birth, strong bodies, and healthy constitutions. As for your fine women, I need not tell thee that I know them. I have had my share in their graces, but no more of that. It shall be my business hereafter to live the life of an honest man, and to act as becomes the master of a family. I question not but I shall draw upon me the raillery of the town, and be treated to the tune of *The Marriage-hater match'd*[n]; but I am prepared for it. I have been as witty upon others in my time. To tell thee truly, I saw such a tribe of fashionable young fluttering coxcombs shot up, that I did not think my post of an *homme de ruelle*[n] any longer tenable. I felt a certain stiffness in my limbs, which entirely destroyed that jauntiness of air I was once master of. Besides, for I may now confess my age to thee, I have been eight and forty above these twelve years. Since my retirement into the country will make a vacancy in the club, I could wish you would fill up my place with my friend Tom Dapperwit. He has an infinite deal of fire, and knows the town. For my own part, as I have said before, I shall endeavour to live hereafter suitable to a man in my station, as a prudent head of a family, a good husband, a careful father (when it shall so happen) and as

'Your most sincere friend, and humble servant,

'WILLIAM HONEYCOMB.'—O.

[Sir Andrew Freeport and the Spectator being now the only remaining members of the Club, the former announces his intention of retiring from it, and settling in the country, in the conversation and letter which follow. The Club is thus dissolved. A whimsical plan for the formation of a new one is described in No. 550, but it is hard to suppose that Addison seriously intended to revive a machinery, which, having answered its purpose, had just been gracefully withdrawn from existence; at any rate no such plan was acted upon when the eighth volume of the *Spectator* was commenced in March, 1713.]

No. 549. *The wisdom of timely retirement: Letter from Sir Andrew Freeport announcing his withdrawal from the Club.*

Quamvis digressu veteris confusus amici,
Laudo tamen——

Juv. Sat. iii. 1.

I believe most people begin the world with a resolution to withdraw from it into a serious kind of solitude or retirement, when they have made themselves easy in it. Our unhappiness is, that we find out some excuse or other for deferring such our good resolutions till our intended retreat is cut off by death. But among all kinds of people there are none who are so hard to part with the world as those who are grown old in the heaping up of riches. Their minds are so warped with their constant attention to gain, that it is very difficult for them to give their souls another bent, and convert them towards those objects, which, though they are proper for every stage of life, are so more especially for the last. Horace describes an old usurer as so charmed with the pleasures of a country life, that, in order to make a purchase, he called in all his money; but what was the event of it? why, in a very few days after, he put it out again [n]. I am engaged in this series of thought by a discourse which I had last week with my worthy friend Sir Andrew Freeport, a man of so much natural eloquence, good sense, and probity of mind, that I always hear him with a particular pleasure. As we were sitting together, being the sole remaining members of our club, Sir Andrew gave me an account of the many busy scenes of life in which he had been engaged, and at the same time reckoned up to me abundance of those lucky hits which at another time he would have called pieces of good fortune; but in the temper of mind he was then, he termed

them mercies, favours of Providence, and blessings upon an honest industry. 'Now,' says he, 'you must know, my good friend, I am so used to consider myself as creditor and debtor, that I often state my accounts after the same manner with regard to heaven and my own soul. In this case, when I look upon the debtor side, I find such innumerable articles, that I want arithmetic to cast them up; but when I look upon the creditor side, I find little more than blank paper. Now, though I am very well satisfied that it is not in my power to balance accounts with my Maker, I am resolved however to turn all my future endeavours that way. You must not therefore be surprised, my friend, if you hear that I am betaking myself to a more thoughtful kind of life, and if I meet you no more in this place.'

I could not but approve so good a resolution, notwithstanding the loss I shall suffer by it. Sir Andrew has since explained himself to me more at large in the following letter, which is just come to my hands.

'GOOD MR. SPECTATOR,

'Notwithstanding my friends at the club have always rallied me, when I have talked of retiring from business, and repeated to me one of my own sayings, *That a merchant has never enough, till he has got a little more*, I can now inform you, that there is one in the world who thinks he has enough, and is determined to pass the remainder of his life in the enjoyment of what he has. You know me so well that I need not tell you, I mean, by the enjoyment of my possessions, the making of them useful to the public. As the greatest part of my estate has been hitherto of an unsteady and volatile nature, either tossed upon seas, or fluctuating in funds, it is now fixed and settled in substantial acres and tenements. I have removed it from the uncertainty of stocks, winds, and waves, and disposed of it in a considerable purchase. This will give me great opportunity of being charitable in my way, that is, in setting my poor neighbours to work, and giving them a comfortable subsistence out of their own industry. My gardens, my fish-ponds, my arable and pasture-grounds, shall be my several hospitals, or rather workhouses, in which I propose to maintain a great many indigent persons, who are now starving in my neighbourhood. I have got a fine spread of improveable lands, and in my own thoughts

am already ploughing up some of them, fencing others; planting woods, and draining marshes. In fine, as I have my share in the surface of this island, I am resolved to make it as beautiful a spot as any in her Majesty's dominions; at least there is not an inch of it which shall not be cultivated to the best advantage, and do its utmost for its owner. As in my mercantile employment I so disposed of my affairs, that from whatever corner of the compass the wind blew, it was bringing home one or other of my ships, I hope, as a husbandman, to contrive it so, that not a shower of rain, or a glimpse of sun-'shine, shall fall upon my estate, without bettering some part of it, and contributing to the products of the season. You know it has been hitherto my opinion of life, that it is thrown away when it is not some way useful to others. But when I am riding out by myself, in the fresh air on the open heath that lies by my house, I find several other thoughts growing up in me. I am now of opinion, that a man of my age may find business enough on himself, by setting his mind in order, preparing it for another world, and reconciling it to the thoughts of death. I must therefore acquaint you, that besides those usual methods of charity, of which I have before spoken, I am at this very instant finding out a convenient place where I may build an alms-house, which I intend to endow very handsomly, for a dozen superannuated husbandmen. It will be a great pleasure to me to say my prayers twice a-day with men of my own years, who all of them, as well as myself, may have their thoughts taken up how they shall die, rather than how they shall live. I remember an excellent saying that I learnt at school, *Finis coronat opus*[n]: you know best whether it be in Virgil or in Horace; it is my business to apply it. If your affairs will permit you to take the country air with me sometimes, you shall find an apartment fitted up for you, and shall be every day entertained with beef or mutton of my own feeding; fish out of my own ponds; and fruit out of my own gardens. You shall have free egress and regress about my house, without having any questions asked you; and, in a word, such an hearty welcome as you may expect from

'Your most sincere friend,

'And humble servant,

'ANDREW FREEPORT.'

The club of which I am a member being entirely dispersed, I shall consult my reader next week upon a project relating to the institution of a new one.—O.

No. 550. *The Spectator has been pressed to elect a new club; proposes a plan for the purpose.*

Quid dignum tanto feret hic promissor hiatu?
HOR. Ars Poet. 138.

Since the late dissolution of the club, whereof I have often declared myself a member, there are very many persons, who by letters, petitions, and recommendations, put up for the next election. At the same time I must complain, that several indirect and underhand practices have been made use of upon this occasion. A certain country gentleman began to *tap* upon the first information he received of Sir Roger's death; when he sent me up word, that if I would get him chosen in the place of the deceased, he would present me with a barrel of the best October I had ever drunk in my life. The ladies are in great pain to know whom I intend to elect in the room of Will. Honeycomb. Some of them indeed are of opinion that Mr. Honeycomb did not take sufficient care of their interests in the club, and are therefore desirous of having in it hereafter a representative of their own sex. A citizen who subscribes himself Y. Z. tells me, that he has one-and-twenty shares in the African company, and offers to bribe me with the odd one in case he may succeed Sir Andrew Freeport, which he thinks would raise the credit of that fund. I have several letters, dated from Jenny Man's, by gentlemen who are candidates for Captain Sentry's place, and as many from a coffee-house in Paul's churchyard, of such who would fill up the vacancy occasioned by the death of my worthy friend the clergyman, whom I can never mention but with a particular respect.

Having maturely weighed these several particulars, with the many remonstrances that have been made to me on this subject, and considering how invidious an office I shall take upon me, if I make the whole election depend upon my single voice, and being unwilling to expose myself to those clamours which, on

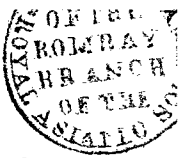
such an occasion, will not fail to be raised against me for partiality, injustice, corruption, and other qualities which my nature abhors, I have formed to myself the project of a club as follows.

I have thoughts of issuing out writs to all and every of the clubs that are established in the cities of London and Westminster, requiring them to chuse out of their respective bodies a person of the greatest merit, and to return his name to me before Lady-day, at which time I intend to sit upon business. By this means I may have reason to hope, that the club over which I shall preside, will be the very flower and quintessence of all other clubs. I have communicated this my project to none but a particular friend of mine, whom I have celebrated twice or thrice for his happiness in that kind of wit which is commonly known by the name of a pun. The only objection he makes to it is, that I shall raise up enemies to myself if I act with so regal an air, and that my detractors, instead of giving me the usual title of Spectator, will be apt to call me the *King of Clubs*.

But to proceed on my intended project: it is very well known that I at first set forth in this work with the character of a silent man; and I think I have so well preserved my taciturnity, that I do not remember to have violated it with three sentences in the space of almost two years. As a monosyllable is my delight, I have made a very few excursions in the conversations which I have related, beyond a yes or a no. By this means my readers have lost many good things which I have had in my heart though I did not care for uttering them.

Now, in order to diversify my character, and to shew the world how well I can talk if I have a mind, I have thoughts of being very loquacious in the club which I have now under consideration. But that I may proceed the more regularly in this affair, I design upon the first meeting of the said club, to have *my mouth opened* in form; intending to regulate myself in this particular by a certain ritual which I have by me, that contains all the ceremonies which are practised at the opening the mouth of a Cardinal[n]. I have likewise examined the forms which were used of old by Pythagoras, when any of his scholars, after an apprenticeship of silence, was made free of his speech[n]. In the mean time, as I have of late found my name in foreign gazettes upon less occasions, I question not but in their next

articles from Great Britain, they will inform the world that *the Spectator's mouth is to be opened on the twenty-fifth of March next.* I may perhaps publish a very useful paper at that time of the proceedings in that solemnity, and of the persons who shall assist at it. But of this more hereafter.—O.



II.

EDITORIAL PAPERS.

No. 10. *Great success of the 'Spectator'; its large circulation; what sort of persons ought to read it; it is especially recommended to female readers.*

> Non aliter quam qui adverso vix flumine lembum
> Remigiis subigit: si brachia forte remisit,
> Atque illum in præceps prono rapit alveus amni.
>
> VIRG. Georg. I. 201.

> So the boat's brawny crew the current stem,
> And slow advancing, struggle with the stream;
> But if they slack their hands, or cease to strive,
> Then down the flood with headlong haste they drive.
>
> DRYDEN.

It is with much satisfaction that I hear this great city inquiring, day by day, after these my papers, and receiving my morning lectures with a becoming seriousness and attention. My publisher tells me that there are already three thousand of them distributed every day, so that if I allow twenty readers to every paper, which I look upon as a modest computation, I may reckon about threescore thousand disciples in London and Westminster, who I hope will take care to distinguish themselves from the thoughtless herd of their ignorant and unattentive brethren. Since I have raised to myself so great an audience, I shall spare no pains to make their instruction agreeable, and their diversion useful. For which reasons I shall endeavour to enliven morality with wit, and to temper wit with morality, that my readers may, if possible, both ways find their account in the speculation of the day. And to the end that their virtue and discretion may not be short, transient, intermitting starts of thought, I have resolved to refresh their memories from day to day, till I have recovered them out of that desperate state of vice and folly into which the

age is fallen. The mind that lies fallow but a single day, sprouts up in follies that are only to be killed by a constant and assiduous culture. It was said of Socrates that he brought philosophy down from heaven, to inhabit among men; and I shall be ambitious to have it said of me, that I have brought philosophy out of closets and libraries, schools and colleges, to dwell in clubs and assemblies, at tea-tables, and in coffee-houses.

I would, therefore, in a very particular manner, recommend these my speculations to all well-regulated families, that set apart an hour in every morning for tea and bread and butter; and would earnestly advise them for their good, to order this paper to be punctually served up, and to be looked upon as a part of the tea-equipage.

Sir Francis Bacon observes, that a well written book, compared with its rivals and antagonists, is like Moses's serpent, that immediately swallowed up and devoured those of the Egyptians[n]. I shall not be so vain as to think, that where the SPECTATOR appears, the other public prints will vanish; but shall leave it to my reader's consideration, whether it is not much better to be let into the knowledge of one's self, than to hear what passes in Muscovy or Poland; and to amuse ourselves with such writings as tend to the wearing out of ignorance, passion, and prejudice, than such as naturally conduce to inflame hatreds, and make enmities irreconcileable.

In the next place, I would recommend this paper to the daily perusal of those gentlemen whom I cannot but consider as my good brothers and allies, I mean the fraternity of spectators, who live in the world without having anything to do in it; and either by the affluence of their fortunes, or laziness of their dispositions, have no other business with the rest of mankind but to look upon them. Under this class of men are comprehended all contemplative tradesmen, titular physicians, fellows of the Royal Society, Templars that are not given to be contentious, and statesmen that are out of business; in short, every one that considers the world as a theatre, and desires to form a right judgment of those who are the actors on it.

There is another set of men that I must likewise lay a claim to, whom I have lately called the blanks of society, as being altogether unfurnished with ideas, till the business and conversation of the day has supplied them. I have often considered

these poor souls with an eye of great commiseration, when I have heard them asking the first man they have met with, whether there was any news stirring? and, by that means, gathering together materials for thinking. These needy persons do not know what to talk of till about twelve o'clock in the morning; for, by that time, they are pretty good judges of the weather, know which way the wind sits, and whether the Dutch mail be come in. As they lie at the mercy of the first man they meet, and are grave or impertinent all the day long, according to the notions which they have imbibed in the morning, I would earnestly intreat them not to stir out of their chambers till they have read this paper, and do promise them that I will daily instil into them such sound and wholesome sentiments, as shall have a good effect on their conversation for the ensuing twelve hours.

But there are none to whom this paper will be more useful than to the female world. I have often thought there has not been sufficient pains taken in finding out proper employments and diversions for the fair ones. Their amusements seem contrived for them, rather as they are women, than as they are reasonable creatures, and are more adapted to the sex than to the species. The toilet is their great scene of business, and the right adjusting of their hair the principal employment of their lives. The sorting of a suit of ribbons is reckoned a very good morning's work; and if they make an excursion to a mercer's or a toy-shop, so great a fatigue makes them unfit for anything else all the day after. Their more serious occupations are sewing and embroidery, and their greatest drudgery the preparation of jellies and sweet-meats. This, I say, is the state of ordinary women; though I know there are multitudes of those of a more elevated life and conversation, that move in an exalted sphere of knowledge and virtue, that join all the beauties of the mind to the ornaments of dress, and inspire a kind of awe and respect, as well as love, into their male beholders. I hope to increase the number of these by publishing this daily paper, which I shall always endeavour to make an innocent, if not an improving entertainment, and by that means at least divert the minds of my female readers from greater trifles. At the same time, as I would fain give some finishing touches to those which are already the most beautiful pieces of human nature, I shall endeavour to point out

all those imperfections that are the blemishes, as well as those virtues which are the embellishments of the sex. In the meanwhile I hope these my gentle readers, who have so much time on their hands, will not grudge throwing away a quarter of an hour in a day on this paper, since they may do it without any hindrance to business.

I know several of my friends and well-wishers are in great pain for me, lest I should not be able to keep up the spirit of a paper which I oblige myself to furnish every day: but to make them easy in this particular, I will promise them faithfully to give it over as soon as I grow dull. This I know will be matter of great raillery to the small wits; who will frequently put me in mind of my promise, desire me to keep my word, assure me that it is high time to give over, with many other little pleasantries of the like nature, which men of a little smart genius cannot forbear throwing out against their best friends, when they have such a handle given them of being witty. But let them remember that I do hereby enter my caveat against this piece of raillery.—C.

No. 46. *The Spectator drops a paper of hints, or rough notes, intended to aid in the composition of essays; amusing consequences of the accident; Letters about the Female Conventicler and the Ogling Master.*

Non bene junctarum discordia semina rerum.
OVID. Met. I. 9.

The jarring seeds of ill-consorted things.

When I want materials for this paper, it is my custom to go abroad in quest of game; and when I meet any proper subject, I take the first opportunity of setting down an hint of it upon paper. At the same time I look into the letters of my correspondents, and if I find anything suggested in them that may afford matter of speculation, I likewise enter a minute of it in my collection of materials. By this means I frequently carry about me a whole sheetful of hints, that would look like a rhapsody of nonsense to anybody but myself: there is nothing in them but obscurity and confusion, raving and inconsistency. In short, they are my speculations in the first principles, that (like the world in its chaos) are void of all light, distinction, and order.

About a week since there happened to me a very odd accident by reason of one of these my papers of minutes which I had accidentally dropped at Lloyd's coffee-house, where the auctions are usually kept. Before I missed it, there were a cluster of people who had found it, and were diverting themselves with it at one end of the coffee-house: it had raised so much laughter among them before I had observed what they were about, that I had not the courage to own it. The boy of the coffee-house, when they had done with it, carried it about in his hand, asking everybody if they had dropped a written paper; but nobody challenging it, he was ordered by those merry gentlemen who had before perused it, to get up into the auction-pulpit, and read it to the whole room, that if any one would own it, they might. The boy accordingly mounted the pulpit, and with a very audible voice read as follows:

MINUTES.

Sir Roger de Coverley's country-seat—Yes, for I hate long speeches—Query, If a good Christian may be a conjurer—Childermass-day, salt-seller, house-dog, screech-owl, cricket—Mr. Thomas Inkle of London, in the good ship called the Achilles—Yarico—*Ægrescitque medendo*—Ghosts—the lady's library—Lion by trade a tailor—Dromedary called Bucephalus—Equipage the lady's *summum bonum*—Charles Lillie to be taken notice of—Short face a relief to envy—Redundancies in the three professions—King Latinus a recruit—Jew devouring an ham of bacon—Westminster Abbey—Grand Cairo—Procrastination—April fools—Blue boars, red lions, hogs in armour—Enter a king and two fidlers *solus*—Admission into the ugly club—Beauty, how improveable—Families of true and false humour—The parrot's school-mistress—Face half Pict half British—No man to be an hero of a tragedy under six foot—Club of sighers—Letters from flower-pots, elbow-chairs, tapestry-figures, lion, thunder—The bell rings to the puppet-show—Old woman with a beard married to a smock-faced boy—My next coat to be turned up with blue—Fable of tongs and gridiron—Flower-dyers—The soldier's prayer—Thank ye for nothing, says the galley-pot—Pactolus in stockings, with golden clocks to them—Bamboos, cudgels, drum sticks—Slip of my landlady's eldest daughter—The black mare with a star in her forehead—The barber's pole—

Will Honeycomb's coat-pocket—Cæsar's behaviour and my own in parallel circumstances—Poem in patch-work—*Nulli gravis est percussus Achilles*—The female conventicler—The ogle-master.

The reading of this paper made the whole coffee-house very merry; some of them concluded it was written by a madman, and others by somebody that had been taking notes out of the Spectator. One who had the appearance of a very substantial citizen, told us, with several politic winks and nods, that he wished there was no more in the paper than what was expressed in it: that for his part, he looked upon the dromedary, the gridiron, and the barber's pole, to signify something more than what is usually meant by those words; and that he thought the coffee-man could not do better, than to carry the paper to one of the secretaries of state. He further added, that he did not like the name of the outlandish man with the golden clock in his stockings. A young Oxford scholar, who chanced to be with his uncle at the coffee-house, discovered to us who this Pactolus was; and by that means turned the whole scheme of this worthy citizen into ridicule. While they were making their several conjectures upon this innocent paper, I reached out my arm to the boy, as he was coming out of the pulpit, to give it me; which he did accordingly. This drew the eyes of the whole company upon me; but after having cast a cursory glance over it, and shook my head twice or thrice at the reading of it, I twisted it into a kind of match, and lit my pipe with it. My profound silence, together with the steadiness of my countenance, and the gravity of my behaviour during this whole transaction, raised a very loud laugh on all sides of me; but as I had escaped all suspicion of being the author, I was very well satisfied, and applying myself to my pipe and the post-man, took no farther notice of any thing that passed about me.

My reader will find, that I have already made use of above half the contents of the foregoing paper; and will easily suppose, that those subjects which are yet untouched, were such provisions as I had made for his future entertainment. But as I have been unluckily prevented by this accident, I shall only give him the letters which relate to the two last hints. The first of them I should not have published, were I not informed that there is many an husband who suffers very much in his private affairs

by the indiscreet zeal of such a partner as is hereafter mentioned, to whom I may apply the barbarous inscription quoted by the Bishop of Salisbury in his travels[n]; *Dum nimia pia est, facta est impia: Through too much piety she became impious.*

'SIR,

'I am one of those unhappy men that are plagued with a gospel gossip, so common among dissenters (especially Friends). Lectures in the morning, church-meetings at noon, and preparation-sermons at night, take up so much of her time, it is very rare she knows what we have for dinner, unless when the preacher is to be at it. With him come a tribe, all brothers and sisters it seems; while others, really such, are deemed no relations[n]. If at any time I have her company alone, she is a mere sermon popgun, repeating and discharging texts, proofs, and applications, so perpetually, that however weary I may go to bed, the noise in my head will not let me sleep till towards morning. The misery of my case, and great numbers of such sufferers, plead your pity and speedy relief, otherwise I must expect, in a little time, to be lectured, preached, and prayed into want, unless the happiness of being sooner talked to death prevent it.

'I am, &c.,

'R. G.'

The second letter, relating to the ogling-master, runs thus.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I am an Irish gentleman, that have travelled many years for my improvement; during which time I have accomplished myself in the whole art of ogling, as it is at present practised in all the polite nations of Europe. Being thus qualified, I intend, by the advice of my friends, to set up for an ogling-master. I teach the church-ogle in the morning, and the playhouse-ogle by candle light. I have also brought over with me a new flying ogle fit for the Ring[n]; which I teach in the dusk of the evening, or in any hour of the day by darkening one of my windows. I have a manuscript by me called the complete ogler, which I shall be ready to show you upon any occasion. In the mean time, I beg you will publish the substance of this letter in an advertisement, and you will very much oblige,

C. 'Yours,' &c.

No. 101.

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[The Spectator amuses himself with speculation as to the judgments which some historian of a distant age will pass on the events and manners of Queen Anne's reign. He imagines him to write as follows about the 'Spectator.']

'It was under this reign,' says he, 'that the Spectator published those little diurnal essays which are still extant. We know very little of the name or person of this author, except only that he was a man of a very short face, extremely addicted to silence, and so great a lover of knowledge, that he made a voyage to Grand Cairo for no other reason but to take the measure of a pyramid. His chief friend was one Sir Roger de Coverley, a whimsical country knight, and a Templar, whose name he has not transmitted to us. He lived as a lodger at the house of a widow-woman, and was a great humourist in all parts of his life. This is all we can affirm with any certainty of his person and character. As for his speculations, notwithstanding the several obsolete words and obscure phrases of the age in which he lived, we still understand enough of them to see the diversions and characters of the English nation in his time: not but that we are to make allowance for the mirth and humour of the author, who has doubtless strained many representations of things beyond the truth. For if we interpret his words in their literal meaning, we must suppose that women of the first quality used to pass away whole mornings at a puppet-show: that they attested their principles by their *patches:* that an audience would sit out an evening to hear a dramatical performance written in a language which they did not understand: that chairs and flower-pots were introduced as actors upon the British stage: that a promiscuous assembly of men and women were allowed to meet at midnight in masques within the verge of the court; with many improbabilities of the like nature. We must therefore, in these and the like cases, suppose that these remote hints and allusions aimed at some certain follies which were then in vogue, and which at present we have not any notion of. We may guess by several passages in the speculations, that there were writers who endeavoured to detract from the works of this author, but as nothing of this nature has come down to us, we

cannot guess at any objections that could be made to his paper. If we consider his style with that indulgence which we must shew to old English writers, or if we look into the variety of his subjects, with those several dissertations, moral reflexions. . . . .'

* * * * * *

The following part of the paragraph is so much to my advantage, and beyond anything I can pretend to, that I hope my reader will excuse me for not inserting it.—L.

No. 124. *Difficulties of periodical writing; increasing demand for the work: the* Spectator *not written for 'moles.'*

Μέγα βίβλιον μέγα κακόν.

A great book is a great evil.

A man who publishes his works in a volume, has an infinite advantage over one who communicates his writings to the world in loose tracts and single pieces. We do not expect to meet with anything in a bulky volume, till after some heavy preamble, and several words of course, to prepare the reader for what follows: nay, authors have established it as a kind of rule, that a man ought to be dull sometimes, as the most severe reader makes allowances for many rests and nodding places[n] in a voluminous writer. This gave occasion to the famous Greek proverb which I have chosen for my motto, *That a great book is a great evil.*

On the contrary, those who publish their thoughts in distinct sheets, and as it were by piece-meal, have none of these advantages. We must immediately fall into our subject, and treat every part of it in a lively manner, or our papers are thrown by as dull and insipid: our matter must lie close together, and either be wholly new in itself, or in the turn it receives from our expressions. Were the books of our best authors thus to be retailed to the public, and every page submitted to the taste of forty or fifty thousand readers, I am afraid we should complain of many flat expressions, trivial observations, beaten topics, and common thoughts, which go off very well in the lump. At the same time, notwithstanding some papers may be made up

of broken hints and irregular sketches, it is often expected that every sheet should be a kind of treatise, and make out in thought what it wants in bulk: that a point of humour should be worked up in all its parts; and a subject touched upon in its most essential articles, without the repetitions, tautologies, and enlargements, that are indulged to longer labours. The ordinary writers of morality prescribe to their readers after the Galenic[n] way; their medicines are made up in large quantities. An essay writer must practise in the chymical method, and give the virtue of a full draught in a few drops. Were all books reduced thus to their quintessence, many a bulky author would make his appearance in a penny-paper: there would be scarce such a thing in nature as a folio: the works of an age would be contained on a few shelves; not to mention millions of volumes that would be utterly annihilated.

I cannot think that the difficulty of furnishing out separate papers of this nature, has hindered authors from communicating their thoughts to the world after such a manner: though I must confess I am amazed that the press should be only made use of in this way by news-writers, and the zealots of parties; as if it were not more advantageous to mankind, to be instructed in wisdom and virtue, than in politics; and to be made good fathers, husbands, and sons, than counsellors and statesmen. Had the philosophers and great men of antiquity, who took so much pains in order to instruct mankind, and leave the world wiser and better than they found it,—had they, I say, been possessed of the art of printing, there is no question but they would have made such an advantage of it, in dealing out their lectures to the public. Our common prints would be of great use were they thus calculated to diffuse good sense through the bulk of a people, to clear up their understandings, animate their minds with virtue, dissipate the sorrows of a heavy heart, or unbend the mind from its more severe employments, with innocent amusements. When knowledge, instead of being bound up in books, and kept in libraries and retirements, is thus obtruded upon the public; when it is canvassed in every assembly, and exposed upon every table; I cannot forbear reflecting upon that passage in the Proverbs, 'Wisdom crieth without, she uttereth her voice in the streets; she crieth in the chief place of concourse, in the openings of the gates. In the city she uttereth her words, saying, How

long, ye simple ones, will ye love simplicity? and the scorners delight in their scorning? and fools hate knowledge?'

The many letters which come to me from persons of the best sense in both sexes, (for I may pronounce their characters from their way of writing) do not a little encourage me in the prosecution of this my undertaking: besides that, my bookseller tells me, the demand for these my papers increases daily. It is at his instance that I shall continue my *rural speculations* to the end of this month; several having made up separate sets of them, as they have done before of those relating to wit, to operas, to points of morality, or subjects of humour.

I am not at all mortified, when sometimes I see my works thrown aside by men of no taste nor learning. There is a kind of heaviness and ignorance that hangs upon the minds of ordinary men, which is too thick for knowledge to break through. Their souls are not to be enlightened.

——Nox atra cava circumvolat umbra.
VIRG. Æn. ii. 360.

Dark night surrounds them with her hollow shade.

To these I must apply the fable of the mole, that after having consulted many oculists for the bettering of his sight, was at last provided with a good pair of spectacles; but upon his endeavouring to make use of them, his mother told him very prudently, 'That spectacles, though they might help the eye of a man, could be of no use to a mole.' It is not therefore for the benefit of moles that I publish these my daily essays.

But besides such as are moles through ignorance, there are others who are moles through envy. As it is said in the Latin proverb, 'that one man is a wolf to another;' so, generally speaking, one author is a mole to another author. It is impossible for them to discover beauties in one another's works, they have eyes only for spots and blemishes: they can indeed see the light, as it is said of the animals which are their name-sakes, but the idea of it is painful to them; they immediately shut their eyes upon it, and withdraw themselves into a wilful obscurity. I have already caught two or three of these dark undermining vermin, and intend to make a string of them, in order to hang them up in one of my papers, as an example to such voluntary moles.—C.

No. 179. *The Spectator serves up the grave and gay by turns to his readers: represses everything of an immoral tendency: letter on whistling and yawning.*

> Centuriæ seniorum agitant expertia frugis:
> Celsi prætereunt austera poemata Rhamnes.
> Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci,
> Lectorem delectando, pariterque monendo.
> HOR. Ars Poet., 341.

> Grave age approves the solid and the wise;
> Gay youth from too austere a drama flies;
> Profit and pleasure, then, to mix with art,
> T' inform the judgment, nor offend the heart,
> Shall gain all votes ——
> FRANCIS.

I may cast my readers under two great general divisions, the Mercurial and the Saturnine. The first are the gay part of my disciples, who require speculations of wit and humour; the others are those of a more solemn and sober turn, who find no pleasure but in papers of morality and sound sense. The former call every thing that is serious, stupid; the latter look upon every thing as impertinent that is ludicrous. Were I always grave, one half of my readers would fall off from me: were I always merry, I should lose the other. I make it therefore my endeavour to find out entertainments of both kinds, and by that means perhaps consult the good of both, more than I should do, did I always write to the particular taste of either. As they neither of them know what I proceed upon, the sprightly reader, who takes up my paper in order to be diverted, very often finds himself engaged unawares in a serious and profitable course of thinking; as on the contrary, the thoughtful man, who perhaps may hope to find something solid, and full of deep reflexion, is very often insensibly betrayed into a fit of mirth. In a word, the reader sits down to my entertainment without knowing his bill of fare, and has therefore at least the pleasure of hoping there may be a dish to his palate.

I must confess, were I left to myself, I should rather aim at instructing than diverting: but if we will be useful to the world, we must take it as we find it. Authors of professed severity discourage the looser part of mankind from having anything to do with their writings. A man must have virtue in him, before

he will enter upon the reading of a Seneca or an Epictetus[n]. The very title of a moral treatise has something in it austere and shocking to the careless and inconsiderate.

For this reason several unthinking persons fall in my way, who would give no attention to lectures delivered with a religious seriousness or a philosophic gravity. They are ensnared into sentiments of wisdom and virtue when they do not think of it; and if by that means they arrive only at such a degree of consideration as may dispose them to listen to more studied and elaborate discourses, I shall not think my speculations useless. I might likewise observe, that the gloominess in which sometimes the minds of the best men are involved, very often stands in need of such little incitements to mirth and laughter, as are apt to disperse melancholy, and put our faculties in good humour. To which some will add, that the British climate, more than any other, makes entertainments of this nature in a manner necessary.

If what I have here said does not recommend, it will at least excuse, the variety of my speculations. I would not willingly laugh but in order to instruct, or if I sometimes fail in this point, when my mirth ceases to be instructive, it shall never cease to be innocent. A scrupulous conduct in this particular, has, perhaps, more merit in it than the generality of readers imagine: did they know how many thoughts occur in a point of humour, which a discreet author in modesty suppresses; how many strokes of raillery present themselves, which could not fail to please the ordinary taste of mankind, but are stifled in their birth by reason of some remote tendency which they carry in them to corrupt the minds of those who read them; did they know how many glances of ill-nature are industriously avoided for fear of doing injury to the reputation of another, they would be apt to think kindly of those writers who endeavour to make themselves diverting without being immoral. One may apply to these authors that passage in Waller:

> Poets lose half the praise they would have got,
> Were it but known what they discreetly blot[n].

As nothing is more easy than to be a wit, with all the above-mentioned liberties, it requires some genius and invention to appear such without them.

What I have here said is not only in regard to the public, but with an eye to my particular correspondent, who has sent me the following letter, which I have castrated[n] in some places upon these considerations.

'SIR,

'Having lately seen your discourse upon a match of grinning, I cannot forbear giving you an account of a whistling match, which, with many others, I was entertained with about three years since at the Bath. The prize was a guinea, to be conferred upon the ablest whistler, that is, on him who could whistle clearest, and go through his tune without laughing, to which at the same time he was provoked by the antic postures of a Merry-Andrew, who was to stand upon the stage and play his tricks in the eye of the performer. There were three competitors for the ring. The first was a ploughman of a very promising aspect; his features were steady, and his muscles composed in so inflexible a stupidity, that upon his first appearance every one gave the guinea for lost. The pickle-herring however found the way to shake him; for upon his whistling a country jig, this unlucky wag danced to it with such variety of distortions and grimaces, that the countryman could not forbear smiling upon him, and by that means spoiled his whistle, and lost the prize.

'The next that mounted the stage was an under-citizen of the Bath, a person remarkable among the inferior people of that place for his great wisdom and his broad band. He contracted his mouth with much gravity, and, that he might dispose his mind to be more serious than ordinary, began the tune of *The children in the wood*, and went through part of it with good success; when on a sudden the wit at his elbow, who had appeared wonderfully grave and attentive for some time, gave him a touch upon the left shoulder, and stared him in the face with so bewitching a grin, that the whistler relaxed his fibres into a kind of simper, and at length burst out into an open laugh. The third who entered the lists was a footman, who in defiance of the Merry-Andrew and all his arts, whistled a Scotch tune and an Italian sonata, with so settled a countenance, that he bore away the prize, to the great admiration of some hundreds of persons, who, as well as myself, were present at this trial of skill. Now,

Sir, I humbly conceive, whatever you have determined of the grinners, the whistlers ought to be encouraged, not only as their art is practised without distortion, but as it improves country music, promotes gravity, and teaches ordinary people to keep their countenances, if they see anything ridiculous in their betters.

I am, Sir, &c.

POSTSCRIPT.

'After having dispatched these two important points of grinning and whistling, I hope you will oblige the world with some reflexions upon yawning, as I have seen it practised on a twelfth-night among other *Christmas gambols*, at the house of a very worthy gentleman, who always entertains his tenants at that time of the year. They yawn for a Cheshire cheese, and begin about midnight, when the whole company is disposed to be drowsy. He that yawns widest, and at the same time so naturally as to produce the most yawns amongst the spectators, carries home the cheese. If you handle this subject as you ought, I question not but your paper will set half the kingdom a-yawning, though I dare promise you it will never make anybody fall asleep.'—L.

No. 221. *On the utility of mottos: Latin popular with those who do not understand it: meaning of the single letters at the ends of the papers.*

——Ab ovo
Usque ad mala———

HOR. Sat. I. 3. 6.

From eggs, which first are set upon the board,
To apples ripe, with which it last is stored.

When I have finished any of my speculations, it is my method to consider which of the ancient authors have touched upon the subject that I treat of. By this means I meet with some celebrated thought upon it, or a thought of my own expressed in better words, or some similitude for the illustration of my subject. This is what gives birth to the motto of a speculation, which I rather chuse to take out of the poets than the prose writers, as the former generally give a finer turn to a thought

than the latter, and by couching it in few words, and in harmonious numbers, make it more portable to the memory.

My reader is therefore sure to meet with at least one good line in every paper, and very often finds his imagination entertained by a hint that awakens in his memory some beautiful passage of a classic author.

It was a saying of an ancient philosopher, which I find some of our writers have ascribed to queen Elizabeth, who perhaps might have taken occasion to repeat it, that a good face is a letter of recommendation. It naturally makes the beholders inquisitive into the person who is the owner of it, and generally prepossesses them in his favour. A handsome motto has the same effect. Besides that, it always gives a supernumerary beauty to a paper, and is sometimes in a manner necessary when the writer is engaged in what may appear a paradox to vulgar minds, as it shows that he is supported by good authorities, and is not singular in his opinion.

I must confess, the motto is of little use to an unlearned reader, for which reason I consider it only, as *a word to the wise.* But as for my unlearned friends, if they cannot relish the motto, I take care to make provision for them in the body of my paper. If they do not understand the sign that is hung out, they know very well by it, that they may meet with entertainment in the house; and I think I was never better pleased than with a plain man's compliment, who, upon his friends telling him that he would like the Spectator much better if he understood the motto, replied, *that good wine needs no bush.*

I have heard of a couple of preachers in a country town, who endeavoured which should out-shine one another, and draw together the greatest congregation. One of them being well versed in the Fathers, used to quote every now and then a Latin sentence to his illiterate hearers, who, it seems, found themselves so edified by it, that they flocked in greater numbers to this learned man than to his rival. The other finding his congregation mouldering every Sunday, and hearing at length what was the occasion of it, resolved to give his parish a little Latin in his turn; but being unacquainted with any of the Fathers, he digested into his sermons the whole book of *Quæ genus* [n], adding however such explications to it as he thought might be for the benefit of his people. He afterwards entered upon *As in*

præsenti, which he converted in the same manner to the use of his parishioners. This in a very little time thickened his audience, filled his church, and routed his antagonist.

The natural love to Latin, which is so prevalent in our common people, makes me think that my speculations fare never the worse among them for that little scrap which appears at the head of them; and what the more encourages me in the use of quotations in an unknown tongue, is, that I hear the ladies, whose approbation I value more than that of the whole learned world, declare themselves in a more particular manner pleased with my Greek mottos.

Designing this day's work for a dissertation upon the two extremities of my paper, and having already dispatched my motto, I shall, in the next place, discourse upon those single capital letters, which are placed at the end of it, and which have afforded great matter of speculation to the curious[n]. I have heard various conjectures upon this subject. Some tell us that C is the mark of those papers that are written by the clergyman, though others ascribe them to the club in general: that the papers marked with R were written by my friend Sir Roger: that L signifies the lawyer whom I have described in my second speculation; and that T stands for the trader or merchant: but the letter X, which is placed at the end of some few of my papers, is that which has puzzled the whole town, as they cannot think of any name which begins with that letter, except Xenophon and Xerxes, who can neither of them be supposed to have had any hand in these speculations.

In answer to these inquisitive gentlemen, who have many of them made enquiries of me by letter, I must tell them the reply of an ancient philosopher, who carried something hidden under his cloke. A certain acquaintance desiring him to let him know what it was he covered so carefully, *I cover it*, says he, *on purpose that you should not know*. I have made use of these obscure marks for the same purpose. They are, perhaps, little amulets or charms to preserve the paper against the fascination and malice of evil eyes; for which reason I would not have my reader surprised, if hereafter he sees any of my papers marked with a Q, a Z, a Y, an &c. or with the word Abracadabra.

I shall, however, so far explain myself to the reader, as to let

him know that the letters C, L, and X, are cabalistical, and carry more in them than it is proper for the world to be acquainted with. Those who are versed in the philosophy of Pythagoras, and swear by the Tetrachtys, that is, the number four, will know very well that the number ten, which is signified by the letter X, and which has so much perplexed the town, has in it many particular powers; that it is called by Platonic writers the compleat number; that one, two, three, and four put together make up the number ten; and that ten is all. But these are not mysteries for ordinary readers to be let into. A man must have spent many years in hard study before he can arrive at the knowledge of them.

We had a rabbinical divine in England, who was chaplain to the Earl of Essex in Queen Elizabeth's time, that had an admirable head for secrets of this nature. Upon his taking the doctor of divinity's degree, he preached before the university of Cambridge, upon the first verse of the first chapter of the first book of Chronicles, in which, says he, you have the three following words,

Adam, Sheth, Enosh.

He divided this short text into many parts, and by discovering several mysteries in each word, made a most learned and elaborate discourse. The name of this profound preacher was Doctor Alabaster[n]; of whom the reader may find a more particular account in Doctor Fuller's book of English worthies. This instance will, I hope, convince my readers, that there may be a great deal of fine writing in the capital letters which bring up the rear of my paper, and give them some satisfaction in that particular. But as for the full explication of these matters, I must refer them to time, which discovers all things.—C.

No. 262. *The Spectator is grateful to the public for the support which he has received; has carefully abstained from personalities; intends to publish a criticism of the Paradise Lost.*

Nulla venenato littera mista joco est.
OVID. Trist. ii. 566.

I think myself highly obliged to the public for their kind acceptance of a paper which visits them every morning, and

has in it none of those seasonings that recommend so many of the writings which are in vogue among us.

As, on the one side, my paper has not in it a single word of news, a reflexion in politics, nor a stroke of party; so on the other, there are no fashionable touches of infidelity, no obscene ideas nor satires upon priesthood, marriage, and the like popular topics of ridicule; no private scandal, nor anything that may tend to the defamation of particular persons, families, or societies.

There is not one of these above-mentioned subjects that would not sell a very indifferent paper, could I think of gratifying the public by such mean and base methods. But notwithstanding I have rejected every thing that savours of party, every thing that is loose and immoral, and every thing that might create uneasiness in the minds of particular persons, I find that the demand for my papers has increased every month since their first appearance in the world. This does not perhaps reflect so much honour upon myself, as on my readers, who give a much greater attention to discourses of virtue and morality, than ever I expected, or indeed could hope.

When I broke loose from that great body of writers who have employed their wit and parts in propagating vice and irreligion[n], I did not question but I should be treated as an odd kind of fellow that had a mind to appear singular in my way of writing: but the general reception I have found, convinces me that the world is not so corrupt as we are apt to imagine; and that if those men of parts, who have been employed in vitiating the age, had endeavoured to rectify and amend it, they needed not have sacrificed their good sense and virtue to their fame and reputation. No man is so sunk in vice and ignorance, but there are still some hidden seeds of goodness and knowledge in him, which give him a relish of such reflexions and speculations as have an aptness to improve the mind, and make the heart better.

I have shewn in a former paper, with how much care I have avoided all such thoughts as are loose, obscene, or immoral; and I believe my reader would still think the better of me, if he knew the pains I am at in qualifying what I write after such a manner, that nothing may be interpreted as aimed at private persons. For this reason, when I draw any faulty character, I

consider all those persons to whom the malice of the world may possibly apply it, and take care to dash it with such particular circumstances as may prevent all such ill-natured applications. If I write anything on a black man, I run over in my mind all the eminent persons in the nation who are of that complexion: when I place an imaginary name at the head of a character, I examine every syllable and letter of it, that it may not bear any resemblance to one that is real. I know very well the value which every man sets upon his reputation, and how painful it is to be exposed to the mirth and derision of the public, and should therefore scorn to divert my reader at the expence of any private man.

As I have been thus tender of every particular person's reputation, so I have taken more than ordinary care not to give offence to those who appear in the higher figures of life. I would not make myself merry even with a piece of pasteboard that is invested with a public character; for which reason I have never glanced upon the late designed procession of his Holiness[n] and his attendants, notwithstanding it might have afforded matter to many ludicrous speculations. Among those advantages which the public may reap from this paper, it is not the least that it draws men's minds off from the bitterness of party, and furnishes them with subjects of discourse that may be treated without warmth or passion. This is said to have been the first design of those gentlemen who set on foot the Royal Society[n], and had then a very good effect, as it turned many of the greatest geniuses of that age to the disquisitions of natural knowledge, who, if they had engaged in politics with the same parts and application, might have set their country in a flame. The air pump, the barometer, the quadrant, and the like inventions, were thrown out to those busy spirits, as tubs and barrels are to a whale[n], that he may let the ship sail on without disturbance, while he diverts himself with those innocent amusements.

I have been so very scrupulous in this particular of not hurting any man's reputation, that I have forborne mentioning even such authors as I could not name with honour. This I must confess to have been a piece of very great self-denial: for as the public relishes nothing better than the ridicule which turns upon a writer of eminence, so there is nothing which a man that has but

a very ordinary talent in ridicule may execute with greater ease. One might raise laughter for a quarter of a year together upon the works of a person who has published but a very few volumes. For which reason I am astonished, that those who have appeared against this paper have made so very little of it. The criticisms which I have hitherto published have been made with an intention rather to discover beauties and excellencies in the writers of my own time, than to publish any of their faults and imperfections. In the mean while I should take it for a very great favour from some of my underhand detractors, if they would break all measures with me so far, as to give me a pretence for examining their performances with an impartial eye: nor shall I look upon it as any breach of charity to criticise the author, so long as I keep clear of the person.

In the mean while, till I am provoked to such hostilities, I shall from time to time endeavour to do justice to those who have distinguished themselves in the politer parts of learning, and to point out such beauties in their works as may have escaped the observation of others.

As the first place among our English poets is due to Milton, and as I have drawn more quotations out of him than from any other, I shall enter into a regular criticism upon his *Paradise Lost*, which I shall publish every Saturday, till I have given my thoughts upon that poem. I shall not however presume to impose upon others my own particular judgment on this author, but only deliver it as my private opinion. Criticism is of a very large extent, and every particular master in this art has his favourite passages in an author, which do not equally strike the best judges. It will be sufficient for me if I discover many beauties or imperfections which others have not attended to, and I should be very glad to see any of our eminent writers publish their discoveries on the same subject. In short, I would always be understood to write my papers of criticism in the spirit which Horace has expressed in those two famous lines:

——Si quid novisti rectius istis,
Candidus imperti; si non, his utere mecum.
EPIST. I. 6. 68.

'If you have made any better remarks of your own, communicate them with candour, if not, make use of these I present you with.'

No. 445. *The penny stamp just imposed obliges the Spectator to raise his price. He has been charged with making political attacks through his paper, but his ridicule has never been directed except against the vicious.*

> Tanti non es, ais. Sapis Luperce.
> MART. Epig. II. 118.
>
> You say, Lupercus, what I write
> I'n't worth so much: you're in the right.

This is the day on which many eminent authors will probably publish their last words. I am afraid that few of our weekly historians, who are men that above all others delight in war, will be able to subsist under the weight of a stamp, and an approaching peace[n]. A sheet of blank paper that must have this new *imprimatur* clapt upon it, before it is qualified to communicate any thing to the public, will make its way in the world very heavily. In short, the necessity of carrying a stamp, and the improbability of notifying a bloody battle, will, I am afraid, both concur to the sinking of those thin folios, which have every other day retailed to us the history of Europe for several years last past. A facetious friend of mine, who loves a pun, calls this present mortality among authors, *The fall of the leaf.*

I remember, upon Mr. Baxter's[n] death, there was published a sheet of very good sayings, inscribed, *The last words of Mr. Baxter.* The title sold so great a number of these papers, that about a week after there came out a second sheet, inscribed, *More last words of Mr. Baxter.* In the same manner, I have reason to think, that several ingenious writers, who have taken their leave of the public, in farewell papers, will not give over so, but intend to appear again, though perhaps under another form, and with a different title. Be that as it will, it is my business in this place to give an account of my own intentions, and to acquaint my reader with the motives by which I act in this great crisis of the republic of letters.

I have been long debating in my own heart, whether I should throw up my pen, as an author that is cashiered by the act of parliament[n], which is to operate within these four and twenty hours, or whether I should still persist in laying my speculations from day to day before the public. The argument which prevails with me most on the first side of the question is, that I am

informed by my bookseller he must raise the price of every single paper to twopence, or that he shall not be able to pay the duty of it. Now, as I am very desirous my readers should have their learning as cheap as possible, it is with great difficulty that I comply with him in this particular.

However, upon laying my reasons together in the balance, I find that those which plead for the continuance of this work have much the greater weight. For, in the first place, in recompence for the expence to which this will put my readers, it is to be hoped they may receive from every paper so much instruction as will be a very good equivalent. And, in order to this, I would not advise any one to take it in, who, after the perusal of it, does not find himself twopence the wiser or the better man for it; or who, upon examination, does not believe that he has had two penny worth of mirth or instruction for his money.

But I must confess there is another motive which prevails with me more than the former. I consider that the tax on paper was given for the support of the government; and as I have enemies, who are apt to pervert every thing I do or say, I fear they would ascribe the laying down my paper, on such an occasion, to a spirit of malecontentedness, which I am resolved none shall ever justly upbraid me with. No! I shall glory in contributing my utmost to the weal public; and if my country receives five or six pounds a day by my labours, I shall be very well pleased to find myself so useful a member. It is a received maxim, that no honest man should enrich himself by methods that are prejudicial to the community in which he lives: and by the same rule I think we may pronounce the person to deserve very well of his countrymen, whose labours bring more into the public coffers than into his own pocket.

Since I have mentioned the word enemies, I must explain myself so far as to acquaint my reader, that I mean only the insignificant party-zealots on both sides; men of such poor narrow souls, that they are not capable of thinking on any thing but with an eye to Whig or Tory. During the course of this paper, I have been accused by these despicable wretches of trimming, time serving, personal reflection, secret satire, and the like. Now though, in these my compositions, it is visible to any reader of common sense that I consider nothing but my subject, which is always of an indifferent nature; how is it possible for me to

write so clear of party, as not to lie open to the censure of those who will be applying every sentence, and finding out persons and things in it, which it has no regard to?

Several paltry scribblers and declaimers have done me the honour to be dull upon me in reflexions of this nature; but notwithstanding my name has been sometimes traduced by this contemptible tribe of men, I have hitherto avoided all animadversions upon 'em. The truth of it is, I am afraid of making them appear considerable by taking notice of them, for they are like those imperceptible insects which are discovered by the microscope, and cannot be made the subject of observation without being magnified.

Having mentioned those few who have shown themselves the enemies of this paper, I should be very ungrateful to the public, did not I at the same time testify my gratitude to those who are its friends, in which number I may reckon many of the most distinguished persons of all conditions, parties, and professions in the isle of Great Britain. I am not so vain as to think this approbation is so much due to the performance as to the design. There is, and ever will be, justice enough in the world, to afford patronage and protection for those who endeavour to advance truth and virtue, without regard to the passions and prejudices of any particular cause or faction. If I have any other merit in me, it is that I have new-pointed all the batteries of ridicule. They have been generally planted against persons, who have appeared serious rather than absurd, or at best have aimed rather at what is unfashionable than what is vicious. For my own part, I have endeavoured to make nothing ridiculous that is not in some measure criminal. I have set up the immoral man as the object of derision: in short, if I have not formed a new weapon against vice and irreligion, I have at least shewn how that weapon may be put to a right use, which has so often fought the battles of impiety and profaneness.

No. 488. *The Spectator has been remonstrated with on account of the raised price: his humorous representations in reply. Epigram.*

Quanti emptæ? Parvo. Quanti ergo? Octussibus. Eheu!
HOR. Sat. ii. 3. 156.

What will it cost? Nay, hold.
A very trifle. Sir, I will be told.——
Three pence.—Alas!

I find, by several letters which I receive daily, that many of my readers would be better pleased to pay three halfpence for my paper, than twopence. The ingenious T. W. tells me, that I have deprived him of the best part of his breakfast, for that since the rise of my paper, he is forced every morning to drink his dish of coffee by itself, without the addition of the *Spectator*, that used to be better than lace to it. Eugenius informs me very obligingly that he never thought he should have disliked any passage in my paper, but that of late there have been two words in every one of them, which he could heartily wish left out, viz. 'Price Twopence.' I have a letter from a soap-boiler, who condoles with me very affectionately upon the necessity we both lie under of setting an higher price on our commodities, since the late tax has been laid upon them, and desiring me, when I write next on that subject, to speak a word or two upon the duties upon Castle soap. But there is none of these my correspondents, who writes with a greater turn of good sense and elegance of expression, than the generous Philomedes, who advises me to value every *Spectator* at sixpence, and promises that he himself will engage for above a hundred of his acquaintance, who shall take it in at that price.

Letters from the female world are likewise come to me, in great quantities, upon the same occasion; and as I naturally bear a great deference to this part of our species, I am very glad to find that those who approve my conduct in this particular, are much more numerous than those who condemn it. A large family of daughters have drawn me up a very handsome remonstrance, in which they set forth that their father having refused to take in the *Spectator*, since the additional price was set upon it, they offered him unanimously to bate him the article of bread and butter in the tea-table account, provided the *Spectator* might be served up to them every morning as usual. Upon this the old

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gentleman, being pleased it seems with their desire of improving themselves, has granted them the continuance both of the *Spectator* and their bread and butter, having given particular orders that the tea-table shall be set forth every morning with its customary bill of fare, and without any manner of defalcation. I thought myself obliged to mention this particular, as it does honour to this worthy gentleman; and if the young lady Lætitia, who sent me this account, will acquaint me with his name, I will insert it at length in one of my papers, if he desires it.

I should be very glad to find out any expedient that might alleviate the expense which this my paper brings to any of my readers; and, in order to it, must propose two points to their consideration. First, that if they retrench any the smallest particular in their ordinary expense, it will easily make up the halfpenny a day, which we have now under consideration. Let a lady sacrifice but a single ribbon to her morning studies, and it will be sufficient: let a family burn but a candle a-night less than their usual number, and they may take in the *Spectator* without detriment to their private affairs.

In the next place, if my readers will not go to the price of buying my papers by retail, let them have patience, and they may buy them in the lump, without the burden of a tax upon them. My speculations, when they are sold single like cherries upon the stick, are delights for the rich and wealthy; after some time they come to market in greater quantities, and are every ordinary man's money. The truth of it is, they have a certain flavour at their first appearance, from several accidental circumstances of time, place, and person, which they may lose if they are not taken early; but in this case every reader is to consider, whether it is not better for him to be half a year behindhand with the fashionable and polite part of the world, than to strain himself beyond his circumstances. My bookseller has now about ten thousand of the third and fourth volumes, which he has ready to publish, having already disposed of as large an edition both of the first and second volumes. As he is a person whose head is very well turned for his business, he thinks they would be a very proper present to be made to persons at christenings, marriages, visiting-days, and the like joyful solemnities, as several other books are frequently given at funerals. He has printed them in such a little portable volume, that many of them may be ranged together

upon a single plate; and is of opinion that a salver of *Spectators* would be as acceptable an entertainment to the ladies, as a salver of sweetmeats.

I shall conclude this paper with an epigram lately sent to the writer of the *Spectator*, after having returned my thanks to the ingenious author of it.

'SIR,

Having heard the following epigram very much commended, I wonder that it has not yet had a place in any of your papers. I think the suffrage of our poet laureat[n] should not be overlooked, which shows the opinion he entertains of your paper, whether the notion he proceeds upon be true or false. I make bold to convey it to you, not knowing if it has yet come to your hands.'

ON THE SPECTATOR.

BY MR. TATE.

Aliusque et idem
Nasceris.

HOR. Carm. Sæc. 10.

You rise another and the same.

When first the *Tatler* to a mute was turn'd
Great Britain for her censor's silence mourn'd;
Robb'd of his sprightly beams, she wept the night,
'Till the *Spectator* rose, and blaz'd as bright.
So the first man the sun's first setting view'd,
And sigh'd, till circling day his joys renew'd;
Yet doubtful how that second sun to name,
Whether a bright successor, or the same.
So we: but now from this suspense are freed,
Since all agree, who both with judgment read,
'Tis the same sun, and doth himself succeed.

O.

No. 542. *Various criticisms and objections, with the replies of the Spectator. Letter from an admirer.*

Et sibi præferri se gaudet.

OVID. Met. ii. 430.

He heard,
Well-pleased, himself before himself preferr'd.

ADDISON.

When I have been present in assemblies where my paper has been talked of, I have been very well pleased to hear those who

would detract from the author of it observe, that the letters which are sent to the *Spectator* are as good, if not better than any of his works. Upon this occasion many letters of mirth are usually mentioned, which some think the *Spectator* writ to himself, and which others commend because they fancy he received them from his correspondents. Such are these from the Valetudinarian[1]; the inspector of the sign-posts[2]; the master of the fan exercise[3]; with that of the hooped petticoat[4]; that of Nicholas Hart the annual sleeper[5]; that from Sir John Envill[6]; that upon London cries,[7] with multitudes of the same nature. As I love nothing more than to mortify the ill-natured, that I may do it effectually, I must acquaint them, they have very often praised me when they did not design it, and that they have approved my writings when they thought they had derogated from them. I have heard several of these unhappy gentlemen proving, by undeniable arguments, that I was not able to pen a letter which I had written the day before. Nay, I have heard some of them throwing out ambiguous expressions, and giving the company reason to suspect that they themselves did me the honour to send me such and such a particular epistle, which happened to be talked of with the esteem or approbation of those who were present. Those rigid critics are so afraid of allowing me anything which does not belong to me, that they will not be positive whether the lion, the wild boar, and the flower-pots in the play-house, did not actually write those letters which came to me in their names. I must therefore inform these gentlemen, that I often choose this way of casting my thoughts into a letter for the following reasons. First, out of the policy of those who try their jest upon another, before they own it themselves. Secondly, because I would extort a little praise from such who will never applaud anything whose author is known and certain. Thirdly, because it gave me an opportunity of introducing a great variety of characters into my work, which could not have been done, had I always written in the person of the *Spectator*. Fourthly, because the dignity Spectatorial would have suffered, had I published as from myself those several ludicrous compositions which I have ascribed to fictitious names and

[1] No. 25, p. 238. [2] No. 28, p. 242. [3 4] Nos. 102 and 127 (omitted from this selection). [5] No. 184 (ditto). [6] No. 299, p. 282. [7] No. 251, p. 274.

characters. And lastly, because they often serve to bring in more naturally such additional reflexions as have been placed at the end of them.

There are others who have likewise done me a very particular honour, though undesignedly. These are such who will needs have it, that I have translated or borrowed many of my thoughts out of books which are written in other languages. I have heard of a person who is more famous for his library than his learning, that has affected this more than once in his private conversation. Were it true, I am sure he could not speak it from his own knowledge; but had he read the books which he has collected, he would find this accusation to be wholly groundless. Those who are truly learned will acquit me in this point, in which I have been so far from offending, that I have been scrupulous perhaps to a fault in quoting the authors of several passages which I might have made my own. But as this assertion is in reality an encomium on what I have published, I ought rather to glory in it, than endeavour to confute it.

Some are so very willing to alienate from me that small reputation which might accrue to me from any of these my speculations, that they attribute some of the best of them to those imaginary *manuscripts* with which I have introduced them. There are others, I must confess, whose objections have given me a greater concern, as they seem to reflect, under this head, rather on my morality than on my invention. These are they who say an author is guilty of falsehood, when he talks to the public of manuscripts which he never saw, or describes scenes of action or discourse in which he was never engaged. But these gentlemen would do well to consider, there is not a fable or a parable which ever was made use of, that is not liable to this exception; since nothing, according to this notion, can be related innocently, which was not once matter of fact. Besides, I think the most ordinary reader may be able to discover by my way of writing, what I deliver in these occurrences as truth, and what as fiction.

Since I am unawares engaged in answering the several objections which have been made against these my works, I must take notice that there are some who affirm a paper of this nature should always turn upon diverting subjects, and others who find fault with every one of them that hath not an immediate ten-

dency to the advancement of religion or learning. I shall leave these gentlemen to dispute it out among themselves, since I see one half of my conduct patronized by each side. Were I serious on an improper subject, or trifling in a serious one, I should deservedly draw upon me the censure of my readers; or were I conscious of any thing in my writings that is not innocent at least, or that the greatest part of them were not sincerely designed to discountenance vice and ignorance, and support the interest of true wisdom and virtue, I should be more severe upon myself than the public is disposed to be.

In the mean while I desire my reader to consider every particular paper or discourse as a distinct tract by itself, and independent of every thing that goes before or after it.

I shall end this paper with the following letter, which was really sent me, as some others have been which I have published, and for which I must own myself indebted to their respective writers.

'SIR,

'I was this morning in a company of your wellwishers, when we read over with great satisfaction Tully's observations on action adapted to the British theatre[n]: though, by the way, we were very sorry to find that you have disposed of another member of your club. Poor Sir Roger is dead, and the worthy clergyman is dying. Captain Sentry has taken possession of a fair estate; Will Honeycomb has married a farmer's daughter; and the Templar draws himself into the business of his own profession. What will all this end in? We are afraid it portends no good to the public. Unless you very speedily fix a day for the election of new members, we are under apprehensions of losing the British Spectator. I hear of a party of ladies who intend to address you on this subject, and question not, if you do not give us the slip very suddenly, that you will receive addresses from all parts of the kingdom to continue so useful a work. Pray deliver us out of this perplexity, and among the multitude of your readers you will particularly oblige

'Your most sincere friend and servant,

O. 'PHILO-SPEC.'

No. 556. *The Spectator, from being silent, has become loquacious: he is always wrangling. Public affairs are in a ferment, but he means still to eschew party spirit.*

> Qualis ubi in lucem coluber mala gramina pastus,
> Frigida sub terra tumidum quem bruma tegebat;
> Nunc positis novus exuviis, nitidusque juventa,
> Lubrica convolvit sublato pectore terga
> Arduus ad solem, et linguis micat ore trisulcis.
>
> VIRG. *Æn.* ii. 471.

Upon laying down the office of Spectator[1], I acquainted the world with my design of electing a new club, and of opening my mouth in it after a most solemn manner. Both the election and the ceremony are now past; but not finding it so easy as I at first imagined, to break through a fifty years silence, I would not venture into the world under the character of a man who pretends to talk like other people, till I had arrived at a full freedom of speech.

I shall reserve for another time the history of such club or clubs of which I am now a talkative, but unworthy member; and shall here give an account of this surprising change which has been produced in me, and which I look upon to be as remarkable an accident as any recorded in history, since that which happened to the son of Crœsus [n], after having been many years as much tongue-tyed as myself.

Upon the first opening of my mouth, I made a speech, consisting of about half a dozen well-turned periods; but grew so very hoarse upon it, that for three days together, instead of finding the use of my tongue, I was afraid that I had quite lost it. Besides, the unusual extension of my muscles on this occasion made my face ake on both sides to such a degree, that nothing but an invincible resolution and perseverance could have prevented me from falling back to my monosyllables.

I afterwards made several essays towards speaking; and that I might not be startled at my own voice, which has happened to me more than once, I used to read aloud in my chamber, and have often stood in the middle of the street to call a coach, when I knew there was none within hearing.

When I was thus grown pretty well acquainted with my own voice, I laid hold of all opportunities to exert it. Not caring

[1] See page 74.

however to speak much by myself, and to draw upon me the whole attention of those I conversed with, I used, for some time, to walk every morning in the Mall[n], and talk in chorus with a parcel of Frenchmen. I found my modesty greatly relieved by the communicative temper of this nation, who are so very sociable, as to think they are never better company, than when they are all opening at the same time.

I then fancied I might receive great benefit from female conversation, and that I should have a convenience of talking with the greater freedom, when I was not under any impediment of thinking: I therefore threw myself into an assembly of ladies, but could not for my life get in a word among them; and found that if I did not change my company, I was in danger of being reduced to my primitive taciturnity.

The coffeehouses have ever since been my chief places of resort, where I have made the greatest improvements; in order to which I have taken a particular care never to be of the same opinion with the man I conversed with. I was a Tory at Button's, and a Whig at Child's, a friend to the Englishman[n], or an advocate for the Examiner[n], as it best served my turn: some fancy me a great enemy to the French king, though, in reality, I only make use of him for a help to discourse. In short, I wrangle and dispute for exercise; and have carried this point so far, that I was once like to have been run through the body for making a little too free with my betters.

In a word, I am quite another man to what I was.

Nil fuit unquam
Tam dispar[n] sibi.
HOR. Sat. i. 3. 18.
Nothing was ever so unlike itself.

My old acquaintance scarce know me; nay I was asked the other day by a Jew at Jonathan's, whether I was not related to a dumb gentleman, who used to come to that coffeehouse? But I think I was never better pleased in my life than about a week ago, when, as I was battling it across the table with a young Templar, his companion gave him a pull by the sleeve, begging him to come away, for that the old prig would talk him to death.

Being now a very good proficient in discourse, I shall appear in the world with this addition to my character, that my countrymen may reap the fruits of my new-acquired loquacity.

Those who have been present at public disputes in the university, know that it is usual to maintain heresies for argument's sake. I have heard a man a most impudent Socinian for half an hour, who has been an orthodox divine all his life after. I have taken the same method to accomplish myself in the gift of utterance, having talked above a twelve-month, not so much for the benefit of my hearers, as of myself. But since I have now gained the faculty I have been so long endeavouring after, I intend to make a right use of it, and shall think myself obliged, for the future, to speak always in truth and sincerity of heart. While a man is learning to fence, he practises both on friend and foe; but when he is a master in the art, he never exerts it but on what he thinks the right side.

That this last allusion may not give my reader a wrong idea of my design in this paper, I must here inform him, that the author of it is of no faction, that he is a friend to no interests but those of truth and virtue, nor a foe to any but those of vice and folly. Though I make more noise in the world than I used to do, I am still resolved to act in it as an indifferent Spectator. It is not my ambition to increase the number either of Whigs or Tories, but of wise and good men, and I could heartily wish there were not faults common to both parties, which afford me sufficient matter to work upon, without descending to those which are peculiar to either.

If in a multitude of counsellors there is safety, we ought to think ourselves the securest nation in the world. Most of our garrets are inhabited by statesmen, who watch over the liberties of their country, and make a shift to keep themselves from starving by taking into their care the properties of their fellow-subjects.

As these politicians of both sides have already worked the nation into a most unnatural ferment[n], I shall be so far from endeavouring to raise it to a greater height, that, on the contrary, it shall be the chief tendency of my papers to inspire my countrymen with a mutual good-will and benevolence. Whatever faults either party may be guilty of, they are rather inflamed than cured by those reproaches which they cast upon one another. The most likely method of rectifying any man's conduct, is, by recommending to him the principles of truth and honour, religion and virtue; and so long as he acts with an eye to these prin-

ciples, whatever party he is of, he cannot fail of being a good Englishman, and a lover of his country.

As for the persons concerned in this work, the names of all of them, or at least of such as desire it, shall be published hereafter: till which time I must entreat the curious reader to suspend his curiosity, and rather to consider what is written, than who they are that write it.

Having thus adjusted all necessary preliminaries with my reader, I shall not trouble him with any more prefatory discourses, but proceed in my old method, and entertain him with speculations on every useful subject that falls in my way.

POLITICAL PAPERS.

[Party politics, the vindication of this ministry or the incrimination of that, attacks upon individual statesmen and disclosures of administrative abuses, were judiciously forsworn by Addison and Steele when they commenced the *Spectator*. (See *Introduction*, p. xix.) However Addison did not think himself absolutely precluded from touching on political topics, as the first of the three following papers sufficiently shows. In fact this witty and ingenious essay has a very important political bearing, so much so that it is difficult to suppose that Addison's many Jacobite readers would have relished the *Spectator* so highly as they did, had there been many more papers in the same strain. The 'young man of twenty-two years of age' who brandishes his sword at the Act of Settlement, is the son and heir of James II, commonly called the first Pretender; he naturally is desirous of cancelling the Act of Parliament by which he and his descendants are excluded from the throne. He is accompanied by 'the genius of a commonwealth,' or, as we should say, of Republicanism, by which it is insinuated that in politics extremes meet, and that Jacobites, equally with Republicans, are enemies to the British Constitution. The 'spunge' in his left hand implies that if the Pretender succeeds in effecting a counter-revolution, he will repudiate the National Debt, a suggestion full of horror to the capitalists and merchants on 'Change. 'Public Credit' therefore faints and collapses at the approach of James the Pretender; but she revives and becomes radiant again when 'a person whom I had never seen,' that is, George the Electoral prince, son of the Princess Sophia, and afterwards George I, attended by the genius of Great Britain and all the other good powers which wait on prosperous states, enters the hall and approaches her throne.

The second paper in this section, though ostensibly an imaginative essay on the operations of commerce, appears chiefly designed to show what *political* benefits accrue to a nation from a large and unrestricted trade.

The third paper is a panegyric on the system of limited monarchy and popular government under which Englishmen are privileged to live.]

No. 3. *The Bank of England: vision of 'Public Credit'; her friends and enemies.*

Et quoi quisque fere studio devinctus adhæret,
Aut quibus in rebus multum sumus ante morati,
Atque in qua ratione fuit contenta magis mens,
In somnis eadem plerumque videmur obire.—LUCR. iv. 959.

In one of my late rambles, or rather speculations, I looked into the great hall where the Bank is kept, and was not a little pleased

to see the directors, secretaries, and clerks, with all the other members of that wealthy corporation, ranged in their several stations, according to the parts they act in that just and regular oeconomy. This revived in my memory the many discourses which I had both read and heard concerning the decay of public credit, with the methods of restoring it, and which in my opinion have always been defective because they have been made with an eye to separate interests, and party-principles.

The thoughts of the day gave my mind employment for the whole night, so that I fell insensibly into a kind of methodical dream, which disposed all my contemplations into a vision or allegory, or what else the reader shall please to call it.

Methought I returned to the great hall, where I had been the morning before, but, to my surprise, instead of the company that I left there, I saw, towards the upper end of the hall, a beautiful virgin, seated on a throne of gold. Her name, as they told me, was Public Credit. The walls, instead of being adorned with pictures and maps, were hung with many acts of parliament written in golden letters. At the upper end of the hall was the *Magna Charta* with the Act of Uniformity on the right hand, and the Act of Toleration on the left[n]. At the lower end of the hall was the Act of Settlement[n], which was placed full in the eye of the virgin that sat upon the throne. Both the sides of the hall were covered with such acts of parliament as had been made for the establishment of public funds. The lady seemed to set an unspeakable value upon these several pieces of furniture, insomuch that she often refreshed her eye with them, and often smiled with a secret pleasure, as she looked upon them; but, at the same time, shewed a very particular uneasiness, if she saw any thing approaching that might hurt them. She appeared indeed infinitely timorous in all her behaviour: and, whether it was from the delicacy of her constitution, or that she was troubled with vapours, as I was afterwards told by one who I found was none of her well-wishers, she changed colour and startled at everything she heard. She was likewise, as I afterwards found, a greater valetudinarian than any I had ever met with, even in her own sex, and subject to such momentary consumptions, that in the twinkling of an eye, she would fall away from the most florid complexion, and the most healthful state of body, and wither into a skeleton. Her recoveries were often as

sudden as her decays, insomuch that she would revive in a moment out of a wasting distemper, into a habit of the highest health and vigour.

I had very soon an opportunity of observing these quick turns and changes in her constitution. There sat at her feet a couple of secretaries, who received every hour letters from all parts of the world, which the one or the other was perpetually reading to her; and, according to the news she heard, to which she was exceedingly attentive, she changed colour, and discovered many symptoms of health or sickness.

Behind the throne was a prodigious heap of bags of money, which were piled upon one another so high, that they touched the ceiling. The floor, on her right hand and on her left, was covered with vast sums of gold, that rose up in pyramids on either side of her. But this I did not so much wonder at, when I heard, upon inquiry, that she had the same virtue in her touch which the poets tell us a Lydian king was formerly possessed of, and that she could convert whatever she pleased into that precious metal.

After a little dizziness, and confused hurry of thought, which a man often meets with in a dream, methought the hall was alarmed, the doors flew open, and there entered half a dozen of the most hideous phantoms that I had ever seen, even in a dream, before that time. They came in two by two, though matched in the most dissociable manner, and mingled together in a kind of dance. It would be tedious to describe their habits and persons, for which reason I shall only inform my reader, that the first couple was Tyranny and Anarchy, the second was Bigotry and Atheism, the third, the genius of a Commonwealth, and a young man of about twenty-two years of age, whose name I could not learn [n]. He had a sword in his right hand, which in the dance he often brandished at the Act of Settlement; and a citizen, who stood by me, whispered in my ear, that he saw a spunge in his left hand. The dance of so many jarring natures, put me in mind of the sun, moon, and earth, in the Rehearsal [n], that danced together for no other end but to eclipse one another.

The reader will easily suppose, by what has been before said, that the lady on the throne would have been almost frighted to distraction, had she seen but any one of these spectres: what

then must have been her condition when she saw them all in a body? She fainted and died away at the sight.

> Et neque jam color est misto candore rubori;
> Nec vigor, et vires, et quæ modo visa placebant;
> Nec corpus remanet.
>
> OVID. Met. iii. 491.

> Her spirits faint,
> Her blooming cheeks assume a pallid teint.
> And scarce her form remains.

There was as great a change in the hill of money bags, and the heaps of money; the former shrinking, and falling into so many empty bags, that I now found not above a tenth part of them had been filled with money. The rest that took up the same space, and made the same figure as the bags that were really filled with money, had been blown up with air, and called into my memory the bags full of wind, which Homer tells us his hero received as a present from Æolus[n]. The great heaps of gold on either side the throne now appeared to be only heaps of paper, or little piles of notched sticks[n], bound up together in bundles, like Bath faggots.

Whilst I was lamenting this sudden desolation that had been made before me, the whole scene vanished: in the room of the frightful spectres, there now entered a second dance of apparitions very agreeably matched together, and made up of very amiable phantoms. The first pair was Liberty with Monarchy at her right hand: the second was Moderation leading in Religion; and the third, a person whom I had never seen, with the genius of Great Britain. At the first entrance the lady revived, the bags swelled to their former bulk, the piles of faggots and heaps of paper changed into pyramids of guineas: and, for my own part, I was so transported with joy that I awaked, though I must confess I would fain have fallen asleep again to have closed my vision, if I could have done it.

No. 69. *The Royal Exchange; reflections on the manner in which Commerce diffuses the benefits of nature among mankind; it has also strengthened the national power.*

Hic segetes, illic veniunt felicius uvæ;
Arborei fætus alibi, atque injussa virescunt
Gramina. Nonne vides, croceos ut Tmolus odores,
India mittit ebur, molles, sua thura Sabæi?
At Chalybes nudi ferrum, virosaque Pontus
Castorea, Eliadum palmas Epirus equarum?
Continuo has leges æternaque fœdera certis
Imposuit natura locis

VIRG. Georg. i. 54.

This ground with Bacchus, that with Ceres suits;
That other loads the trees with happy fruits;
A fourth with grass, unbidden, decks the ground;
Thus Tmolus is with yellow saffron crown'd;
India black ebon and white ivory bears;
And soft Idume weeps her odorous tears:
Thus Pontus sends her beaver stones from far:
And naked Spaniards temper steel for war:
Epirus for th' Elean chariot breeds
(In hopes of palms) a race of running steeds.
This is the original contract; these the laws
Imposed by nature, and by nature's cause.

DRYDEN.

There is no place in the town which I so much love to frequent as the Royal Exchange. It gives me a secret satisfaction, and, in some measure, gratifies my vanity, as I am an Englishman, to see so rich an assembly of countrymen and foreigners consulting together upon the private business of mankind, and making this metropolis a kind of emporium for the whole earth. I must confess I look upon High Change to be a great council, in which all considerable nations have their representatives. Factors in the trading world are what ambassadors are in the politic world: they negotiate affairs, conclude treaties, and maintain a good correspondence between those wealthy societies of men that are divided from one another by seas and oceans, or live on the different extremities of a continent. I have often been pleased to hear disputes adjusted between an inhabitant of Japan and an alderman of London, or to see a subject of the great Mogul[n] entering into a league with one of the Czar of Muscovy. I am infinitely delighted in mixing with these several ministers of

commerce, as they are distinguished by their different walks and different languages; sometimes I am justled among a body of Armenians: sometimes I am lost in a crowd of Jews; and sometimes make one in a groupe of Dutchmen. I am a Dane, Swede, or Frenchman at different times; or rather fancy myself like the old philosopher, who upon being asked what countryman he was, replied that he was a citizen of the world[n].

Though I very frequently visit this busy multitude of people, I am known to nobody there but my friend Sir Andrew, who often smiles upon me as he sees me bustling in the crowd, but at the same time connives at my presence without taking any further notice of me. There is indeed a merchant of Egypt, who just knows me by sight, having formerly remitted me some money to Grand Cairo; but as I am not versed in the modern Coptic, our conferences go no further than a bow and a grimace.

This grand scene of business gives me an infinite variety of solid and substantial entertainments. As I am a great lover of mankind, my heart naturally overflows with pleasure at the sight of a prosperous and happy multitude, insomuch that at many public solemnities I cannot forbear expressing my joy with tears that have stolen down my cheeks. For this reason I am wonderfully delighted to see such a body of men thriving in their own private fortunes, and at the same time promoting the public stock; or, in other words, raising estates for their own families, by bringing into their own country whatever is wanting, and carrying out of it whatever is superfluous.

Nature seems to have taken a particular care to disseminate her blessings among the different regions of the world, with an eye to this mutual intercourse and traffic among mankind, that the natives of the several parts of the globe might have a kind of dependence upon one another, and be united together by their common interest. Almost every degree produces something peculiar to it. The food often grows in one country and the sauce in another. The fruits of Portugal are corrected by the products of Barbadoes: the infusion of a China plant sweetened with the pith of an Indian cane. The Philippine islands give a flavour to our European bowls. The single dress of a woman of quality is often the product of an hundred climates. The muff and the fan come together from the different ends of the earth. The scarf is sent from the torrid zone, and the tippet from

beneath the pole. The brocade petticoat rises out of the mines of Peru, and the diamond necklace out of the bowels of Indostan.

If we consider our own country in its natural prospect, without any of the benefits and advantages of commerce, what a barren uncomfortable spot of earth falls to our share! Natural historians tell us, that no fruit grows originally among us, besides hips and haws, acorns and pig-nuts, with other delicacies of the like nature; that our climate of itself, and without the assistances of art, can make no farther advances towards a plumb than to a sloe, and carries an apple to no greater perfection than a crab: that our melons, our peaches, our figs, our apricots, and cherries, are strangers among us, imported in different ages, and naturalized in our English gardens; and that they would all degenerate and fall away into the trash of our own country, if they were wholly neglected by the planter, and left to the mercy of our sun and soil. Nor has traffic more enriched our vegetable world, than it has improved the whole face of nature among us. Our ships are laden with the harvest of every climate: our tables are stored with spices, and oils, and wines: our rooms are filled with pyramids of china, and adorned with the workmanship of Japan: our morning's draught comes to us from the remotest corners of the earth: we repair our bodies by the drugs of America, and repose ourselves under Indian canopies. My friend Sir Andrew calls the vineyards of France our gardens; the spice islands our hot-beds; the Persians, our silk-weavers; and the Chinese, our potters. Nature indeed furnishes us with the bare necessaries of life; but traffic gives us a great variety of what is useful, and at the same time supplies us with every thing that is convenient and ornamental. Nor is it the least part of this our happiness, that whilst we enjoy the remotest products of the North and South, we are free from those extremities of weather which give them birth; that our eyes are refreshed with the green fields of Britain, at the same time that our palates are feasted with fruits that rise between the tropics.

For these reasons there are not more useful members in a commonwealth than merchants. They knit mankind together in a mutual intercourse of good offices, distribute the gifts of nature, find work for the poor, add wealth to the rich, and magnificence to the great. Our English merchant converts the tin of his own country into gold, and exchanges his wool for rubies.

The Mahometans are clothed in our British manufacture, and the inhabitants of the frozen zone warmed with the fleeces of our sheep.

When I have been upon the Change, I have often fancied one of our old kings standing in person, where he is represented in effigy [n], and looking down upon the wealthy concourse of people with which that place is every day filled. In this case how would he be surprised to hear all the languages of Europe spoken in this little spot of his former dominions, and to see so many private men who in his time would have been the vassals of some powerful Baron negociating like princes for greater sums of money than were formerly to be met with in the royal treasury! Trade, without enlarging the British territories, has given us a sort of additional empire; it has multiplied the number of the rich, made our landed estates infinitely more valuable than they were formerly, and added to them the accession of other estates as valuable as the lands themselves.—C.

No. 287. *On the excellence of the British constitution; advantage of having three, and not more than three, depositaries of legislative power; evils of despotism; knowledge flourishes under a free government.*

Ὦ φιλτάτη γῆ μῆτερ, ὡς σεμνὸν σφόδρ εἶ
Τοῖς νοῦν ἔχουσι κτῆμα.

MENAND.

Dear native land, how do the good and wise
Thy happy clime and countless blessings prize!

I look upon it as a peculiar happiness, that were I to chuse of what religion I would be, and under what government I would live, I should most certainly give the preference to that form of religion and government which is established in my own country. In this point I think I am determined by reason and conviction; but if I shall be told that I am acted [n] by prejudice, I am sure it is an honest prejudice; it is a prejudice that arises from the love of my country, and therefore such an one as I will always indulge. I have in several papers endeavoured to express my duty and esteem for the Church of England, and design this as an essay upon the civil part of our constitution, having often

entertained myself with reflexions on this subject, which I have not met with in other writers.

That form of government appears to me the most reasonable, which is most conformable to the equality that we find in human nature, provided it be consistent with public peace and tranquillity. This is what may properly be called liberty, which exempts one man from subjection to another so far as the order and œconomy of government will permit.

Liberty should reach every individual of a people, as they all share one common nature; if it only spreads among particular branches, there had better be none at all, since such a liberty only aggravates the misfortune of those who are deprived of it, by setting before them a disagreeable subject of comparison.

This liberty is best preserved, where the legislative power is lodged in several persons, especially if those persons are of different ranks and interests; for where they are of the same rank, and consequently have an interest to manage peculiar to that rank, it differs but little from a despotical government in a single person. But the greatest security a people can have for their liberty, is when the legislative power is in the hands of persons so happily distinguished, that by providing for the particular interests of their several ranks, they are providing for the whole body of the people that has not a common interest with at least one part of the legislators.

If there be but one body of legislators, it is no better than a tyranny; if there are only two, there will want a casting voice, and one of them must at length be swallowed up by disputes and contentions that will necessarily arise between them. Four would have the same inconvenience as two, and a greater number would cause too much confusion. I could never read a passage in Polybius[n], and another in Cicero[n], to this purpose, without a secret pleasure in applying it to the English constitution, which it suits much better than the Roman. Both these great authors give the pre-eminence to a mixt government, consisting of three branches, the regal, the noble, and the popular. They had doubtless in their thoughts the constitution of the Roman commonwealth, in which the Consul represented the king, the Senate the nobles, and the Tribunes the people. This division of the three powers in the Roman constitution was by no means so distinct and natural, as it is in the English government.

Among several objections that might be made to it, I think the chief are those that affect the consular power, which had only the ornaments without the force of the regal authority. Their number had not a casting voice in it; for which reason if one did not chance to be employed abroad, while the other sat at home, the public business was sometimes at a stand, while the consuls pulled two different ways in it. Besides, I do not find that the consuls had ever a negative voice in the passing of a law, or decreé of the senate, so that indeed they were rather the chief body of the nobility, or the first ministers of state, than a distinct branch of the sovereignty, in which none can be looked upon as a part, who are not a part of the legislature. Had the consuls been invested with the regal authority to as great a degree as our monarchs, there would never have been any occasion for a dictatorship, which had in it the power of all the three orders, and ended in the subversion of the whole constitution.

Such an history as that of Suetonius[n], which gives us a succession of absolute princes, is to me an unanswerable argument against despotic power. Where the prince is a man of wisdom and virtue, it is indeed happy for his people that he is absolute; but since, in the common run of mankind, for one that is wise and good you find ten of a contrary character, it is very dangerous for a nation to stand to its chance, or to have its public happiness or misery depend on the virtue or vices of a single person. Look into the history I have mentioned, or into any series of absolute princes, how many tyrants must you read through, before you come to an emperor that is supportable. But this is not all; an honest private man often grows cruel and abandoned, when converted into an absolute prince. Give a man power of doing what he pleases with impunity, you extinguish his fear, and consequently overturn in him one of the great pillars of morality. This too we find confirmed by matter of fact. How many hopeful heirs apparent to grand empires, when in the possession of them, have become such monsters of lust and cruelty as are a reproach to human nature?

Some tell us we ought to make our governments on earth like that in heaven, which, say they, is altogether monarchical and unlimited. Was man like his Creator in goodness and justice, I should be for following this great model; but where goodness and justice are not essential to the ruler, I would by no means

put myself into his hands to be disposed of according to his particular will and pleasure.

It is odd to consider the connexion between despotic government and barbarity, and how the making of one person more than man, makes the rest less. About nine parts of the world in ten are in the lowest state of slavery, and consequently sunk in the most gross and brutal ignorance. European slavery is indeed a state of liberty, if compared with that which prevails in the other three divisions of the world; and therefore it is no wonder that those who grovel under it have many tracks of light among them, of which the others are wholly destitute.

Riches and plenty are the natural fruits of liberty, and where these abound, learning and all the liberal arts will immediately lift up their heads and flourish. As a man must have no slavish fears and apprehensions hanging upon his mind, who will indulge the flights of fancy or speculation, and push his researches into all the abstruse corners of truth, so it is necessary for him to have about him a competency of all the conveniences of life.

The first thing every one looks after, is to provide himself with necessaries. This point will engross our thoughts till it be satisfied. If this is taken care of to our hands, we look out for pleasures and amusements; and among a great number of idle people, there will be many whose pleasures will lie in reading and contemplation. These are the two great sources of knowledge; and as men grow wise, they naturally love to communicate their discoveries; and others, seeing the happiness of such a learned life, and improving by their conversation, emulate, imitate, and surpass one another, till a nation is filled with races of wise and understanding persons [n]. Ease and plenty are therefore the great cherishers of knowledge; and as most of the despotic governments of the world have neither of them, they are naturally over-run with ignorance and barbarity. In Europe, indeed, notwithstanding several of its princes are absolute, there are men famous for knowledge and learning; but the reason is, because the subjects are many of them rich and wealthy, the prince not thinking fit to exert himself in his full tyranny like the princes of the eastern nations, lest his subjects should be invited to new-mould their constitution, having so many prospects of liberty within their view. But in all despotic governments, though a particular prince may favour arts and letters, there is a natural

degeneracy of mankind, as you may observe from Augustus's reign, how the Romans lost themselves by degrees till they fell to an equality with the most barbarous nations that surrounded them. Look upon Greece under its frêe state, and you would think its inhabitants lived in different climates, and under different heavens, from those at present; so different are the geniuses which are formed under Turkish slavery and Grecian liberty[n].

Besides poverty and want, there are other reasons that debase the minds of men, who live under slavery, though I look on it as the principal. This natural tendency of despotic power to ignorance and barbarity, though not insisted upon by others, is, I think, an unanswerable argument against that form of government, as it shews how repugnant it is to the good of mankind and the perfection of human nature, which ought to be the great ends of all civil institutions.—L.

RELIGION, MORALS, SUPERSTITION.

No. 7. *Belief in omens; thirteen at table; reflections on the inconvenience and folly of superstition.*

> Somnia, terrores magicos, miracula, sagas,
> Nocturnos lemures, portentaque Thessala rides.
> HOR. Epist. ii. 2. 208.
>
> Say, can you laugh indignant at the schemes
> Of magic terrors, visionary dreams,
> Portentous wonders, witching imps of hell,
> The nightly goblin, and enchanting spell?
> FRANCIS.

Going yesterday to dine with an old acquaintance, I had the misfortune to find his whole family very much dejected. Upon asking him the occasion of it, he told me, that his wife had dreamed a strange dream the night before, which they were afraid portended some misfortune to themselves, or to their children. At her coming into the room, I observed a settled melancholy in her countenance, which I should have been troubled for, had I not heard from whence it proceeded. We were no sooner sat down, but after looking upon me a little while, 'My dear,' says she, turning to her husband, 'you may now see the stranger that was in the candle last night.'

Soon after this, as they began to talk of family affairs, a little boy at the lower end of the table told her that he was to go into join-hand on Thursday.

'Thursday?' says she, 'No, child, if it please God, you shall not begin upon Childermas-day [n]; tell your writing-master that Friday will be soon enough.'

I was reflecting with myself on the oddness of her fancy, and wondering that any body would establish it as a rule to lose a day in every week. In the midst of these my musings she desired

me to reach her a little salt upon the point of my knife, which I did in such a trepidation, and hurry of obedience, that I let it drop by the way; at which she immediately startled, and said it fell towards her. Upon this I looked very blank; and, observing the concern of the whole table, began to consider myself with some confusion as a person that had brought a disaster upon the family. The lady, however, recovering herself after a little space, said to her husband, with a sigh, 'My dear, misfortunes never come single.' My friend, I found, acted but an under part at his table, and being a man of more good-nature than understanding, thinks himself obliged to fall in with all the passions and humours of his yoke-fellow.

'Do not you remember, child,' says she, 'that the pigeon-house fell the very afternoon that our careless wench spilt the salt upon the table?'

'Yes,' says he, 'my dear, and the next post brought us an account of the battle of Almanza[n].'

The reader may guess at the figure I made, after having done all this mischief. I dispatched my dinner as soon as I could, with my usual taciturnity, when, to my utter confusion, the lady seeing me quitting my knife and fork, and laying them across one another upon my plate, desired me that I would humour her so far as to take them out of that figure, and place them side by side. What the absurdity was which I had committed I did not know, but I suppose there was some traditionary superstition in it; and therefore, in obedience to the lady of the house, I disposed of my knife and fork in two parallel lines, which is the figure I shall always lay them in for the future, though I do not know any reason for it.

It is not difficult for a man to see that a person has conceived an aversion to him. For my own part, I quickly found by the lady's looks that she regarded me as a very odd kind of fellow, with an unfortunate aspect. For which reason I took my leave immediately after dinner, and withdrew to my own lodgings. Upon my return home, I fell into a profound contemplation on the evils that attend these superstitious follies of mankind; how they subject us to imaginary afflictions, and additional sorrows, that do not properly come within our lot. As if the natural calamities of life were not sufficient for us, we turn the most indifferent circumstances into misfortunes, and suffer as

much from trifling accidents, as from real evils. I have known the shooting of a star spoil a night's rest; and have seen a man in love grow pale, and lose his appetite, upon the plucking of a merry-thought. A screech-owl at midnight has alarmed a family more than a band of robbers; nay, the voice of a cricket hath struck more terror than the roaring of a lion. There is nothing so inconsiderable, which may not appear dreadful to an imagination that is filled with omens and prognostics. A rusty nail, or a crooked pin, shoot up into prodigies.

I remember I was once in a mixed assembly, that was full of noise and mirth, when on a sudden an old woman unluckily observed there were thirteen of us in company. This remark struck a panic terror into several who were present, insomuch that one or two of the ladies were going to leave the room: but a friend of mine, taking notice that one of our female companions was near her confinement, affirmed there were fourteen in the room, and that, instead of portending one of the company should die, it plainly foretold one of them should be born. Had not my friend found out this expedient to break the omen, I question not but half the women in the company would have fallen sick that very night.

An old maid, that is troubled with the vapours, produces infinite disturbances of this kind among her friends and neighbours. I know a maiden aunt, of a great family, who is one of these antiquated Sibyls, that forebodes and prophecies from one end of the year to the other. She is always seeing apparitions, and hearing death-watches; and was the other day almost frightened out of her wits by the great house-dog, that howled in the stable, at a time when she lay ill of the tooth-ach. Such an extravagant cast of mind engages multitudes of people, not only in impertinent terrors, but in supernumerary duties of life; and arises from that fear and ignorance which are natural to the soul of man. The horror with which we entertain the thoughts of death or indeed of any future evil, and the uncertainty of its approach, fill a melancholy mind with innumerable apprehensions and suspicions, and consequently dispose it to the observation of such groundless prodigies and predictions. For as it is the chief concern of wise men, to retrench the evils of life by the reasonings of philosophy, it is the employment of fools to multiply them by the sentiments of superstition.

For my own part, I should be very much troubled were I endued with this divining quality, though it should inform me truly of every thing that can befall me. I would not anticipate the relish of any happiness, nor feel the weight of any misery, before it actually arrives.

I know but one way of fortifying my soul against these gloomy presages and terrors of mind, and that is, by securing to myself the friendship and protection of that Being who disposes of events, and governs futurity. He sees, at one view, the whole thread of my existence, not only that part of it which I have already passed through, but that which runs forward into all the depths of eternity. When I lay me down to sleep, I recommend myself to his care; when I awake, I give myself up to his direction. Amidst all the evils that threaten me, I will look up to him for help, and question not but he will either avert them, or turn them to my advantage. Though I know neither the time nor the manner of the death I am to die, I am not at all solicitous about it; because I am sure that He knows them both, and that he will not fail to comfort and support me under them.—C.

No. 15. *On the vanity and frivolity of women; true and false happiness; illustrated by the characters and lives of Aurelia and Fulvia.*

Parva leves capiunt animos

OVID, Ars. Am. i. 159.

Light minds are pleased with trifles.

When I was in France, I used to gaze with great astonishment at the splendid equipages and party-coloured habits of that fantastic nation. I was one day in particular contemplating a lady, that sat in a coach adorned with gilded Cupids, and finely painted with the loves of Venus and Adonis. The coach was drawn by six milk-white horses, and loaded behind with the same number of powdered footmen. Just before the lady were a couple of beautiful pages, that were stuck among the harness, and, by their gay dresses and smiling features, looked like the elder brothers of the little boys that were carved and painted in every corner of the coach.

The lady was the unfortunate Cleanthe, who afterwards gave

an occasion to a pretty melancholy novel. She had for several years received the addresses of a gentleman, whom after a long and intimate acquaintance she forsook, upon the account of this shining equipage, which had been offered to her by one of great riches, but a crazy constitution. The circumstances in which I saw her, were, it seems, the disguises only of a broken heart, and a kind of pageantry to cover distress; for in two months after she was carried to her grave with the same pomp and magnificence; being sent thither partly by the loss of one lover, and partly by the possession of another.

I have often reflected with myself on this unaccountable humour in womankind, of being smitten with every thing that is showy and superficial; and on the numberless evils that befal the sex, from this light fantastical disposition. I myself remember a young lady that was very warmly solicited by a couple of importunate rivals, who, for several months together, did all they could to recommend themselves, by complacency of behaviour and agreeableness of conversation. At length, when the competition was doubtful, and the lady undetermined in her choice, one of the young lovers very luckily bethought himself of adding a supernumerary lace to his liveries, which had so good an effect, that he married her the very week after.

The usual conversation of ordinary women very much cherishes this natural weakness of being taken with outside appearance. Talk of a new-married couple, and you immediately hear whether they keep their coach and six, or eat in plate [n]: mention the name of an absent lady, and it is ten to one but you learn something of her gown and petticoat. A ball is a great help to discourse, and a birth-day furnishes conversation for a twelvemonth after. A furbelow of precious stones, an hat buttoned with a diamond, a brocade waistcoat or petticoat, are standing topics. In short, they consider only the drapery of the species, and never cast away a thought on those ornaments of the mind, that make persons illustrious in themselves and useful to others. When women are thus perpetually dazzling one another's imaginations, and filling their heads with nothing but colours, it is no wonder that they are more attentive to the superficial parts of life, than the solid and substantial blessings of it. A girl who has been trained up in this kind of conversation, is in danger of every embroidered coat that comes in her way. A pair of fringed gloves

may be her ruin. In a word, lace and ribbands, silver and gold galoons[n], with the like glittering gewgaws, are so many lures to women of weak minds or low education, and, when artificially displayed, are able to fetch down the most airy coquette from the wildest of her flights and rambles.

True happiness is of a retired nature, and an enemy to pomp and noise: it arises, in the first place, from the enjoyment of one's self; and in the next, from the friendship and conversation of a few select companions: it loves shade and solitude, and naturally haunts groves and fountains, fields and meadows; in short, it feels everything it wants within itself, and receives no addition from multitudes of witnesses and spectators. On the contrary, false happiness loves to be in a crowd, and to draw the eyes of the world upon her. She does not receive any satisfaction from the applauses which she gives herself, but from the admiration which she raises in others. She flourishes in courts and palaces, theatres and assemblies, and has no existence but when she is looked upon.

Aurelia, though a woman of great quality, delights in the privacy of a country life, and passes away a great part of her time in her own walks and gardens. Her husband, who is her bosom friend, and companion in her solitudes, has been in love with her ever since he knew her. They both abound with good sense, consummate virtue, and a mutual esteem; and are a perpetual entertainment to one another. Their family is under so regular an œconomy, in its hours of devotion and repast, employment and diversion, that it looks like a little commonwealth within itself. They often go into company, that they may return with the greater delight to one another; and sometimes live in town, not to enjoy it so properly as to grow weary of it, that they may renew in themselves the relish of a country life. By this means they are happy in each other, beloved by their children, adored by their servants, and are become the envy, or rather the delight, of all that know them.

How different to this is the life of Fulvia! she considers her husband as her steward, and looks upon discretion and good housewifery as little domestic virtues, unbecoming a woman of quality. She thinks life lost in her own family, and fancies herself out of the world when she is not in the Ring[1], the play-house,

[n] See note to page 83.

or the drawing-room: she lives in a perpetual motion of body and restlessness of thought, and is never easy in any one place, when she thinks there is more company in another. The missing of an opera the first night, would be more afflicting to her than the death of a child. She pities all the valuable part of her own sex, and calls every woman of a prudent modest retired life, a poor-spirited and unpolished creature. What a mortification would it be to Fulvia, if she knew that her setting herself to view is but exposing herself, and that she grows contemptible by being conspicuous?

I cannot conclude my paper, without observing, that Virgil has very finely touched upon this female passion for dress and show, in the character of Camilla; who, though she seems to have shaken off all the other weaknesses of her sex, is still described as a woman in this particular. The poet tells us, that, after having made a great slaughter of the enemy, she unfortunately cast her eye on a Trojan, who wore an embroidered tunic, a beautiful coat of mail, with a mantle of the finest purple. 'A golden bow,' says he, 'hung upon his shoulder; his garment was buckled with a golden clasp; and his head covered with a helmet of the same shining metal.' The Amazon immediately singled out this well dressed warrior, being seized with a woman's longing for the pretty trappings that he was adorned with.

Totumque incauta per agmen
Fæmineo prædæ et spoliorum ardebat amore.

This heedless pursuit after these glittering trifles, the poet, by a nice concealed moral, represents to have been the destruction of his female hero.—C.

No. 23. *Against the authors of libels and lampoons; Socrates and Aristophanes; Cæsar and Catullus; Cardinal Mazarin and Quillet; Sixtus V and Pasquin; Aretine; fable of the frogs and the boys.*

> Sævit atrox Volscens, nec teli conspicit usquam
> Auctorem, nec quo se ardens immittere possit.
> VIRG. Æn. ix. 420.
>
> Fierce Volscens foams with rage, and gazing round
> Descry'd not him who gave the fatal wound;
> Nor knew to fix revenge.
> DRYDEN.

There is nothing that more betrays a base ungenerous spirit, than the giving of secret stabs to a man's reputation. Lampoons and satires, that are written with wit and spirit, are like poisoned darts, which not only inflict a wound, but make it incurable. For this reason I am very much troubled when I see the talents of humour and ridicule in the possession of an ill-natured man. There cannot be a greater gratification to a barbarous and inhuman wit, than to stir up sorrow in the heart of a private person, to raise uneasiness among near relations, and to expose whole families to derision, at the same time that he remains unseen and undiscovered. If, besides the accomplishments of being witty and ill-natured, a man is vicious into the bargain, he is one of the most mischievous creatures that can enter into a civil society. His satire will then chiefly fall upon those who ought to be the most exempt from it. Virtue, merit, and everything that is praiseworthy, will be made the subject of ridicule and buffoonery. It is impossible to enumerate the evils which arise from these arrows that fly in the dark, and I know no other excuse that is or can be made for them, than that the wounds they give are only imaginary, and produce nothing more than a secret shame or sorrow in the mind of the suffering person. It must indeed be confessed, that a lampoon or a satire do not carry in them robbery or murder; but at the same time, how many are there that would not rather lose a considerable sum of money, or even life itself, than be set up as a mark of infamy and derision? and in this case a man should consider that an injury is not to be measured by the notions of him that gives, but of him that receives it.

Those who can put the best countenance upon the outrages of this nature which are offered them, are not without their secret

anguish. I have often observed a passage in Socrates's behaviour at his death [n], in a light wherein none of the critics have considered it. That excellent man, entertaining his friends, a little before he drank the bowl of poison, with a discourse on the immortality of the soul, at his entering upon it, says, that he does not believe any the most comic genius can censure him for talking upon such a subject at such a time. This passage, I think, evidently glances upon Aristophanes, who writ a comedy [n] on purpose to ridicule the discourses of that divine philosopher. It has been observed by many writers, that Socrates was so little moved at this piece of buffoonery, that he was several times present at its being acted upon the stage, and never expressed the least resentment at it. But, with submission, I think the remark I have here made shews us, that this unworthy treatment made an impression upon his mind, though he had been too wise to discover it.

When Julius Cæsar was lampooned by Catullus, he invited him to a supper, and treated him with such a generous civility, that he made the poet his friend ever after. Cardinal Mazarin gave the same kind of treatment to the learned Quillet, who had reflected upon his Eminence in a famous Latin poem. The Cardinal sent for him, and after some kind expostulations upon what he had written, assured him of his esteem, and dismissed him with a promise of the next good abbey that should fall, which he accordingly conferred upon him in a few months after. This had so good an effect upon the author, that he dedicated the second edition of his book to the Cardinal, after having expunged the passages which had given him offence.

Sextus Quintus was not of so generous and forgiving a temper. Upon his being made pope, the statue of Pasquin [n] was one night dressed in a very dirty shirt, with an excuse written under it, that he was forced to wear foul linen, because his laundress was made a princess. This was a reflexion upon the pope's sister, who, before the promotion of her brother, was in those mean circumstances that Pasquin represented her [n]. As this pasquinade made a great noise in Rome, the pope offered a considerable sum of money to any person that should discover the author of it. The author relying upon his Holiness's generosity, as also on some private overtures which he had received from him, made the discovery himself; upon which the pope gave him the reward he had promised, but at the same time, to disable the satirist for the

future, ordered his tongue to be cut out, and both his hands to be chopped off[n]. Aretine is too trite an instance[n]. Every one knows that all the kings in Europe were his tributaries. Nay, there is a letter of his extant, in which he makes his boasts that he had laid the Sophy of Persia under contribution.

Though, in the various examples which I have here drawn together, these several great men behaved themselves very differently towards the wits of the age who had reproached them, they all of them plainly shewed that they were very sensible of their reproaches, and consequently that they received them as very great injuries. For my own part, I would never trust a man that I thought was capable of giving these secret wounds; and cannot but think that he would hurt the person, whose reputation he thus assaults, in his body or in his fortune, could he do it with the same security. There is indeed something very barbarous and inhuman in the ordinary scribblers of lampoons. An innocent young lady shall be exposed, for an unhappy feature; a father of a family turned to ridicule, for some domestic calamity; a wife be made uneasy all her life, for a misinterpreted word or action; nay, a good, a temperate, and a just man, shall be put out of countenance by the representation of those qualities that should do him honour. So pernicious a thing is wit when it is not tempered with virtue and humanity.

I have indeed heard of heedless inconsiderate writers, that without any malice have sacrificed the reputation of their friends and acquaintance, to a certain levity of temper, and a silly ambition of distinguishing themselves by a spirit of raillery and satire: as if it were not infinitely more honourable to be a good-natured man, than a wit. Where there is this little petulant humour in an author, he is often very mischievous without designing to be so. For which reason I always lay it down as a rule, that an indiscreet man is more hurtful than an ill-natured one; for as[n] the latter will only attack his enemies, and those he wishes ill to; the other injures indifferently both friends and foes. I cannot forbear, on this occasion, transcribing a fable out of Sir Roger L'Estrange[n], which accidentally lies before me. 'A company of waggish boys were watching of frogs at the side of a pond, and still as any of them put up their heads, they'd be pelting them down again with stones. Children, says one of the frogs, you never consider, that though this may be play to you, it is death to us.'

As this week is in a manner set apart and dedicated to serious thoughts, I shall indulge myself in such speculations as may not be altogether unsuitable to the season; and in the mean time, as the settling in ourselves a charitable frame of mind is a work very proper for the time, I have in this paper endeavoured to expose that particular breach of charity which has been generally overlooked by divines, because they are but few who can be guilty of it.—C.

No. 451. *The subject of libellous writings continued; severe condemnation of the practice; quotation from Bayle.*

Jam sævus apertam
In rabiem cœpit verti jocus, et per honestas
Ire minax impune domos.
HOR. Epist. ii. 1. 148.

There is nothing so scandalous to a government, and detestable in the eyes of all good men, as defamatory papers and pamphlets; but, at the same time, there is nothing so difficult to tame as a satirical author. An angry writer, who cannot appear in print, naturally vents his spleen in libels and lampoons. A gay old woman, says the fable, seeing all her wrinkles represented in a large looking-glass, threw it upon the ground in a passion, and broke it into a thousand pieces; but as she was afterwards surveying the fragments, with a spiteful kind of pleasure, she could not forbear uttering herself in the following soliloquy: 'What have I got by this revengeful blow of mine? I have only multiplied my deformity, and see an hundred ugly faces where before I saw but one.'

It has been proposed, *to oblige every person that writes a book, or a paper, to swear himself the author of it, and enter down in a public register his name and place of abode.*

This, indeed, would have effectually suppressed all printed scandal, which generally appears under borrowed names or under none at all. But it is to be feared, that such an expedient would not only destroy scandal, but learning: it would operate promiscuously, and root up the corn and tares together. Not to mention some of the most celebrated works of piety, which have proceeded from anonymous authors, who have made it their merit to convey to us so great a charity in secret, there are few works of genius that come out at first with the author's

name. The writer generally makes a trial of them in the world before he owns them; and, I believe, very few who are capable of writing would set pen to paper, if they knew before hand that they must not publish their productions but on such conditions. For my own part, I must declare, the papers I present the public are like fairy favours, which shall last no longer than while the author is concealed.

That which makes it particularly difficult to restrain these sons of calumny and defamation, is, that all sides are equally guilty of it, and that every dirty scribbler is countenanced by great names, whose interests he propagates by such vile and infamous methods. I have never yet heard of a ministry who have inflicted an examplary punishment on an author that has supported their cause with falsehood and scandal, and treated in a most cruel manner the names of those who have been looked upon as their rivals and antagonists. Would a government set an everlasting mark of their displeasure upon one of those infamous writers, who makes his court to them by tearing to pieces the reputation of a competitor, we should quickly see an end put to this race of vermin, that are a scandal to government, and a reproach to human nature. Such a proceeding would make a minister of state shine in history, and would fill all mankind with a just abhorrence of persons who should treat him so unworthily, and employ against him those arms which he scorned to make use of against his enemies.

I cannot think that any one will be so unjust as to imagine what I have here said is spoken with respect to any party or faction. Every one who has in him the sentiments either of a Christian or gentleman, cannot but be highly offended at this wicked and ungenerous practice, which is so much in use among us at present, that it is become a kind of national crime[n], and distinguishes us from all the governments that lie about us. I cannot but look upon the finest strokes of satire which are aimed at particular persons, and which are supported even with the appearances of truth, to be the marks of an evil mind, and highly criminal in themselves. Infamy, like other punishments, is under the direction and distribution of the magistrate, and not of any private person. Accordingly we learn from a fragment of Cicero[n], that, though there were very few capital punishments in the twelve tables, a libel or lampoon which

took away the good name of another was to be punished by death. But this is far from being our case. Our satire is nothing but ribaldry and Billingsgate. Scurrility passes for wit; and he who can call names in the greatest variety of phrases is looked upon to have the shrewdest pen. By this means the honour of families is ruined; the highest posts and greatest titles are rendered cheap and vile in the sight of the people; the noblest virtues and most exalted parts exposed to the contempt of the vicious and the ignorant. Should a foreigner, who knows nothing of our private factions, or one who is to act his part in the world when our present heats and animosities are forgot; should, I say, such an one form to himself a notion of the greatest men of all sides in the British nation, who are now living, from the characters which are given them in some or other of those abominable writings which are daily published among us, what a nation of monsters must we appear!

As this cruel practice tends to the utter subversion of all truth and humanity among us, it deserves the utter detestation and discouragement of all who have either the love of their country, or the honour of their religion at heart. I would therefore earnestly recommend it to the consideration of those who deal in these pernicious arts of writing, and of those who take pleasure in the reading of them. As for the first, I have spoken of them in former papers, and have not stuck to rank them with the murderer and assassin. Every honest man sets as high a value upon a good name as upon life itself; and I cannot but think that those who privily assault the one would destroy the other, might they do it with the same security and impunity.

As for persons who take pleasure in the reading and dispersing of such detestable libels, I am afraid they fall very little short of the guilt of the first composers. By a law of the emperors Valentinian and Valens [n], it was made death for any person not only to write a libel, but if he met with one by chance, not to tear or burn it. But, because I would not be thought singular in my opinion of this matter, I shall conclude my paper with the words of Monsieur Bayle [n], who was a man of great freedom of thought, as well as of exquisite learning and judgment.

'I cannot imagine, that a man who disperses a libel is less

desirous of doing mischief than the author himself. But what shall we say of the pleasure which a man takes in the reading of a defamatory libel? Is it not an heinous sin in the sight of God? We must distinguish in this point. This pleasure is either an agreeable sensation we are affected with when we meet with a witty thought which is well expressed, or it is a joy which we conceive from the dishonour of the person who is defamed. I will say nothing to the first of these cases; for perhaps some would think that my morality is not severe enough, if I should affirm that a man is not master of those agreeable sensations any more than of those occasioned by sugar or honey, when they touch his tongue; but, as to the second, every one will own that pleasure to be a heinous sin. The pleasure in the first case is of no continuance; it prevents[n] our reason and reflexion, and may be immediately followed by a secret grief to see our neighbour's honour blasted. If it does not cease immediately, it is a sign that we are not displeased with the ill-nature of the satirist, but we are glad to see him defame his enemy by all kinds of stories; and then we deserve the punishment to which the writer of the libel is subject. I shall here add the words of a modern author. 'St. Gregory, upon excommunicating those writers who had dishonoured Castorius, does not except those who read their works; Because, says he, if calumnies have been always the delight of their hearers, and a gratification to those persons who have no other advantage over honest men, is not he who takes pleasure in reading them as guilty as he who composed them? It is an uncontested maxim, that they who approve an action would certainly do it if they could; that is, if some reason of self-love did not hinder them. There is no difference, says Cicero, between advising a crime, and approving it when committed. The Roman law confirmed this maxim, having subjected the approvers and authors to the same penalty. We may therefore conclude, that those who are pleased with reading defamatory libels, so far as to approve the authors and dispersers of them, are as guilty as if they had composed them; for, if they do not write such libels themselves, it is because they have not the talent of writing, or because they will run no hazard.'

The author produces other authorities to confirm his judgment in this particular.—C.

No. 68. *On friendship: quotations from Cicero, Lord Bacon, and the Son of Sirach.*

Nos duo turba sumus.

OVID. Met. i. 355.

We two are a multitude.

One would think that the larger the company is in which we are engaged, the greater variety of thoughts and subjects would be started in discourse: but instead of this, we find that conversation is never so much straitened and confined as in numerous assemblies. When a multitude meet together upon any subject of discourse, their debates are taken up chiefly with forms and general positions; nay, if we come into a more contracted assembly of men and women, the talk generally runs upon the weather, fashions, news, and the like public topics. In proportion as conversation gets into clubs and knots of friends, it descends into particulars, and grows more free and communicative: but the most open, instructive, and unreserved discourse, is that which passes between two persons who are familiar and intimate friends. On these occasions, a man gives a loose to every passion and every thought that is uppermost, discovers his most retired opinions of persons and things, tries the beauty and strength of his sentiments, and exposes his whole soul to the examination of his friend.

Tully[n] was the first who observed, that friendship improves happiness and abates misery, by the doubling of our joy and the dividing of our grief; a thought in which he hath been followed by all the essayers upon friendship, that have written since his time. Sir Francis Bacon[h] has finely described other advantages, or, as he calls them, fruits of friendship; and indeed there is no subject of morality which has been better handled and more exhausted than this. Among the several fine things which have been spoken of it, I shall beg leave to quote some out of a very ancient author, whose book would be regarded by our modern wits as one of the most shining tracts of morality that is extant, if it appeared under the name of a Confucius, or of any celebrated Grecian philosopher: I mean the little apocryphal[n] treatise intitled, 'The Wisdom of the Son of Sirach.' How finely has he described the art of making friends, by an obliging and affable behaviour? and laid down that precept which a late excellent

author has delivered as his own, 'That we should have many well wishers and few friends.' 'Sweet language will multiply friends; and a fair-speaking tongue will increase kind greetings. Be in peace with many, nevertheless have but one counsellor of a thousand.' With what prudence does he caution us in the choice of our friends? And with what strokes of nature (I could almost say of humour) has he described the behaviour of a treacherous and self-interested friend? 'If thou wouldst get a friend, prove him first and be not hasty to credit him: for some man is a friend for his own occasion, and will not abide in the day of thy trouble. And there is a friend, who being turned to enmity and strife, will discover thy reproach.' Again, 'Some friend is a companion at the table, and will not continue in the day of thy affliction; but in thy prosperity he will be as thyself, and will be bold over thy servants. If thou be brought low, he will be against thee, and hide himself from thy face.' What can be more strong and pointed than the following verse? 'Separate thyself from thine enemies, and take heed of thy friends.' In the next words he particularizes one of those fruits of friendship which is described at length by the two famous authors above mentioned, and falls into a general eulogium of friendship, which is very just as well as very sublime. 'A faithful friend is a strong defence; and he that hath found such an one, hath found a treasure. Nothing doth countervail a faithful friend, and his excellency is invaluable. A faithful friend is the medicine of life; and they that fear the Lord shall find him. Whoso feareth the Lord shall direct his friendship aright; for as he is, so shall his neighbour' (that is, his friend) 'be also.' I do not remember to have met with any saying that has pleased me more than that of a friend's being the medicine of life, to express the efficacy of friendship in healing the pains and anguish which naturally cleave to our existence in this world; and am wonderfully pleased with the turn in the last sentence, that a virtuous man shall as a blessing meet with a friend who is as virtuous as himself. There is another saying in the same author, which would have been very much admired in an heathen writer: 'Forsake not an old friend, for the new is not comparable to him: a new friend is as new wine; when it is old, thou shall drink it with pleasure.' With what strength of allusion, and force of thought, has he described the breaches and violations of

friendship? 'Whoso casteth a stone at the birds, frayeth them away; and he that upbraideth his friend, breaketh friendship. Though thou drawest a sword at a friend, yet despair not, for there may be a returning to favour; if thou hast opened thy mouth against thy friend, fear not, for there may be a reconciliation; except for upbraiding, or pride, or disclosing of secrets, or a treacherous wound; for, for these things every friend will depart.' We may observe in this and several other precepts in this author, those little familiar instances and illustrations which are so much admired in the moral writings of Horace and Epictetus. There are very beautiful instances of this nature in the following passages which are likewise written upon the same subject: 'Whoso discovereth secrets, loseth his credit, and shall never find a friend to his mind. Love thy friend, and be faithful unto him; but if thou betrayeth his secrets, follow no more after him: for as a man hath destroyed his enemy, so hast thou lost the love of thy friend; as one that letteth a bird go out of his hand, so hast thou let thy friend go, and shalt not get him again: follow after him no more, for he is too far off; he is as a roe escaped out of the snare. As for a wound, it may be bound up, and after reviling there may be reconciliation; but he that bewrayeth secrets is without hope.'

Among the several qualifications of a good friend, this wise man has very justly singled out constancy and faithfulness as the principal: to these, others have added virtue, knowledge, discretion, equality in age and fortune, and as Cicero calls it *morum comitas*, a pleasantness of temper. If I were to give my opinion upon such an exhausted subject, I should join to these other qualifications a certain equability or evenness of behaviour. A man often contracts a friendship with one whom perhaps he does not find out till after a year's conversation; when on a sudden some latent ill humour breaks out upon him, which he never discovered or suspected at his first entering into an intimacy with him. There are several persons who in some certain periods of their lives are inexpressibly agreeable, and in others as odious and detestable. Martial has given us a very pretty picture of one of these species in the following epigram.

Difficilis, facilis, jucundus, acerbus, es idem,
Nec tecum possum vivere, nec sine te.
Epig. 47.

In all thy humours, whether grave or mellow,
Thou'rt such a touchy, testy, pleasant fellow;
Hast so much wit, and mirth, and spleen about thee,
There is no living with thee, nor without thee.

It is very unlucky for a man to be entangled in a friendship with one, who by these changes and vicissitudes of humour is sometimes amiable and sometimes odious; and as most men are at some times in an admirable frame and disposition of mind, it should be one of the greatest tasks of wisdom to keep ourselves well when we are so, and never to go out of that which is the agreeable part of our character.—C.

No. 93. *On the right use of time; the practice of good works; prayer and meditation; diversions—cards—the stage—conversation; artistic tastes; books.*

Spatio brevi
Spem longam reseces: dum loquimur, fugerit invida
Ætas: carpe diem, quam minimum credula postero.
HOR. Od. i. 11.

We all of us complain of the shortness of time, saith Seneca[n], and yet have much more than we know what to do with. Our lives, says he, are spent either in doing nothing at all, or in doing nothing to the purpose, or in doing nothing that we ought to do: We are always complaining our days are few, and acting as though there would be no end of them. That noble philosopher has described our inconsistency with ourselves in this particular, by all those various turns of expression and thought which are peculiar to his writings.

I often consider mankind as wholly inconsistent with itself in a point that bears some affinity to the former. Though we seem grieved at the shortness of life in general, we are wishing every period of it at an end. The minor longs to be at age, then to be a man of business, then to make up an estate, then to arrive at honours, then to retire. Thus, although the whole of life is allowed by every one to be short, the several divisions of it appear long and tedious. We are for lengthening our span in general, but would fain contract the parts of which it is composed. The usurer would be very well satisfied to have all the time annihilated that lies between the present moment and next

quarter-day. The politician would be contented to lose three years in his life, could he place things in the posture which he fancies they will stand in after such a revolution of time. The lover would be glad to strike out of his existence all the moments that are to pass away before the happy meeting. Thus, as fast as our time runs, we should be very glad in most parts of our lives that it ran much faster than it does. Several hours of the day hang upon our hands, nay we wish away whole years; and travel through time as through a country filled with many wild and empty wastes, which we would fain hurry over, that we may arrive at those several little settlements of imaginary points of rest which are dispersed up and down in it.

If we divide the lives of most men into twenty parts, we shall find that at least nineteen of them are mere gaps and chasms, which are neither filled with pleasures nor business. I do not however include in this calculation the life of those men who are in a perpetual hurry of affairs, but of those only who are not alway engaged in scenes of action; and I hope I shall not do an unacceptable piece of service to these persons if I point out to them certain methods for the filling up their empty spaces of life. The methods I shall propose to them are as follow.

The first is the exercise of virtue, in the most general acceptation of the word. That particular scheme which comprehends the social virtues, may give employment to the most industrious temper, and find a man in business more than the most active station of life. To advise the ignorant, relieve the needy, comfort the afflicted, are duties that fall in our way almost every day of our lives. A man has frequent opportunities of mitigating the fierceness of a party; of doing justice to the character of a deserving man; of softening the envious, quieting the angry, and rectifying the prejudiced; which are all of them employments suited to a reasonable nature, and bring great satisfaction to the person who can busy himself in them with discretion.

There is another kind of virtue that may find employment for those retired hours in which we are altogether left to ourselves, and destitute of company and conversation; I mean that intercourse and communication which every reasonable creature ought to maintain with the great Author of his being. The man who lives under an habitual sense of the Divine Presence keeps up a perpetual cheerfulness of temper, and enjoys every moment the

satisfaction of thinking himself in company with his dearest and best of friends. The time never lies heavy upon him: it is impossible for him to be alone. His thoughts and passions are the most busied at such hours when those of other men are the most unactive. He no sooner steps out of the world but his heart burns with devotion, swells with hope, and triumphs in the consciousness of that presence which everywhere surrounds him; or, on the contrary, pours out its fears, its sorrows, its apprehensions, to the great Supporter of its existence.

I have here only considered the necessity of a man's being virtuous, that he may have something to do; but if we consider further, that the exercise of virtue is not only an amusement for the time it lasts, but that its influence extends to those parts of our existence which lie beyond the grave, and that our whole eternity is to take its colour from those hours which we here employ in virtue or in vice, the argument redoubles upon us, for putting in practice this method of passing away our time.

When a man has but a little stock to improve, and has opportunities of turning it all to good account, what shall we think of him, if he suffers nineteen parts of it to lie dead, and perhaps employs even the twentieth to his ruin or disadvantage? But because the mind cannot be always in its fervours, nor strained up to a pitch of virtue, it is necessary to find out proper employments for it in its relaxations.

The next method therefore that I would propose to fill up our time should be useful and innocent diversions. I must confess I think it is below reasonable creatures to be altogether conversant in such diversions as are merely innocent, and have nothing else to recommend them, but that there is no hurt in them. Whether any kind of gaming has even thus much to say for itself, I shall not determine: but I think it is very wonderful to see persons of the best sense passing away a dozen hours together in shuffling and dividing a pack of cards, with no other conversation but what is made up of a few game phrases, and no other ideas but those of black or red spots ranged together in different figures. Would not a man laugh to hear any one of this species complaining that life is short?

The *stage* might be made a perpetual source of the most noble and useful entertainments, were it under proper regulations.

But the mind never unbends itself so agreeably as in the con-

versation of a well-chosen friend. There is indeed no blessing in life that is any way comparable to the enjoyment of a discreet and virtuous friend. It eases and unloads the mind, clears and improves the understanding, engenders thoughts and knowledge, animates virtue and good resolution, sooths and allays the passions, and finds employment for most of the vacant hours of life.

Next to such an intimacy with a particular person, one would endeavour after a more general conversation with such as are able to entertain and improve those with whom they converse, which are qualifications that seldom go asunder.

There are many other useful amusements of life, which one would endeavour to multiply, that one might on all occasions have recourse to something rather than suffer the mind to lie idle, or run adrift with any passion that chances to rise in it.

A man that has a taste in music, painting, or architecture, is like one that has another sense, when compared with such as have no relish of those arts. The florist, the planter, the gardener, the husbandman, when they are only as accomplishments to the man of fortune, are great reliefs to a country life, and many ways useful to those who are possessed of them [n].

But of all the diversions of life there is none so proper to fill up its empty spaces as the reading of useful and entertaining authors. But this I shall only touch upon, because it in some measure interferes with the third method, which I shall propose in another paper, for the employment of our dead unactive hours, and which I shall only mention in general to be the pursuit of knowledge.—L.

No. 94. *The same subject continued; quotations from Locke and Malebranche; stories of Mahomet and the Sultan of Egypt.*

Hoc est
Vivere bis, vita posse priore frui.
MART. Epig. 23.

This last method which I proposed in my Saturday's paper, for filling up those empty spaces of life which are so tedious and burdensome to idle people, is the employing ourselves in the pursuit of knowledge. I remember, Mr. Boyle [n], speaking of a certain mineral, tells us, That a man may consume his whole life in the

study of it, without arriving at the knowledge of all its qualities. The truth of it is, that there is not a single science, or any branch of it, that might not furnish a man with business for life, though it were much longer than it is.

I shall not here engage on those beaten subjects of the usefulness of knowledge, nor of the pleasure and perfection it gives the mind, nor on the methods of attaining it, nor recommend any particular branch of it, all which have been the topics of many other writers; but shall indulge myself in a speculation that is more uncommon, and may therefore perhaps be more entertaining.

I have before shewn how the unemployed parts of life appear long and tedious, and shall here endeavour to shew how those parts of life which are exercised in study, reading, and the pursuit of knowledge, the long but not tedious, and by that means discover a method of lengthening our lives, and at the same time of turning all the parts of them to our advantage.

Mr. Locke observes, 'That we get the idea of time, or duration, by reflecting on that train of ideas which succeed one another in our minds: that for this reason, when we sleep soundly without dreaming, we have no perception of time, or the length of it, whilst we sleep; and that the moment wherein we leave off to think, till the moment we begin to think again, seems to have no distance.' To which the author adds, 'And so I doubt not but it would be to a waking man, if it were possible for him to keep only one *Idea* in his mind, without variation, and the succession of others; and we see, that one who fixes his thoughts very intently on one thing, so as to take little notice of the succession of ideas that pass in his mind whilst he is taken up with that earnest contemplation, lets slip out of his account a good part of that duration, and thinks that time shorter than it is [n].'

We might carry this thought farther, and consider a man as, on one side, shortening his time by thinking on nothing, or but a few things; so, on the other, as lengthening it, by employing his thoughts on many subjects, or by entertaining a quick and constant succession of ideas. Accordingly Monsieur Malebranche, in his 'Inquiry after Truth,' (which was published several years before Mr. Locke's 'Essay on Human Understanding,') tells us, That it is possible some creatures may think half an hour as long as we do a thousand years; or look upon that space of duration

which we call a minute, as an hour, a week, a month, or a whole age.

This notion of Monsieur Malebranche is capable of some little explanation from what I have quoted out of Mr. Locke; for if our notion of time is produced by our reflexion on the succession of ideas in our mind, and this succession may be infinitely accelerated or retarded, it will follow, that different beings may have different notions of the same parts of duration, according as their ideas, which we suppose are equally distinct in each of them, follow one another in a greater or less degree of rapidity.

There is a famous passage in the Alcoran, which looks as if Mahomet had been possessed of the notion we are now speaking of. It is there said, That the angel Gabriel took Mahomet out of his bed one morning to give him a sight of all things in the seven heavens, in paradise, and in hell, which the prophet took a distinct view of; and after having held ninety thousand conferences with God, was brought back again to his bed. All this, says the Alcoran, was transacted in so small a space of time, that Mahomet at his return found his bed still warm, and took up an earthen pitcher (which was thrown down at the very instant that the angel Gabriel carried him away) before the water was all spilt [n].

There is a very pretty story in the Turkish tales which relates to this passage of that famous impostor, and bears some affinity to the subject we are now upon. A Sultan of Egypt, who was an infidel, used to laugh at this circumstance in Mahomet's life, as what was altogether impossible and absurd: but conversing one day with a great doctor in the law, who had the gift of working miracles, the doctor told him he would quickly convince him of the truth of this passage in the history of Mahomet, if he would consent to do what he should desire of him. Upon this the Sultan was directed to place himself by an huge tub of water, which he did accordingly; and as he stood by the tub amidst a circle of his great men, the holy man bid him plunge his head into the water, and draw it out again; the King accordingly thrust his head into the water, and at the same time found himself at the foot of a mountain on a sea-shore. The King immediately began to rage against his doctor for this piece of treachery and witchcraft; but at length, knowing it was in vain to be angry, he set himself to think on proper methods for getting a livelihood in this strange country: accordingly he applied himself to some people whom he

saw at work in a neighbouring wood; these people conducted him to a town that stood at a little distance from the wood, where, after some adventures, he married a woman of great beauty and fortune. He lived with this woman so long, till he had by her seven sons and seven daughters: he was afterwards reduced to great want, and forced to think of plying in the streets as a porter for his livelihood. One day as he was walking alone by the sea-side, being seized with many melancholy reflexions upon his former and his present state of life, which had raised a fit of devotion in him, he threw off his clothes with a design to wash himself, according to the custom of the Mahometans, before he said his prayers.

After his first plunge into the sea, he no sooner raised his head above the water, but he found himself standing by the side of the tub, with the great men of his court about him, and the holy man at his side. He immediately upbraided his teacher for having sent him on such a course of adventures, and betrayed him into so long a state of misery and servitude; but was wonderfully surprised when he heard that the state he talked of was only a dream and delusion; that he had not stirred from the place where he then stood; and that he had only dipped his head in the water, and immediately taken it out again.

The Mahometan doctor took this occasion of instructing the Sultan, that nothing was impossible with God; and that he, with whom a thousand years are but as one day, can, if he pleases, make a single day, nay, a single moment, appear to any of his creatures as a thousand years.

I shall leave my reader to compare these eastern fables with the notions of those two great philosophers whom I have quoted in this paper; and shall only, by way of application, desire him to consider how we may extend life beyond its natural dimensions, by applying ourselves diligently to the pursuits of knowledge.

The hours of a wise man are lengthened by his ideas as those of a fool are by his passions. The time of the one is long, because he does not know what to do with it; so is that of the other, because he distinguishes every moment of it with useful or amusing thoughts; or in other words, because the one is always wishing it away, and the other always enjoying it.

How different is the view of past life, in the man who is grown old in knowledge and wisdom, from that of him who is grown old

in ignorance and folly? The latter is like the owner of a barren country, that fills his eye with the prospect of naked hills and plains, which produce nothing either profitable or ornamental; the other beholds a beautiful and spacious landskip [n], divided into delightful gardens, green meadows, fruitful fields, and can scarce cast his eye upon a single spot of his possession, that is not covered with some beautiful plant or flower.—L.

No. 111. *On Immortality; beautiful speculation tending to establish its probability from the fact of the unlimited progressiveness of the soul towards perfection.*

Inter sylvas academi quærere verum.
HOR. Ep. ii. 2. 45.
To search for truth in academic groves.

The course of my last speculation [1] led me insensibly into a subject upon which I always meditate with great delight, I mean the immortality of the soul. I was yesterday walking alone in one of my friend's woods, and lost myself in it very agreeably, as I was running over in my mind the several arguments that establish this great point, which is the basis of morality, and the source of all the pleasing hopes and secret joys that can arise in the heart of a reasonable creature. I considered those several proofs, drawn;

First, From the nature of the soul itself, and particularly its immateriality; which, though not absolutely necessary to the eternity of its duration, has, I think, been evinced to almost a demonstration.

Secondly, From its passions and sentiments, as particularly from its love of existence, its horror of annihilation, and its hopes of immortality, with that sweet satisfaction which it finds in the practice of virtue, and that uneasiness which follows in it upon the commission of vice.

Thirdly, From the nature of the Supreme Being, whose justice, goodness, wisdom, and veracity, are all concerned in this point.

But among these and other excellent arguments for the immortality of the soul, there is one drawn from the perpetual progress of the soul to its perfection, without a possibility of ever

[1] See the end of No. 110, at page 26.

arriving at it; which is a hint that I do not remember to have seen opened and improved by others who have written on this subject, though it seems to me to carry a great weight with it. How can it enter into the thoughts of man, that the soul, which is capable of such immense perfections, and of receiving new improvements to all eternity, shall fall away into nothing almost as soon as it is created? Are such abilities made for no purpose? A brute arrives at a point of perfection that he can never pass: in a few years he has all the endowments he is capable of; and were he to live ten thousand more, would be the same thing he is at present. Were a human soul thus at a stand in her accomplishments, were her faculties to be full blown, and incapable of farther enlargements, I could imagine it might fall away insensibly, and drop at once into a state of annihilation. But can we believe a thinking being that is in a perpetual progress of improvements, and travelling on from perfection to perfection, after having just looked abroad into the works of its Creator, and made a few discoveries of his infinite goodness, wisdom, and power, must perish at her first setting out, and in the very beginning of her inquiries?

A man, considered in his present state, seems only sent into the world to propagate his kind. He provides himself with a successor, and immediately quits his post to make room for him.

Hæres
Hæredem alterius, velut unda supervenit undam.
HOR. Ep. ii. 2. 175.

He does not seem born to enjoy life, but to deliver it down to others. This is not surprising to consider in animals, which are formed for our use, and can finish their business in a short life. The silk-worm, after having spun her task, lays her eggs and dies. But a man can never have taken in his full measure of knowledge, has not time to subdue his passions, establish his soul in virtue, and come up to the perfection of his nature, before he is hurried off the stage. Would an infinitely wise being make such glorious creatures for so mean a purpose? Can he delight in the production of such abortive intelligences, such short-lived reasonable beings? Would he give us talents that are not to be exerted; capacities that are never to be gratified? How can we find that wisdom which shines through all his works, in the forma-

tion of man, without looking on this world as only a nursery for the next, and believing that the several generations of rational creatures, which rise up and disappear in such quick successions, are only to receive their first rudiments of existence here, and afterwards to be transplanted into a more friendly climate, where they may spread and flourish to all eternity?

There is not, in my opinion, a more pleasing and triumphant consideration in religion than this, of the perpetual progress which the soul makes towards the perfection of its nature, without ever arriving at a period in it. To look upon the soul as going on from strength to strength, to consider that she is to shine for ever with new accessions of glory, and brighten to all eternity; that she will be still adding virtue to virtue and knowledge to knowledge; carries in it something wonderfully agreeable to that ambition which is natural to the mind of man. Nay, it must be a prospect pleasing to God himself to see his creation ever beautifying in his eyes and drawing nearer to him by greater degrees of resemblance.

Methinks this single consideration of the progress of a finite spirit to perfection, will be sufficient to extinguish all envy in inferior natures, and all contempt in superior.

That cherubin, which now appears as a god to a human soul, knows very well that the period will come about in eternity, when the human soul shall be as perfect as he himself now is: nay, when she shall look down upon that degree of perfection as much as she now falls short of it. It is true, the higher nature still advances, and by that means preserves his distance and superiority in the scale of being; but he knows that, how high soever the station is of which he stands possessed at present, the inferior nature will at length mount up to it, and shine forth in the same degree of glory.

With what astonishment and veneration may we look into our own souls, where there are such hidden stores of virtue and knowledge, such inexhausted forces of perfection! We know not yet what we shall be, nor will it ever enter into the heart of man to conceive the glory that will be always in reserve for him. The soul, considered with its Creator, is like one of those mathematical lines[n] that may draw nearer to another without the possibility of touching it: and can there be a thought so transporting, as to consider ourselves in these perpetual approaches

to him who is not only the standard of perfection but of happiness?—L.

No. 162. *On Inconsistency and Fickleness; necessary to be on one's guard against them; quotation from Dryden.*

Servetur ad imum,
Qualis ab incœpto processerit, et sibi constet.
HOR. Ars Poet. 126.

Preserve consistency throughout the whole.

Nothing that is not a real crime makes a man appear so contemptible and little in the eyes of the world as inconstancy, especially when it regards religion or party. In either of these cases, though a man perhaps does but his duty in changing his side, he not only makes himself hated by those he left, but is seldom heartily esteemed by those he comes over to.

In these great articles of life therefore a man's conviction ought to be very strong, and, if possible, so well timed, that worldly advantages may seem to have no share in it, for mankind will be ill natured enough to think he does not change sides out of principle, but either out of levity of temper or prospects of interest. Converts and renegadoes of all kinds should take particular care to let the world see they act upon honourable motives; or whatever approbations they may receive from themselves, and applauses from those they converse with, they may be very well assured that they are the scorn of all good men, and the public marks of infamy and derision.

Irresolution on the schemes of life which offer themselves to our choice, and inconstancy in pursuing them, are the greatest and most universal causes of all our disquiet and unhappiness. When ambition pulls one way, interest another, inclination a third, and perhaps reason contrary to all, a man is likely to pass his time but ill who has so many different parties to please. When the mind hovers among such a variety of allurements, one had better settle on a way of life that is not the very best we might have chosen, that grow old without determining our choice, and go out of the world, as the greatest part of mankind do, before we have resolved how to live in it. There is but one method of setting ourselves at rest in this particular, and that is by adhering stedfastly to one great end as the chief and ultimate

aim of all our pursuits. If we are firmly resolved to live up to the dictates of reason, without any regard to wealth, reputation, or the like considerations, any more than as they fall in with our principal design, we may go through life with steadiness and pleasure; but if we act by several broken views, and will not only be virtuous, but wealthy, popular, and every thing that has a value set upon it by the world, we shall live and die in misery and repentance.

One would take more than ordinary care to guard one's self against this particular imperfection, because it is that which our nature very strongly inclines us to; for if we examine ourselves thoroughly, we shall find that we are the most changeable beings in the universe. In respect of our understanding, we often embrace and reject the very same opinions; whereas beings above and beneath us have probably no opinions at all, or at least no wavering and uncertainties in those they have. Our superiors are guided by intuition, and our inferiors by instinct. In respect of our wills, we fall into crimes and recover out of them, are amiable or odious in the eyes of our great Judge, and pass our whole life in offending and asking pardon. On the contrary, the beings underneath us are not capable of sinning, nor those above us of repenting. The one is out of the possibilities of duty, and the other fixed in an eternal course of sin, or an eternal course of virtue.

There is scarce a state of life, or stage in it, which does not produce changes and revolutions in the mind of man. Our schemes of thought in infancy are lost in those of youth; these too take a different turn in manhood, till old age often leads us back into our former infancy. A new title or an unexpected success throws us out of ourselves, and in a manner destroys our identity. A cloudy day, or a little sun-shine, have as great an influence on many constitutions, as the most real blessings or misfortunes. A dream varies our being, and changes our condition while it lasts; and every passion, not to mention health and sickness, and the greater alterations in body and mind, makes us appear almost different creatures. If a man is so distinguished among other beings by this infirmity, what can we think of such as make themselves remarkable for it even among their own species? It is a very trifling character to be one of the most variable beings of the most variable kind, especially if

we consider that He who is the great standard of perfection has in him no shadow of change, but is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.

As this mutability of temper and inconsistency with ourselves is the greatest weakness of human nature, so it makes the person who is remarkable for it in a very particular manner more ridiculous than any other infirmity whatsoever, as it sets him in a greater variety of foolish lights, and distinguishes him from himself by an opposition of party-coloured characters. The most humorous character in Horace is founded upon this unevenness of temper and irregularity of conduct.

* * * * * *

Instead of translating this passage in Horace [n], I shall entertain my English reader with the description of a parallel character, that is wonderfully well finished by Mr. Dryden [n], and raised upon the same foundation.

In the first rank of these did Zimri stand:
A man so various, that he seem'd to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome.
Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong;
Was every thing by starts and nothing long:
But, in the course of one revolving moon,
Was chymist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon:
Then all for women, painting, rhiming, drinking;
Besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking.
Blest madman, who could every hour employ,
With something new to wish, or to enjoy!—C.

No. 170. *On Jealousy; an ardent love its source; classes of men most subject to it.*

In amore hæc omnia insunt vitia: injuriæ,
Suspiciones, inimicitiæ, induciæ,
Bellum, pax rursum.

TER. Eun. act I. sc. I.

All these inconveniences are incident to love: reproaches, jealousies, quarrels, reconcilements, war and then peace.

Upon looking over the letters of my female correspondents, I find several from women complaining of jealous husbands, and at the same time protesting their own innocence; and desiring my advice on this occasion. I shall therefore take

this subject into my consideration; and the more willingly, because I find that the Marquis of Halifax [n], who, in his *Advice to a daughter*, has instructed a wife how to behave herself towards a false, an intemperate, a choleric, a sullen, a covetous, or a silly husband, has not spoken one word of a jealous husband.

JEALOUSY *is that pain which a man feels from the apprehension that he is not equally beloved by the person whom he intirely loves.* Now because our inward passions and inclinations can never make themselves visible, it is impossible for a jealous man to be thoroughly cured of his suspicions. His thoughts hang at best in a state of doubtfulness and uncertainty; and are never capable of receiving any satisfaction on the advantageous side; so that his inquiries are most successful when they discover nothing: his pleasure arises from his disappointments, and his life is spent in pursuit of a secret that destroys his happiness if he chance to find it.

An ardent love is always a strong ingredient in this passion; for the same affection which stirs up the jealous man's desires, and gives the party beloved so beautiful a figure in his imagination, makes him believe she kindles the same passion in others, and appears as amiable to all beholders. And as jealousy thus arises from an extraordinary love, it is of so delicate a nature, that it scorns to take up with any thing less than an equal return of love. Not the warmest expressions of affection, the softest and most tender hypocrisy, are able to give any satisfaction, where we are not persuaded that the affection is real, and the satisfaction mutual. For the jealous man wishes himself a kind of deity to the person he loves: he would be the only pleasure of her senses, the employment of her thoughts; and is angry at every thing she admires, or takes delight in, besides himself.

Phædria's request to his mistress, upon his leaving her for three days, is inimitably beautiful and natural:

> Cum milite isto præsens, absens ut sies:
> Dies noctesque me ames: me desideres:
> Me somnies: me expectes, de me cogites:
> Me speres: me te oblectes: mecum tota sis:
> Meus fac sis postremo animus, quando ego sum tuus.
>
> TER. Eun. act I. sc. 2.

'When you are in company with that soldier, behave as if you were absent: but continue to love me by day and by

night: want me; dream of me; expect me; think of me; wish for me; delight in me; be wholly with me; in short, be my very soul, as I am yours.'

The jealous man's disease is of so malignant a nature, that it converts all it takes into its own nourishment. A cool behaviour sets him on the rack, and is interpreted as an instance of aversion or indifference; a fond one raises his suspicions, and looks too much like dissimulation and artifice. If the person he loves be chearful, her thoughts must be employed on another; and if sad, she is certainly thinking on himself. In short, there is no word or gesture so insignificant, but it gives him new hints, feeds his suspicions, and furnishes him with fresh matters of discovery: so that if we consider the effects of this passion, one would rather think it proceeded from an inveterate hatred, than an excessive love; for certainly none can meet with more disquietude and uneasiness than a suspected wife, if we except the jealous husband.

But the great unhappiness of this passion is, that it naturally tends to alienate the affection which it is so solicitous to engross; and that for these two reasons, because it lays too great a constraint on the words and actions of the suspected person, and at the same time shews you have no honourable opinion of her; both of which are strong motives to aversion.

Nor is this the worst effect of jealousy; for it often draws after it a more fatal train of consequences, and makes the person you suspect guilty of the very crimes you are so much afraid of. It is very natural for such who are treated ill and upbraided falsely, to find out an intimate friend that will hear their complaints, condole their sufferings, and endeavour to sooth and assuage their secret resentments. Besides, jealousy puts a woman often in mind of an ill thing that she would not otherwise perhaps have thought of, and fills her imagination with such an unlucky idea, as in time grows familiar, excites desire, and loses all the shame and horror which might at first attend it. Nor is it a wonder if she who suffers wrongfully in a man's opinion of her, and has therefore nothing to forfeit in his esteem, resolves to give him reason for his suspicions, and to enjoy the pleasure of the crime, since she must undergo the ignominy. Such probably were the considerations that directed the wise man in his advice to husbands: *Be not jealous over*

the wife of thy bosom, and teach her not an evil lesson against thyself. Eccl. ix. 1.

And here, among the other torments which this passion produces, we may usually observe that none are greater mourners than jealous men, when the person who provoked their jealousy is taken from them. Then it is that their love breaks out furiously, and throws off all the mixtures of suspicion which choked and smothered it before. The beautiful parts of the character rise uppermost in the jealous husband's memory, and upbraid him with the ill usage of so divine a creature as was once in his possession; whilst all the little imperfections, that were before so uneasy to him, wear off from his remembrance, and shew themselves no more.

We may see by what has been said, that jealousy takes the deepest root in men of amorous dispositions; and of these we may find three kinds who are most overrun with it.

The first are those who are conscious to themselves of an infirmity, whether it be weakness, old age, deformity, ignorance, or the like. These men are so well acquainted with the unamiable part of themselves, that they have not the confidence to think they are really beloved: and are so distrustful of their own merits, that all fondness towards them puts them out of countenance, and looks like a jest upon their persons. They grow suspicious on their first looking in a glass, and are stung with jealousy at the sight of a wrinkle. A handsome fellow immediately alarms them, and every thing that looks young or gay turns their thoughts upon their wives.

A second sort of men, who are most liable to this passion, are those of cunning, wary, and distrustful tempers. It is a fault very justly found in histories composed by politicians, that they leave nothing to chance or humour, but are still for deriving every action from some plot and contrivance, for drawing up a perpetual scheme of causes or events, and preserving a constant correspondence between the camp and the council-table. And thus it happens in the affairs of love with men of too refined a thought. They put a construction on a look, and find out a design in a smile; they give new senses and significations to words and actions; and are ever tormenting themselves with fancies of their own raising. They generally act in a disguise themselves, and therefore mistake all outward shows and appear-

ances for hypocrisy in others; so that I believe no men see less of the truth and reality of things, than these great refiners upon incidents, who are so wonderfully subtle and over-wise in their conceptions.

Now, what these men fancy they know of women by reflexion, your lewd and vicious men believe they have learned by experience. They have seen the poor husband so misled by tricks and artifices, and in the midst of his inquiries so lost and bewildered in a crooked intrigue, that they still suspect an under-plot in every female action; and especially where they see any resemblance in the behaviour of two persons, are apt to fancy it, proceeds from the same design in both. These men therefore bear hard upon the suspected party, pursue her close through all her turnings and windings, and are too well acquainted with the chace to be flung off by any false steps or doubles; besides, their acquaintance and conversation has lain wholly among the vicious part of woman kind, and therefore it is no wonder they censure all alike, and look upon the whole sex as a species of impostors. But if, notwithstanding their private experience, they can get over these prejudices, and entertain a favourable opinion of some women, yet their own loose desires will stir up new suspicions from another side, and make them believe all men subject to the same inclinations with themselves.

Whether these or other motives are most predominant, we learn from the modern histories of America, as well as from our own experience in this part of the world, that jealousy is no northern passion, but rages most in those nations that lie nearest the influence of the sun. It is a misfortune for a woman to be born between the tropics; for there lie the hottest regions of jealousy, which as you come northward cools all along with the climate, till you scarce meet with any thing like it in the polar circle. Our own nation is very temperately situated in this respect; and if we meet with some few disordered with the violence of this passion, they are not the proper growth of our country, but are many degrees nearer the sun in their constitutions than in their climate.

After this frightful account of jealousy, and the persons who are most subject to it, it will be but fair to shew by what means the passion may be best allayed, and those who are possessed with it set at ease. Other faults indeed are not under the wife's

jurisdiction, and should, if possible, escape her observation; but jealousy calls upon her particularly for its cure, and deserves all her art and application in the attempt: besides, she has this for her encouragement, that her endeavours will be always pleasing, and that she will still find the affection of her husband rising towards her in proportion as his doubts and suspicions vanish; for, as we have seen all along, there is so great a mixture of love in jealousy as is well worth the separating.

No. 177. *On Good Nature, considered as a virtue; its tests; story of Eugenius; illustrative quotations.*

Quis enim bonus, aut face dignus
Arcana, qualem Cereris vult esse sacerdos,
Ulla aliena sibi credat mala?
Juv. Sat. xv. 140.

In one of my last week's papers[1] I treated of good-nature, as it is the effect of constitution: I shall now speak of it as it is a moral virtue. The first may make a man easy in himself and agreeable to others, but implies no merit in him that is possessed of it. A man is no more to be praised upon this account, than because he has a regular pulse or a good digestion. This good-nature however in the constitution, which Mr. Dryden somewhere calls a *milkiness of blood*, is an admirable ground-work for the other. In order therefore to try our good-nature, whether it arises from the body or the mind, whether it be founded in the animal or rational part of our nature,—in a word, whether it be such as is intitled to any other reward, besides that secret satisfaction and contentment of mind which is essential to it, and the kind reception it procures to us in the world, we must examine it by the following rules.

First, whether it acts with steadiness and uniformity in sickness and in health, in prosperity and in adversity; if otherwise, it is to be looked upon as nothing else but an irradiation of the mind from some new supply of spirits, or a more kindly circulation of the blood. Sir Francis Bacon mentions a cunning solicitor, who would never ask a favour of a great man before dinner; but took care to prefer his petition at a time when the party

[1] No. 169: omitted from this selection.

petitioned had his mind free from care, and his appetites in good humour. Such a transient temporary good-nature as this is not that philanthropy, that love of mankind, which deserves the title of a moral virtue.

The next way of a man's bringing his good-nature to the test, is, to consider whether it operates according to the rules of reason and duty: for if, notwithstanding its general benevolence to mankind, it makes no distinction between its objects, if it exerts itself promiscuously towards the deserving and undeserving, if it relieves alike the idle and the indigent, if it gives itself up to the first petitioner, and lights upon any one rather by accident than choice,—it may pass for an amiable instinct, but must not assume the name of a moral virtue.

The third trial of good-nature will be the examining ourselves, whether or no we are able to exert it to our own disadvantage, and employ it on proper objects, notwithstanding any little pain, want, or inconvenience, which may arise to ourselves from it; in a word, whether we are willing to risk any part of our fortune, our reputation, or health, or ease, for the benefit of mankind. Among all these expressions of good nature, I shall single out that which goes under the general name of charity, as it consists in relieving the indigent; that being a trial of this kind which offers itself to us almost at all times, and in every place.

I should propose it as a rule to every one who is provided with any competency of fortune more than sufficient for the necessaries of life, to lay aside a certain proportion of his income for the use of the poor. This I would look upon as an offering to Him who has a right to the whole, for the use of those whom, in the passage hereafter mentioned, he has described as his own representatives upon earth. At the same time we should manage our charity with such prudence and caution, that we may not hurt our own friends and relations, whilst we are doing good to those who are strangers to us.

This may possibly be explained better by an example than by a rule.

Eugenius is a man of an universal good-nature, and generous beyond the extent of his fortune; but withal so prudent in the œconomy of his affairs, that what goes out in charity is made up by good management. Eugenius has what the world calls two

hundred pounds a year: but never values himself above nine-score, as not thinking he has a right to the tenth part, which he always appropriates to charitable uses. / To this sum he frequently makes other voluntary additions, insomuch that in a good year, for such he accounts those in which he has been able to make greater bounties than ordinary, he has given above twice that sum to the sickly and indigent. /Eugenius prescribes to himself many particular days of fasting and abstinence, in order to increase his private bank of charity, and sets aside what would be the current expences of those times for the use of the poor. / He often goes afoot where his business calls him, and at the end of his walk has given a shilling, which in his ordinary method of expence would have gone for coach hire, to the first necessitous person that has fallen in his way. / I have known him, when he has been going to a play or an opera, divert the money which was designed for that purpose, upon an object of charity whom he has met with in the street; and afterwards pass his evening in the coffee-house, or at a friend's fire-side, with much greater satisfaction to himself than he could have received from the most exquisite entertainments of the theatre. By these means he is generous, without impoverishing himself, and enjoys his estate by making it the property of others.

There are few men so cramped in their private affairs, who may not be charitable after this manner, without any disadvantage to themselves, or prejudice to their families. It is but sometimes sacrificing a diversion or convenience to the poor, and turning the usual course of our expences into a better channel. This is, I think, not only the most prudent and convenient, but the most meritorious piece of charity which we can put in practice. By this method we in some measure share the necessities of the poor at the same time that we relieve them, and make ourselves not only their patrons, but their fellow-sufferers.

Sir Thomas Brown, in the last part of his *Religio Medici*, in which he describes his charity in several heroic instances, and with a noble heat of sentiments, mentions that verse in the Proverbs of Solomon, *He that giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord*: 'There is more rhetoric in that one sentence,' says he, 'than in a library of sermons; and indeed if those sentences were understood by the reader, with the same emphasis as they are delivered

by the author, we needed not those volumes of instructions, but might be honest by an epitome.'

This passage in scripture is indeed wonderfully persuasive: but I think the same thought is carried much farther in the New Testament, where our Saviour tells us in a most pathetic manner, that he shall hereafter regard the clothing of the naked, the feeding of the hungry, and the visiting of the imprisoned, as offices done to himself, and reward them accordingly. Pursuant to those passages in holy scripture, I have somewhere met with the epitaph of a charitable man, which has very much pleased me. I cannot recollect the words, but the sense of it is to this purpose: What I spent I lost; what I possessed is left to others; what I gave away remains with me.

Since I am thus insensibly engaged in sacred writ, I cannot forbear making an extract of several passages which I have always read with great delight in the book of Job[1]. It is the account which that holy man gives of his behaviour in the days of his prosperity, and, if considered only as a human composition, is a finer picture of a charitable and good-natured man than is to be met with in any other author.

'Oh that I were as in months past, as in the days when God preserved me: when his candle shined upon my head, and when by his light I walked thro' darkness: when the Almighty was yet with me: when my children were about me: when I washed my steps with butter, and the rock poured out rivers of oil.

'When the ear heard me, then it blessed me: and when the eye saw me, it gave witness to me. Because I delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me, and I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy. I was eyes to the blind, and feet was I to the lame; I was a father to the poor, and the cause which I knew not I searched out. Did not I weep for him that was in trouble? Was not my soul grieved for the poor? Let me be weighed in an even balance, that God may know mine integrity. If I did despise the cause of my man-servant, or of my maid-servant, when they contended with me: what then shall I do when God riseth up? and when he visiteth, what shall I answer him? Did not he that made me in the womb, make him? and did not one fashion us in

[1] Chap. xxix.

the womb? If I have withheld the poor from their desire, or have caused the eyes of the widow to fail, or have eaten my morsel myself alone, and the fatherless have not eaten thereof: if I have seen any perish for want of clothing, or any poor without covering: if his loins have not blessed me, and if he were not warmed with the fleece of my sheep: if I have lifted up my hand against the fatherless, when I saw my help in the gate; then let mine arm fall from my shoulder-blade, and mine arm be broken from the bone. If I have rejoiced at the destruction of him that hated me, or lifted up myself when evil found him: (neither have I suffered my mouth to sin, by wishing a curse to his soul.) The stranger did not lodge in the street; but I opened my doors to the traveller. If my land cry against me, or that the furrows likewise thereof complain: if I have eaten the fruits thereof without money, or have caused the owners thereof to lose their life; let thistles grow instead of wheat, and cockle instead of barley.'—L.

No. 185. *On Religious Zeal; its mischievous effects; its exciting causes; zeal for atheism; its absurdity.*

Tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ?
VIRG. Æn. i. 15.

There is nothing in which men more deceive themselves than in what the world calls zeal. There are so many passions which hide themselves under it, and so many mischiefs arising from it, that some have gone so far as to say it would have been for the benefit of mankind if it had never been reckoned in the catalogue of virtues. It is certain, where it is once laudable and prudential, it is an hundred times criminal and erroneous; nor can it be otherwise, if we consider that it operates with equal violence in all religions, however opposite they may be to one another, and in all the subdivisions of each religion in particular.

We are told by some of the Jewish rabbins, that the first murder was occasioned by a religious controversy: and if we had the whole history of zeal from the days of Cain to our own times, we should see it filled with so many scenes of slaughter and bloodshed, as would make a wise man very careful how he

suffers himself to be actuated by such a principle, when it only regards matters of opinion and speculation.

I would have every zealous man examine his heart thoroughly, and I believe he will often find, that what he calls a zeal for his religion is either pride, interest, or ill nature. A man who differs from another in opinion, sets himself above him in his own judgment, and in several particulars pretends to be the wiser person. This is a great provocation to the proud man, and gives a very keen edge to what he calls his zeal. And that this is the case very often, we may observe from the behaviour of some of the most zealous for orthodoxy, who have often great friendships and intimacies with vicious immoral men, provided they do but agree with them in the same scheme of belief. The reason is, because the vicious believer gives the precedency to the virtuous man, and allows the good Christian to be the worthier person, at the same time that he cannot come up to his perfections. This we find exemplified in that trite passage which we see quoted in almost every system of ethics, though upon another occasion:—

> Video meliora proboque,
> Deteriora sequor.
>
> OVID. Met. vii. 20.

On the contrary, it is certain, if our zeal were true and genuine, we should be much more angry with a sinner than a heretic; since there are several cases which may excuse the latter before his great judge, but none which can excuse the former.

Interest is likewise a great inflamer, and sets a man on persecution under the colour of zeal. For this reason we find none are so forward to promote the true worship by fire and sword, as those who find their present account in it. But I shall extend the word interest to a larger meaning than what is generally given it, as it relates to our spiritual safety and welfare, as well as to our temporal. A man is glad to gain numbers on his side, as they serve to strengthen him in his private opinions. Every proselyte is like a new argument for the establishment of his faith. It makes him believe that his principles carry conviction with them, and are the more likely to be true, when he finds they are conformable to the reason of others as well as to his own. And that this temper of mind deludes a man very often

into an opinion of his zeal, may appear from the common behaviour of the atheist, who maintains and spreads his opinions with as much heat as those who believe they do it only out of a passion for God's glory.

Ill-nature is another dreadful imitator of zeal. Many a good man may have a natural rancour and malice in his heart, which has been in some measure quelled and subdued by religion; but if it finds any pretence of breaking out which does not seem to him inconsistent with the duties of a Christian, it throws off all restraint, and rages in full fury. Zeal is therefore a great ease to a malicious man, by making him believe he does God service, whilst he is gratifying the bent of a perverse revengeful temper. For this reason we find that most of the massacres and devastations which have been in the world, have taken their rise from a furious pretended zeal.

I love to see a man zealous in a good matter, and especially when his zeal shews itself for advancing morality, and promoting the happiness of mankind: but when I find the instruments he works with are racks and gibbets, galleys [n], and dungeons; when he imprisons men's persons, confiscates their estates, ruins their families, and burns the body to save the soul, I cannot stick to pronounce of such a one, that (whatever he may think of his faith and religion) his faith is vain, and his religion unprofitable.

After having treated of these false zealots in religion, I cannot forbear mentioning a monstrous species of men, who one would not think had any existence in nature, were they not to be met with in ordinary conversation; I mean, the zealous in atheism. One would fancy that these men, though they fall short in every other respect of those who make a profession of religion, would at least outshine them in this particular, and be exempt from that single fault which seems to grow out of the imprudent fervours of religion: but so it is, that infidelity is propagated with as much fierceness and contention, wrath and indignation, as if the safety of mankind depended upon it [n]. There is something so ridiculous and perverse in this kind of zealots, that one does not know how to set them out in their proper colours. They are a sort of gamesters who are eternally upon the fret, though they play for nothing. They are perpetually teizing their friends to come over to them, though at the same time they allow, that neither of them shall get any thing by the bargain. In short, the zeal

of spreading atheism is, if possible, more absurd than atheism itself.

Since I have mentioned this unaccountable zeal which appears in atheists and infidels, I must farther observe, that they are likewise in a most particular manner possessed with the spirit of bigotry. They are wedded to opinions full of contradiction and impossibility, and at the same time look upon the smallest difficulty in an article of faith as a sufficient reason for rejecting it[n]. Notions that fall in with the common reason of mankind, that are conformable to the sense of all ages and all nations, not to mention their tendency for promoting the happiness of societies, or of particular persons, are exploded as errors and prejudices; and schemes erected in their stead that are altogether monstrous and irrational, and require the most extravagant credulity to embrace them. I would fain ask one of these bigoted infidels, supposing all the great points of atheism, as the casual or eternal formation of the world, the materiality of a thinking substance, the mortality of the soul, the fortuitous organization of the body, the motions and gravitation of matter, with the like particulars, were laid together and formed into a kind of creed, according to the opinions of the most celebrated atheists; I say, supposing such a creed as this were formed, and imposed upon any one people in the world, whether it would not require an infinitely greater measure of faith than any set of articles which they so violently oppose? Let me therefore advise this generation of wranglers, for their own and for the public good, to act at least so consistently with themselves, as not to burn with zeal for irreligion, and with bigotry for nonsense.—L.

No. 186. *Letter from the Clergyman, with reflexions on Infidelity and Deism.*

Cœlum ipsum petimus stultitia.
HOR. Od. i. 3.

Upon my return to my lodgings last night, I found a letter from my worthy friend the clergyman[1], whom I have given some account of in my former papers. He tells me in it, that he was particularly pleased with the latter part of my yesterday's

[1] See page 14.

speculation; and at the same time enclosed the following essay, which he desires me to publish as the sequel of that discourse. It consists partly of uncommon reflexions, and partly of such as have been already used, but now set in a stronger light.

'A believer may be excused by the most hardened atheist for endeavouring to make him a convert, because he does it with an eye to both their interests. The atheist is inexcusable who tries to gain over a believer, because he does not propose the doing himself or the believer any good by such a conversion.

'The prospect of a future state is the secret comfort and refreshment of my soul; it is that which makes nature look gay about me; it doubles all my pleasures, and supports me under all my afflictions. I can look at disappointments and misfortunes, pain and sickness, death itself, and what is worse than death, the loss of those who are dearest to me, with indifference, so long as I keep in view the pleasures of eternity, and the state of being in which there will be no fears nor apprehensions, pains nor sorrows, sickness nor separation. Why will any man be so impertinently officious as to tell me all this is only fancy and delusion? Is there any merit in being the messenger of ill news? if it is a dream, let me enjoy it, since it makes me both the happier and better man.

'I must confess I do not know how to trust a man who believes neither heaven nor hell, or, in other words, a future state of rewards and punishments. Not only natural self-love, but reason directs us to promote our own interest above all things. It can never be for the interest of a believer to do me a mischief, because he is sure, upon the balance of accounts, to find himself a loser by it. On the contrary, if he considers his own welfare in his behaviour towards me, it will lead him to do me all the good he can, and at the same time restrain him from doing me any injury. An unbeliever does not act like a reasonable creature, if he favours me contrary to his present interest, or does not distress me when it turns to his present advantage. Honour and good-nature may indeed tie up his hands; but as these would be very much strengthened by reason and principle, so without them they are only instincts, or wavering unsettled notions, which rest on no foundation.

'Infidelity has been attacked with so good success of late

years, that it is driven out of all its outworks. The atheist has not found his post tenable, and is therefore retired into Deism, and a disbelief of revealed religion only. But the truth of it is, the greatest number of this set of men are those who, for want of a virtuous education, or examining the grounds of religion, know so very little of the matter in question, that their infidelity is but another term for their ignorance[n].

'As folly and inconsiderateness are the foundations of infidelity, the great pillars and supports of it are either a vanity of appearing wiser than the rest of mankind, or an ostentation of courage in despising the terrors of another world, which have so great an influence on what they call weaker minds; or an aversion to a belief that must cut them off from many of those pleasures they propose to themselves, and fill them with remorse for many of those they have already tasted.

The great received articles of the Christian religion have been so clearly proved, from the authority of that divine revelation in which they are delivered, that it is impossible for those who have ears to hear, and eyes to see, not to be convinced of them. But were it possible for any thing in the Christian faith to be erroneous, I can find no ill consequences in adhering to it. The great points of the incarnation and sufferings of our Saviour produce naturally such habits of virtue in the mind of man, that, I say, supposing it were possible for us to be mistaken in them, the infidel himself must at least allow, that no other system of religion could so effectually contribute to the heightening of morality. They give us great ideas of the dignity of human nature, and of the love which the Supreme Being bears to his creatures, and consequently engage us in the highest acts of duty towards our Creator, our neighbour, and ourselves. How many noble arguments has St. Paul raised from the chief articles of our religion, for the advancing of morality in its three great branches! To give a single example in each kind: what can be a stronger motive to a firm trust and reliance on the mercies of our Maker, than the giving us his Son to suffer for us? What can make us love and esteem even the most inconsiderable of mankind, more than the thought that Christ died for him? Or what dispose us to set a stricter guard upon the purity of our own hearts, than our being members of Christ, and a part of the society of which that immaculate person is the head? But these are only a speci-

men of those admirable enforcements of morality, which the apostle has drawn from the history of our blessed Saviour.

If our modern infidels considered these matters with that candour and seriousness which they deserve, we should not see them act with such a spirit of bitterness, arrogance, and malice; they would not be raising such insignificant cavils, doubts, and scruples, as may be started against every thing that is not capable of mathematical demonstration; in order to unsettle the minds of the ignorant, disturb the public peace, subvert morality, and throw all things into confusion and disorder. If none of these reflexions can have any influence on them, there is one that perhaps may, because it is adapted to their vanity, by which they seem to be guided much more than their reason. I would therefore have them consider, that the wisest and best of men, in all ages of the world, have been those who lived up to the religion of their country when they saw nothing in it opposite to morality, and to the best lights they had of the Divine Nature. Pythagoras's first rule[n] directs us to worship the gods *as it is ordained by law*, for that is the most natural interpretation of the precept. Socrates, who was the most renowned among the heathens both for wisdom and virtue, in his last moments desires his friends to offer a cock to Æsculapius[n]; doubtless out of a submissive deference to the established worship of his country. Xenophon tells us, that his prince (whom he sets forth as a pattern of perfection) when he found his death approaching, offered sacrifices on the mountains to the Persian Jupiter, and the sun, *according to the custom of the Persians*; for those are the words of the historian[n]. Nay the Epicureans and atomical philosophers shewed a very remarkable modesty in this particular; for though the being of a God was entirely repugnant to their scheme of natural philosophy, they contented themselves with the denial of a Providence, asserting at the same time the existence of gods in general, because they would not shock the common belief of mankind, and the religion of their country.—L

No. 189.—*On Unnatural Fathers and filial ingratitude.*

Patriæ pietatis imago. VIRG. Æn. x. 824.

The following letter being written to my bookseller, upon a subject of which I treated some time since, I shall publish it in this paper, together with the letter that was inclosed in it.

'MR. BUCKLEY,

'Mr. Spectator having of late descanted upon the cruelty of parents to their children[1], I have been induced (at the request of several of Mr. Spectator's admirers) to inclose this letter, which I assure you is the original from a father to his own son, notwithstanding the latter gave but little or no provocation. It would be wonderfully obliging to the world, if Mr. Spectator would give his opinion of it in some of his speculations, and particularly to

'(Mr. Buckley)

'Your humble servant.'

'SIRRAH,

'You are a saucy audacious rascal, and both fool and mad, and I care not a farthing whether you comply or no; that does not raze out my impressions of your insolence, going about railing at me, and the next day to solicit my favour: these are inconsistencies, such as discover thy reason depraved. To be brief, I never desire to see your face: and, Sirrah, if you go to the work-house, it is no disgrace to me for you to be supported there; and if you starve in the streets, I'll never give any thing underhand in your behalf. If I have any more of your scribbling nonsense, I'll break your head the first time I set sight on you. You are a stubborn beast: is this your gratitude for my giving you money? You rogue, I'll better your judgment, and give you a greater sense of your duty to (I regret to say), your father, &c.

'P. S.—It is prudence for you to keep out of my sight; for to reproach me that might overcomes right on the outside of your letter, I shall give you a great knock on the skull for it.'

Was there ever such an image of paternal tenderness! It was

[1] The reference is to No. 181: omitted (except as to a part) from this selection.

usual among some of the Greeks to make their slaves drink to excess, and then expose them to their children, who by that means conceived an early aversion to a vice which makes men appear so monstrous and irrational[n]. I have exposed this picture of an unnatural father with the same intention, that its deformity may deter others from its resemblance. If the reader has a mind to see a father of the same stamp represented in the most exquisite strokes of humour, he may meet with it in one of the finest comedies that ever appeared upon the English stage; I mean the part of Sir Samson in *Love for Love*[n].

I must not however engage myself blindly on the side of the son, to whom the fond letter above-written was directed. His father calls him a *saucy and audacious rascal* in the first line, and I am afraid upon examination he will prove but an ungracious youth. *To go about railing* at his father, and to find no other place but *the outside of his letter* to tell him *that might overcomes right*, if it does not discover *his reason to be depraved*, and that he is *either fool or mad*, as the choleric old gentleman tells him, we may at least allow that the father will do very well in endeavouring to *better his judgment, and give him a greater sense of his duty*. But whether this may be brought about by *breaking his head*, or *giving him a great knock on the skull*, ought, I think, to be well considered. Upon the whole, I wish the father has not met with his match, and that he may not be as equally paired with a son as the mother in Virgil.

> Crudelis tu quoque mater:
> Crudelis mater magis, an puer improbus ille?
> Improbus ille puer, crudelis tu quoque mater.
>
> Ecl. viii. 48.

Or like the crow and her egg, in the Greek proverb,

> Κακοῦ κόρακος κακὸν ὠόν.
> Of a bad crow the bad egg.

I must here take notice of a letter which I have received from an unknown correspondent, upon the subject of my paper, upon which the foregoing letter is likewise founded. The writer of it seems very much concerned lest that paper should seem to give encouragement to the disobedience of children towards their parents; but if the writer of it will take the pains to read it over again attentively, I dare say his apprehensions will vanish. Par-

don and reconciliation are all the penitent daughter requests, and all that I contend for in her behalf; and in this case I may use the saying of an eminent wit, who, upon some great men's pressing him to forgive his daughter, who had married against his consent, told them he could refuse nothing to their instances, but that he would have them remember there was a difference between *giving* and *forgiving*.

I must confess, in all controversies between parents and their children, I am naturally prejudiced in favour of the former. The obligations on that side can never be acquitted, and I think it is one of the greatest reflexions upon human nature, that paternal instinct should be a stronger motive to love than filial gratitude; that the receiving of favours should be a less inducement to good-will, tenderness, and commiseration, than the conferring of them; and that the taking care of any person should endear the child or dependent more to the parent or benefactor, than the parent or benefactor to the child or dependent; yet so it happens, that for one cruel parent we meet with a thousand undutiful children. This is indeed wonderfully contrived (as I have formerly observed) for the support of every living species; but at the same time that it shews the wisdom of the Creator, it discovers the imperfection and degeneracy of the creature.

The obedience of children to their parents is the basis of all government, and set forth as the measure of that obedience which we owe to those whom providence hath placed over us.

It is Father Le Compte[n], if I am not mistaken, who tells us how want of duty in this particular is punished among the Chinese, insomuch that if a son should be known to kill, or so much as to strike his father, not only the criminal, but his whole family, would be rooted out, nay, the inhabitants of the place where he lived would be put to the sword, nay, the place itself would be razed to the ground, and its foundation sown with salt: for, say they, there must have been an utter depravation of manners in that clan or society of people who could have bred up among them so horrid an offender. To this I shall add a passage out of the first book of Herodotus[1]. That historian, in his account of the Persian customs and religion, tells us, it is their opinion, that no man ever killed his father, or that it is possible such a crime should be in nature; but that if any thing like it

[1] Chap. 137.

should ever happen, they conclude that the reputed son must have been illegitimate, suppositious, or begotten in adultery. Their opinion in this particular shews sufficiently what a notion they must have had of undutifulness in general.—L.

No. 207.—*On Prayer; counsel of Socrates on this head; his rules compared with the teaching of Christ.*

Omnibus in terris, quæ sunt a Gadibus usque
Auroram et Gangem, pauci dignoscere possunt
Vera bona, atque illis multum diversa, remota
Erroris nebula.

JUV. Sat. x. 1.

Look round the habitable world, how few
Know their own good, or, knowing it, pursue.

DRYDEN.

In my last Saturday's paper[1] I laid down some thoughts upon devotion in general, and shall here shew what were the notions of the most refined heathens on this subject, as they are represented in Plato's dialogue upon prayer, entitled Alcibiades the second, which doubtless gave occasion for Juvenal's tenth satire, and to the second satire of Persius; as the last of these authors has almost transcribed the preceding dialogue, entitled Alcibiades the first, in his fourth satire.

The speakers in this dialogue upon prayer are Socrates and Alcibiades; and the substance of it (when drawn together out of the intricacies and digressions) as follows.

Socrates meeting his pupil Alcibiades, as he was going to his devotions, and observing his eyes to be fixed upon the earth with great seriousness and attention, tells him that he had reason to be thoughtful on that occasion, since it was possible for a man to bring down evils upon himself by his own prayers, and that those things which the gods send him in answer to his petitions might turn to his destruction: this, says he, may not only happen when a man prays for what he knows is mischievous in his own nature, as Œdipus implored the gods to sow dissension between his sons; but when he prays for what he believes would be for his good, and against what he believes would be to his detriment. This the philosopher shews must necessarily happen among us, since most men are blinded with ignorance, prejudice, or passion,

[1] No. 201: omitted from this selection.

which hinder them from seeing such things as are really beneficial to them. For an instance, he asks Alcibiades, Whether he would not be thoroughly pleased and satisfied, if that god, to whom he was going to address himself, should promise to make him the sovereign of the whole earth? Alcibiades answers, That he should doubtless look upon such a promise as the greatest favour that could be bestowed upon him. Socrates then asks him, if, after receiving this great favour, he would be contented to lose his life; or if he would receive it though he was sure he should make an ill use of it? To both which questions Alcibiades answers in the negative. Socrates then shews him, from the examples of others, how these might very probably be the effects of such a blessing. He then adds, that other reputed pieces of good fortune, as that of having a son, or procuring the highest post in a government, are subject to the like fatal consequences; which nevertheless, says he, men ardently desire, and would not fail to pray for, if they thought their prayers might be effectual for the obtaining of them.

Having established this great point, that all the most apparent blessings in this life are obnoxious to such dreadful consequences, and that no man knows what in its events would prove to him a blessing or a curse, he teaches Alcibiades after what manner he ought to pray.

In the first place he recommends to him, as the model of his devotions, a short prayer, which a Greek poet composed for the use of his friends, in the following words: 'O Jupiter, give us those things which are good for us, whether they are such things as we pray for, or such things as we do not pray for: and remove from us those things which are hurtful, though they are such things as we pray for.'

In the second place, that his disciple may ask such things as are expedient for him, he shews him that it is absolutely necessary to apply himself to the study of true wisdom, and to the knowledge of that which is his chief good, and the most suitable to the excellency of his nature.

In the third and last place, he informs him that the best methods he could make use of to draw down blessings upon himself, and to render his prayers acceptable, would be to live in a constant practice of his duty, towards the gods and towards men. Under this head he very much recommends a form of prayer the

Lacedemonians made use of, in which they petition the gods *to give them all good things, so long as they were virtuous.* Under this head likewise he gives a very remarkable account of an oracle to the following purpose.

When the Athenians, in the war with the Lacedemonians, received many defeats both by sea and land, they sent a message to the oracle of Jupiter Ammon, to ask the reason why they, who erected so many temples to the gods, and adorned them with such costly offerings; why they who had instituted so many festivals, and accompanied them with such pomps and ceremonies; in short, why they, who had slain so many hecatombs at their altars, should be less successful than the Lacedemonians, who fell so short of them in all these particulars. To this, says he, the oracle made the following reply: *I am better pleased with the prayers of the Lacedemonians, than with all the oblations of the Greeks.* As this prayer implied and encouraged virtue in those who made it, the philosopher proceeds to shew how the most vicious man might be devout, so far as victims could make him, but that his offerings were regarded by the gods as bribes, and his petitions as blasphemies. He likewise quotes on this occasion two verses out of Homer, in which the poet says, That the scent of the Trojan sacrifices was carried up to heaven by the winds; but that it was not acceptable to the gods, who were displeased with Priam and all his people [n].

The conclusion of this dialogue is very remarkable. Socrates, having deterred Alcibiades from the prayers and sacrifice which he was going to offer, by setting-forth the above-mentioned difficulties of performing that duty as he ought, adds these words, 'We must therefore wait till such time as we may learn how we ought to behave ourselves towards the gods, and towards men.' 'But when will that time come,' says Alcibiades, 'and who is it that will instruct us? For I would fain see this man, whoever he is.' 'It is one,' says Socrates, 'who takes care of you; but as Homer [n] tells us that Minerva removed the mist from Diomedes his eyes [n], that he might plainly discover both gods and men, so the darkness that hangs upon your mind must be removed before you are able to discern what is good and what is evil.' 'Let him remove from my mind,' says Alcibiades, 'the darkness, and what else he pleases; I am determined to refuse nothing he shall order me, whoever he is, so that I may become

the better man by it.' The remaining part of the dialogue is very obscure: there is something in it that would make us think Socrates hinted at himself, when he spoke of this divine teacher who was to come into the world, did not he own that he himself was, in this respect, as much at a loss, and in as great distress as the rest of mankind [n].

Some learned men look upon this conclusion as a prediction of our Saviour, or at least that Socrates, like that high priest, prophesied unknowingly, and pointed at that Divine Teacher who was to come into the world some ages after him. However that may be, we find that this great philosopher saw by the light of reason, that it was more suitable to the goodness of the divine nature to send a person into the world who should instruct mankind in the duties of religion, and, in particular, teach them how to pray.

Whoever reads this abstract of Plato's discourse on prayer, will, I believe, naturally make this reflexion. That the great founder of our religion, as well by his own example, as in the form of prayer which he taught his disciples, did not only keep up to those rules which the light of nature had suggested to this great philosopher, but instructed his disciples in the whole extent of this duty, as well as of all others. He directed them to the proper object of adoration, and taught them, according to the third rule above mentioned, to apply themselves to him in their closets, without shew or ostentation, and to worship him in spirit and in truth. As the Lacedemonians, in their form of prayer, implored the gods in general to give them all good things so long as they were virtuous, we ask in particular, 'that our offences may be forgiven, as we forgive those of others.' If we look into the second rule which Socrates has prescribed, namely, that we should apply ourselves to the knowledge of such things as are best for us, this too is explained at large in the doctrines of the gospel, where we are taught in several instances to regard those things as curses which appear as blessings in the eye of the world; and on the contrary, to esteem those things as blessings, which to the generality of mankind appear as curses. Thus, in the form which is prescribed to us, we only pray for that happiness which is our chief good, and the great end of our existence, when we petition the Supreme Being for *the coming of his kingdom*, being solicitous for no other temporal blessing but our *daily sustenance*. On the other side, we pray

against nothing but sin, and against evil in general, leaving it with Omniscience to determine what is really such. If we look into the first of Socrates his rules of prayer, in which he recommends the above-mentioned form of the ancient poet, we find that form not only comprehended, but very much improved in the petition, wherein we pray to the Supreme Being that *His will may be done:* which is of the same force with that form which our Saviour used, when he prayed against the most painful and most ignominious of deaths, *nevertheless not my will but thine be done.* This comprehensive petition is the most humble, as well as the most prudent, that can be offered up from the creature to his Creator, as it supposes the Supreme Being wills nothing but what is for our good, and that he knows better than ourselves what is so.—L.

No. 219. *On the Love of Honour and Distinction; the sources of human superiority; titles; the mistakes of this world will be rectified in the next; social order necessary.*

Vix ea nostra voco.—Ovid. Met. xiii. 141.

There are but few men who are not ambitious of distinguishing themselves in the nation or country where they live, and of growing considerable among those with whom they converse. There is a kind of grandeur and respect, which the meanest and most insignificant part of mankind endeavour to procure in the little circle of their friends and acquaintance. The poorest mechanic, nay, the man who lives upon common alms, gets him his set of admirers, and delights in that superiority which he enjoys over those who are in some respects beneath him. This ambition, which is natural to the soul of man, might, methinks, receive a very happy turn; and, if it were rightly directed, contribute as much to a person's advantage as it generally does to his uneasiness and disquiet.

I shall therefore put together some thoughts on this subject, which I have not met with in other writers; and shall set them down as they have occurred to me, without being at the pains to connect or methodize them.

All superiority and pre-eminence that one man can have over another, may be reduced to the notion of quality, which, considered at large, is either that of fortune, body, or mind. The first

is that which consists in birth, title, or riches; and is the most foreign to our natures, and what we can the least call our own, of any of the three kinds of quality. In relation to the body, quality arises from health, strength, or beauty; which are nearer to us, and more a part of ourselves, than the former. Quality, as it regards the mind, has its rise from knowledge or virtue; and is that which is more essential to us, and more intimately united with us, than either of the other two.

The quality of fortune, though a man has less reason to value himself upon it than on that of the body or mind, is however the kind of quality which makes the most shining figure in the eye of the world.

As virtue is the most reasonable and genuine source of honour, we generally find in titles an intimation of some particular merit that should recommend men to the high stations which they possess. Holiness is ascribed to the pope, majesty to kings; serenity or mildness of temper to princes; excellence or perfection to ambassadors; grace to archbishops; honour to peers; worship or venerable behaviour to magistrates; and reverence, which is of the same import as the former, to the inferior clergy.

In the founders of great families, such attributes of honour are generally correspondent with the virtues of the person to whom they are applied; but in the descendants they are too often the marks rather of grandeur than of merit. The stamp and denomination still continues, but the intrinsic value is frequently lost.

The death-bed shews the emptiness of titles in a true light. A poor dispirited sinner lies trembling under the apprehensions of the state he is entering on; and is asked by a grave attendant how his Holiness does? Another hears himself addressed under the title of highness or excellency, who lies under such mean circumstances of mortality as are the disgrace of human nature. Titles at such a time look rather like insults and mockery than respect.

The truth of it is, honours are in this world under no regulation; true quality is neglected, virtue is oppressed, and vice triumphant. The last day will rectify this disorder, and assign to every one a station suitable to the dignity of his character; ranks will be then adjusted, and precedency set right.

Methinks we should have an ambition, if not to advance ourselves in another world, at least to preserve our post in it, and

outshine our inferiors in virtue here, that they may not be put above us in a state which is to settle the distinction for eternity.

Men in scripture are called *strangers and sojourners upon earth*,[1] and life a pilgrimage. Several Heathen, as well as Christian authors, under the same kind of metaphor, have represented the world as an inn, which was only designed to furnish us with accommodations in this our passage. It is therefore very absurd to think of 'setting up our rest before we come to our journey's end, and not rather to take care of the reception we shall there meet, than to fix our thoughts on the little conveniencies and advantages which we enjoy one above another in the way to it.

Epictetus[n] makes use of another kind of allusion, which is very beautiful, and wonderfully proper to incline us to be satisfied with the post in which Providence has placed us. We are here, says he, as in a theatre, where every one has a part allotted to him. The great duty which lies upon a man is to act his part in perfection. We may indeed say, that our part does not suit us, and that we could act another better. But this, says the philosopher, is not our business. All that we are concerned in is to excel in the part which is given us. If it be an improper one, the fault is not in us, but in him who has cast our several parts, and is the great disposer of the drama.

The part that was acted by this philosopher himself was but a very indifferent one; for he lived and died a slave. His motive to contentment in this particular receives a very great enforcement from the above-mentioned consideration, if we remember that our parts in the other world will be new cast, and that mankind will be there ranged in different stations of superiority and pre-eminence, in proportion as they have here excelled one another in virtue, and performed, in their several posts of life, the duties which belonged to them.

There are many beautiful passages in the little apocryphal book, entitled, *The Wisdom of Solomon*, to set forth the vanity of honour, and the like temporal blessings, which are in so great repute among men, and to comfort those who have not the possession of them. It represents, in very warm and noble terms, this advancement of a good man in the other world, and the great surprise which it will produce among those who are his superiors in this[2]. 'Then shall the righteous man stand in great boldness before the face of

[1] 1 Peter ii. 11. [2] Wisd. v.

such as have afflicted him, and made no account of his labours. When they see it, they shall be troubled with terrible fear, and shall be amazed at the strangeness of his salvation, so far beyond all that they looked for. And they, repenting and groaning for anguish of spirit, shall say within themselves, *This was he whom we had sometime in derision, and a proverb of reproach. We fools accounted his life madness, and his end to be without honour. How is he numbered among the children of God, and his lot is among the saints!*'

If the reader will see the description of a life that is passed away in vanity, and among the shadows of pomp and greatness, he may see it very finely drawn in the same place. In the mean time, since it is necessary, in the present constitution of things, that order and distinction should be kept in the world, we should be happy if those who enjoy the upper stations in it would endeavour to surpass others in virtue as much as in rank, and by their humanity and condescension make their superiority easy and acceptable to those who are beneath them; and if, on the contrary, those who are in the meaner posts of life would consider how they may better their condition hereafter, and by a just deference and submission to their superiors, make them happy in those blessings with which Providence has thought fit to distinguish them.—C.

No. 231. *On Modesty; letter to the Spectator; it is often a guard to virtue; two kinds of vicious modesty.*

O pudor! O pietas!—MART.

Looking over the letters which I have lately received from my correspondents, I met with the following one[n], which is written with such a spirit of politeness, that I could not but be very much pleased with it myself, and question not but it will be as acceptable to the reader.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'You, who are no stranger to public assemblies, cannot but have observed the awe they often strike on such as are obliged to exert any talent before them. This is a sort of elegant distress, to which ingenuous minds are the most liable, and may therefore deserve some remarks in your paper. Many a brave fellow, who has put

his enemy to flight in the field, has been in the utmost disorder upon making a speech before a body of his friends at home: one would think there was some kind of fascination in the eyes of a large circle of people, when darting altogether upon one person. I have seen a new actor in a tragedy so bound up by it, as to be scarce able to speak or move, and have expected he would have died above three acts before the dagger or cup of poison were brought in. It would not be amiss, if such an one were at first introduced as a ghost, or a statue, till he recovered his spirits, and grew fit for some living part.

'As this sudden desertion of one's self shews a diffidence which is not displeasing, it implies at the same time the greatest respect to an audience that can be. It is a sort of mute eloquence, which pleads for their favour much better than words could do; and we find their generosity naturally moved to support those who are in so much perplexity to entertain them. I was extremely pleased with a late instance of this kind at the opera of Almahide [n], in the encouragement given to a young singer, whose more than ordinary concern on her first appearance recommended her no less than her agreeable voice and just performance. Mere bashfulness without merit is awkward; and merit without modesty, insolent. But modest merit has a double claim to acceptance, and generally meets with as many patrons as beholders. 'I am, &c.'

It is impossible that a person should exert himself to advantage in an assembly, whether it be his part either to sing or speak, who lies under too great oppressions of modesty. I remember, upon talking with a friend of mine concerning the force of pronunciation, our discourse led us into the enumeration of the several organs of speech which an orator ought to have in perfection, as the tongue, the teeth, the lips, the nose, the palate, and the windpipe. Upon which, says my friend, 'You have omitted the most material organ of them all, and that is the forehead.'

But notwithstanding an excess of modesty obstructs the tongue, and renders it unfit for its offices, a due proportion of it is thought so requisite to an orator, that rhetoricians have recommended it to their disciples as a particular in their art. Cicero tells us, that he never liked an orator who did not appear in some little confusion at the beginning of his speech, and confesses that he himself never entered upon an oration without trembling and

concern. ¶It is indeed a kind of deference which is due to a great assembly, and seldom fails to raise a benevolence in the audience towards the person who speaks. My correspondent has taken notice that the bravest men often appear timorous on these occasions, as indeed we may observe that there is generally no creature more impudent than a coward.

Lingua melior, sed frigida bello
Dextera.
VIRG. Æn. xi. 338.

Bold at the council board;
But cautious in the field, he shunn'd the sword.
DRYDEN.

A bold tongue and a feeble arm are the qualifications of Drances in Virgil; as Homer, to express a man both timorous and saucy, makes use of a kind of point which is very rarely to be met with in his writings; namely, that he had the eyes of a dog, and the heart of a deer[n].

¶ A just and reasonable modesty does not only recommend eloquence, but sets off every great talent which a man can be possessed of. ¶It heightens all the virtues which it accompanies, like the shades in paintings; it raises and rounds every figure, and makes the colours more beautiful, though not so glaring as they would be without it.

¶Modesty is not only an ornament, but also a guard to virtue. It is a kind of quick and delicate feeling in the soul, which makes her shrink and withdraw herself from every thing that has danger in it. ¶ It is such an exquisite sensibility, as warns her to shun the first appearance of every thing which is hurtful.

I cannot at present recollect either the place or time of what I am going to mention; but I have read somewhere in the history of ancient Greece, that the women of the country were seized with an unaccountable melancholy, which disposed several of them to make away with themselves. The senate, after having tried many expedients to prevent this self murder which was so frequent among them, published an edict, That if any woman whatever should lay violent hands upon herself, her corpse should be exposed naked in the street, and dragged about the city in the most public manner. This edict immediately put a stop to the practice which was before so common. We may see in this instance the strength of female modesty, which was able to overcome the violence even

of madness and despair. The fear of shame in the fair sex was in those days more prevalent than that of death.

If modesty has so great an influence over our actions, and is in many cases so impregnable a fence to virtue, what can more undermine morality than that politeness which reigns among the unthinking part of mankind, and treats as unfashionable the most ingenuous part of our behaviour? which recommends impudence as good breeding, and keeps a man always in countenance, not because he is innocent, but because he is shameless?

Seneca[n] thought modesty so great a check to vice, that he prescribes to us the practice of it in secret, and advises us to raise it in ourselves, upon imaginary occasions, when such as are real do not offer themselves: for this is the meaning of his precept, that when we are by ourselves, and in our greatest solitudes, we should fancy that Cato stands before us, and sees every thing we do. In short, if you banish modesty out of the world, she carries away with her half the virtue that is in it.

After these reflexions on modesty, as it is a virtue, I must observe that there is a vicious modesty, which justly deserves to be ridiculed, and which those persons very often discover, who value themselves most upon a well-bred confidence. This happens when a man is ashamed to act up to his reason, and would not upon any consideration be surprised in the practice of those duties, for the performance of which he was sent into the world. Many an impertinent libertine would blush to be caught in a serious discourse, and would scarce be able to shew his head after having disclosed a religious thought. Decency of behaviour, all outward shew of virtue, and abhorrence of vice, are carefully avoided by this set of shame-faced people, as what would disparage their gaiety of temper, and infallibly bring them to dishonour. This is such a poorness of spirit, such a despicable cowardice, such a degenerate, abject state of mind, as one would think human nature incapable of, did we not meet with frequent instances of it in ordinary conversation.

There is another kind of vicious modesty which makes a man ashamed of his person, his birth, his profession, his poverty, or the like misfortunes, which it was not in his choice to prevent, and is not in his power to rectify. If a man appears ridiculous by any of the afore-mentioned circumstances, he becomes much more so by being out of countenance for them. They should rather give

him occasion to exert a noble spirit, and to palliate those imperfections which are not in his power, by those perfections which are; or, to use a very witty allusion of an eminent author, he should imitate Cæsar, who, because his head was bald, covered that defect with laurels [n].—C.

No. 289. *On Death; the one thing that all men have in common; Dr. Sherlock's discourse; beautiful story of the Dervish.*

Vitæ summa brevis spem nos vetat inchoare longam.
HOR. Od. i. 4. 15.

Upon taking my seat in a coffee-house, I often draw the eyes of the whole room upon me, when, in the hottest seasons of news, and at a time perhaps that the Dutch mail is just come in, they hear me ask the coffee-man for his last week's bill of mortality: I find that I have been sometimes taken on this occasion for a parish sexton, sometimes for an undertaker, and sometimes for a doctor of physic. In this, however, I am guided by the spirit of a philosopher, as I take occasion from hence to reflect upon the regular increase and diminution of mankind, and consider the several various ways through which we pass from life to eternity. I am very well pleased with these weekly admonitions, that bring into my mind such thoughts as ought to be the daily entertainment of every reasonable creature; and can consider, with pleasure to myself, by which of those deliverances, or as we commonly call them, distempers, I may possibly make my escape out of this world of sorrows, into that condition of existence, wherein I hope to be happier than it is possible for me at present to conceive.

But this is not all the use I make of the above-mentioned weekly paper. A bill of mortality is, in my opinion, an unanswerable argument for a Providence. How can we, without supposing ourselves under the constant care of a Supreme Being, give any possible account for that nice proportion which we find in every great city, between the deaths and births of its inhabitants, and between the number of males and that of females who are brought into the world? What else could adjust in so exact a manner the recruits of every nation to its losses, and divide these new supplies of people into such equal bodies of both sexes? Chance could never hold the balance with so steady a hand.

Were we not counted out by an intelligent Supervisor, we should sometimes be overcharged with multitudes, and at others waste away into a desert [n]; we should be sometimes a *populus virorum*, as Florus elegantly expresses it, *a generation of males*, and at others a species of women. We may extend this consideration to every species of living creatures, and consider the whole animal world as an huge army made up of an innumerable *corps*, if I may use that term, whose quotas have been kept entire near five thousand years, in so wonderful a manner, that there is not probably a single species lost during this long tract of time. Could we have general bills of mortality of every kind of animals, or particular ones of every species in each continent and island, I could almost say in every wood, marsh, or mountain, what astonishing instances would they be of that Providence which watches over all its works?

I have heard of a great man in the Romish church, who upon reading those words in the 5th chapter of Genesis, *And all the days that* Adam *lived were nine hundred and thirty years, and he died; and all the days of* Seth *were nine hundred and twelve years, and he died; and all the days of* Methuselah *were nine hundred and sixty nine years, and he died;* immediately shut himself up in a convent, and retired from the world, as not thinking any thing in this life worth pursuing, which had not regard to another[n].

The truth of it is, there is nothing in history which is so improving to the reader as those accounts which we meet with of the deaths of eminent persons, and of their behaviour in that dreadful season. I may also add, that there are no parts in history which affect and please the reader in so sensible a manner. The reason I take to be this, because there is no other single circumstance in the story of any person, which can possibly be the case of every one who reads it. A battle or a triumph are conjunctures in which not one man in a million is likely to be engaged; but when we see a person at the point of death, we cannot forbear being attentive to every thing he says or does, because we are sure that some time or other we shall ourselves be in the same melancholy circumstances. The general, the statesman, or the philosopher, are perhaps characters which we may never act in; but the dying man is one whom, sooner or later, we shall certainly resemble.

It is, perhaps, for the same kind of reason, that few books,

written in English, have been so much perused as Dr. Sherlock's[n] discourse upon death; though at the same time I must own, that he who has not perused this excellent piece, has not perhaps read one of the strongest persuasives to a religious life that ever was written in any language.

The consideration with which I shall close this essay upon death is one of the most ancient and most beaten morals that has been recommended to mankind. But its being so very common and so universally received, though it takes away from it the grace of novelty, adds very much to the weight of it, as it shews that it falls in with the general sense of mankind. In short, I would have every one consider, that he is in this life nothing more than a passenger, and that he is not to set up his rest here, but to keep an attentive eye upon that state of being to which he approaches every moment, and which will be for ever fixed and permanent. This single consideration would be sufficient to extinguish the bitterness of hatred, the thirst of avarice, and the cruelty of ambition.

I am very much pleased with the passage of Antiphanes[n], a very ancient poet, who lived near an hundred years before Socrates, which represents the life of man under this view, as I have here translated it word for word. *Be not grieved*, says he, *above measure for thy deceased friends. They are not dead, but have only finished that journey which is necessary for every one of us to take: we ourselves must go to that great place of reception in which they are all of them assembled, and, in this general rendezvous of mankind, live together in another state of being.*

I think I have, in a former paper, taken notice of those beautiful metaphors in scripture, where life is termed a pilgrimage and those who pass through it are called *strangers and sojourners upon earth.* I shall conclude this with a story, which I have somewhere read in the travels of Sir John Chardin[n]: that gentleman, after having told us that the inns which receive the caravans, in Persia and the eastern countries, are called by the name of *Caravansaries*, gives us a relation to the following purpose.

A dervise, travelling through Tartary, being arrived at the town of Balk, went into the king's palace by mistake, as thinking it to be a public inn or caravansary. Having looked about him for some time, he entered into a long gallery, where he laid down his wallet, and spread his carpet, in order to repose himself upon it after

the manner of the eastern nations. He had not been long in this posture before he was discovered by some of the guards, who asked him what was his business in that place? The dervise told them he intended to take up his night's lodging in that caravansary. The guards let him know, in a very angry manner, that the house he was in was not a caravansary, but the king's palace. It happened that the king himself passed through the gallery during this debate, and smiling at the mistake of the dervise, asked him how he could possibly be so dull as not to distinguish a palace from a caravansary? 'Sir,' says the dervise, 'give me leave to ask your Majesty a question or two. Who were the persons that lodged in this house when it was first built?' The king replied, *his ancestors*. 'And who,' says the dervise, 'was the last person who lodged here?' The king replied, *his father*. 'And who is it,' says the dervise, 'that lodges here at present?' The king told him, *that it was he himself*. 'And who,' says the dervise, 'will be here after you?' The king answered, *the young prince his son*. 'Ah, Sir,' said the dervise, 'a house that changes its inhabitants so often, and receives such a perpetual succession of guests, is not a palace but a *caravansary*.'

L.

No. 349. *Death sets the seal on life; fortitude in meeting death; Petronius, Sir Thomas More, the Emperor of Morocco.*

Quos ille timorum
Maximus haud urget lethi metus; inde ruendi
In ferrum mens prona viris, animæque capaces
Mortis.

LUCAN. i. 454.

I am very much pleased with a consolatory letter of Phalaris[n], to one who had lost a son that was a young man of great merit. The thought, with which he comforts the afflicted father, is, to the best of my memory, as follows: That he should consider death had set a kind of seal upon his son's character, and placed him out of the reach of vice and infamy: that while he lived he was still within the possibility of falling away from virtue, and losing the fame of which he was possessed. Death only closes a man's reputation, and determines it as good or bad.

This, among other motives, may be one reason why we are naturally averse to the launching out into a man's praise till his head is laid in the dust. While he is capable of changing, we

may be forced to retract our opinions. He may forfeit the esteem we have conceived of him, and some time or other appear to us under a different light from what he does at present. In short, as the life of any man cannot be called happy or unhappy, so neither can it be pronounced vicious or virtuous, before the conclusion of it.

It was upon this consideration that Epaminondas, being asked whether Chabrias, Iphicrates, or he himself[n], deserved most to be esteemed? 'You must first see us die,' said he, 'before that question can be answered.'

As there is not a more melancholy consideration to a good man than his being obnoxious to such a change, so there is nothing more glorious than to keep up an uniformity in his actions, and preserve the beauty of his character to the last.

The end of a man's life is often compared to the winding up of a well written play, where the principal persons still act in character, whatever the fate is which they undergo. There is scarce a great person in the Grecian or Roman history, whose death has not been remarked upon by some writer or other, and censured or applauded according to the genius or principles of the person who has descanted on it. Monsieur de St. Evremont[n] is very particular in setting forth the constancy and courage of Petronius Arbiter during his last moments, and thinks he discovers in them a greater firmness of mind and resolution than in the death of Seneca, Cato, or Socrates. There is no question but this polite author's affectation of appearing singular in his remarks, and making discoveries which had escaped the observation of others, threw him into this course of reflexion. It was Petronius's merit, that he died in the same gaiety of temper in which he lived; but as his life was altogether loose and dissolute, the indifference which he shewed at the close of it is to be looked upon as a piece of natural carelessness and levity, rather than fortitude. The resolution of Socrates proceeded from very different motives, the consciousness of a well spent life, and a prospect of a happy eternity. If the ingenious author above-mentioned was so pleased with gaiety of humour in a dying man, he might have found a much nobler instance of it in our countryman Sir Thomas More[n].

This great and learned man was famous for enlivening his ordinary discourses with wit and pleasantry, and, as Erasmus tells

him in an epistle dedicatory, acted in all parts of life like a second Democritus.

He died upon a point of religion, and is respected as a martyr by that side for which he suffered. That innocent mirth which had been so conspicuous in his life did not forsake him to the last; he maintained the same chearfulness of heart upon the scaffold which he used to shew at his table; and, upon laying his head on the block, gave instances of that good humour with which he had always entertained his friends in the most ordinary occurrences. His death was of a piece with his life; there was nothing in it new, forced, or affected. He did not look upon the severing his head from his body as a circumstance that ought to produce any change in the disposition of his mind; and as he died under a fixed and settled hope of immortality, he thought any unusual degree of sorrow and concern improper on such an occasion, as had nothing in it which could deject or terrify him.

There is no great danger of imitation from this example; men's natural fears will be a sufficient guard against it. I shall only observe, that what was philosophy in this extraordinary man would be a frenzy in one who does not resemble him as well in the chearfulness of his temper, as in the sanctity of his life and manners.

I shall conclude this paper with the instance of a person who seems to me to have shewn more intrepidity and greatness of soul in his dying moments, than what we meet with among any of the most celebrated Greeks and Romans. I met with this instance in the history of the revolutions in Portugal, written by the Abbot de Vertot.

When Don Sebastian king of Portugal had invaded[n] the territories of Muly Moluc, emperor of Morocco, in order to dethrone him, and set his crown upon the head of his nephew, Moluc was wearing away with a distemper which he himself knew was incurable. However, he prepared for the reception of so formidable an enemy. He was indeed so far spent with his sickness that he did not expect to live out the whole day, when the last decisive battle was given; but knowing the fatal consequences that would happen to his children and people, in case he should die before he put an end to that war, he commanded his principal officers, that, if he died during the engagement, they should conceal his death from the army, and that they should ride up to

the litter, in which his corpse was carried, under pretence of receiving orders from him as usual. Before the battle begun, he was carried through all the ranks of his army in an open litter, as they stood drawn up in array, encouraging them to fight valiantly in defence of their religion and country. Finding afterwards the battle to go against him, though he was very near his last agonies, he threw himself out of his litter, rallied his army, and led them on to the charge; which afterwards ended in a complete victory on the side of the Moors. He had no sooner brought his men to the engagement, but, finding himself utterly spent, he was again replaced in his litter; where, laying his finger on his mouth, to enjoin secrecy to his officers who stood about him, he died a few moments after in that posture.

No. 381. *The Praise of Cheerfulness; its different aspects; atheism and vice tend to destroy it; its permanent sources.*

Æquam memento rebus in arduis
Servare mentem, non secus in bonis
Ab insolenti temperatam
Lætitia, moriture Delli.
HOR. Od. ii. 3.

I have always preferred chearfulness to mirth. The latter I consider as an act, the former as a habit of the mind. Mirth is short and transient, chearfulness fixed and permanent. Those are often raised into the greatest transports of mirth who are subject to the greatest depressions of melancholy: on the contrary, chearfulness, though it does not give the mind such an exquisite gladness, prevents us from falling into any depths of sorrow. Mirth is like a flash of lightning, that breaks through a gloom of clouds, and glitters for a moment; chearfulness keeps up a kind of day-light in the mind, and fills it with a steady and perpetual serenity.

Men of austere principles look upon mirth as too wanton and dissolute for a state of probation, and as filled with a certain triumph and insolence of heart, that is inconsistent with a life which is every moment obnoxious to the greatest dangers. Writers of this complexion have observed, that the sacred person who was the great pattern of perfection was never seen to laugh.

Chearfulness of mind is not liable to any of these exceptions: it is of a serious and composed nature; it does not throw the mind into a condition improper for the present state of humanity, and is very conspicuous in the characters of those who are looked upon as the greatest philosophers among the heathens, as well as among those who have been deservedly esteemed as saints and holy men among Christians.

If we consider chearfulness in three lights, with regard to ourselves, to those we converse with, and to the great Author of our being, it will not a little recommend itself on each of these accounts. The man who is possessed of this excellent frame of mind, is not only easy in his thoughts, but a perfect master of all the powers and faculties of his soul: his imagination is always clear, and his judgment undisturbed: his temper is even and unruffled, whether in action or in solitude. He comes with a relish to all those goods which nature has provided for him, tastes all the pleasures of the creation which are poured about him, and does not feel the full weight of those accidental evils which may befal him.

If we consider him in relation to the persons whom he converses with, it naturally produces love and good-will towards him. A chearful mind is not only disposed to be affable and obliging, but raises the same good humour in those who come within its influence. A man finds himself pleased, he does not know why, with the chearfulness of his companion: it is like a sudden sun-shine that awakens a secret delight in the mind, without her attending to it: the heart rejoices of its own accord, and naturally flows out into friendship and benevolence towards the person who has so kindly an effect upon it.

When I consider this chearful state of mind in its third relation, I cannot but look upon it as a constant habitual gratitude to the great Author of nature. An inward chearfulness is an implicit praise and thanksgiving to Providence under all its dispensations: it is a kind of acquiescence in the state wherein we are placed, and a secret approbation of the divine will in his conduct towards men.

There are but two things, which, in my opinion, can reasonably deprive us of this chearfulness of heart. The first of these is the sense of guilt. A man who lives in a state of vice and impenitence can have no title to that evenness and tranquillity of mind

which is the health of the soul, and the natural effect of virtue and innocence. Chearfulness in an ill man deserves a harder name than language can furnish us with, and is many degrees beyond what we commonly call folly or madness.

Atheism, by which I mean a disbelief of a Supreme Being, and consequently of a future state, under whatsoever titles it shelters itself, may likewise very reasonably deprive a man of this chearfulness of temper. There is something so particularly gloomy and offensive to human nature in the prospect of non-existence, that I cannot but wonder, with many excellent writers, how it is possible for a man to outlive the expectation of it. For my own part, I think the being of a God is so little to be doubted, that it is almost the only truth we are sure of, and such a truth as we meet with in every object, in every occurrence, and in every thought. If we look into the characters of this tribe of infidels, we generally find they are made up of pride, spleen, and cavil: it is indead no wonder that men who are uneasy to themselves should be so to the rest of the world: and how is it possible for a man to be otherwise than uneasy in himself, who is in danger every moment of losing his entire existence, and dropping into nothing?

The vicious man and atheist have therefore no pretence to chearfulness, and would act very unreasonably should they endeavour after it. It is impossible for any one to live in good-humour, and enjoy his present existence, who is apprehensive either of torment or of annihilation: of being miserable, or of not being at all.

After having mentioned these two great principles, which are destructive of chearfulness in their own nature, as well as in right reason, I cannot think of any other that ought to banish this happy temper from a virtuous mind. Pain and sickness, shame and reproach, poverty and old age, nay, death itself, considering the shortness of their duration, and the advantage we may reap from them, do not deserve the name of evils: a good mind may bear up under them with fortitude, with indolence, and with chearfulness of heart. The tossing of a tempest does not discompose him, which he is sure will bring him to a joyful harbour.

A man who uses his best endeavours to live according to the dictates of virtue and right reason, has two perpetual sources

of chearfulness, in the consideration of his own nature, and of that Being on whom he has a dependence. If he looks into himself, he cannot but rejoice in that existence which is so lately bestowed upon him, and which, after millions of ages, will be still new, and still in its beginning. How many self-congratulations naturally arise in the mind, when it reflects on this its entrance into eternity, when it takes a view of those improveable faculties, which in a few years, and even at his first setting out, have made so considerable a progress, and which will be still receiving an increase of perfection, and consequently an increase of happiness? The consciousness of such a being spreads a perpetual diffusion of joy through the soul of a virtuous man, and makes him look upon himself every moment as more happy than he knows how to conceive.

The second source of chearfulness to a good mind, is its consideration of that Being on whom we have our dependence, and in whom, though we behold him as yet but in the first faint discoveries of his perfections, we see every thing that we can imagine as great, glorious, or amiable. We find ourselves every where upheld by his goodness, and surrounded with an immensity of love and mercy. In short, we depend upon a Being, whose power qualifies him to make us happy by an infinity of means, whose goodness and truth engage him to make those happy who desire it of him, and whose unchangeableness will secure us in this happiness to all eternity.

Such considerations, which every one should perpetually cherish in his thoughts, will banish from us all that secret heaviness of heart which unthinking men are subject to when they lie under no real affliction, all that anguish which we may feel from any evil that actually oppresses us, to which I may likewise add those little cracklings of mirth and folly, that are apter to betray virtue than support it; and establish in us such an even and chearful temper, as makes us pleasing to ourselves, to those with whom we converse, and to him whom we were made to please.—I.

No. 458. *On True and False Shame; the latter makes the English repress any outward show of religion; cause of this explained.*

Αἰδὼς οὐκ ἀγαθή.—Hes.
Pudor malus.—Hor.

I could not but smile at the account that was yesterday given me of a modest young gentleman, who, being invited to an entertainment, though he was not used to drink, had not the confidence to refuse his glass in his turn, when on a sudden he grew so flustered that he took all the talk of the table into his own hands, abused every one of the company, and flung a bottle at the gentleman who treated him. This has given me occasion to reflect upon the ill effects of a vicious modesty, and to remember the saying of Brutus, as it is quoted by Plutarch, that the person has had but an ill education who has not been taught to deny any thing. This false kind of modesty has, perhaps, betrayed both sexes into as many vices as the most abandoned impudence, and is the more inexcusable to reason, because it acts to gratify others rather than itself, and is punished with a kind of remorse, not only, like other vicious habits, when the crime is over, but even at the very time that it is committed.

Nothing is more amiable than true modesty, and nothing is more contemptible than the false. The one guards virtue, the other betrays it. True modesty is ashamed to do any thing that is repugnant to the rules of right reason; false modesty is ashamed to do any thing that is opposite to the humour of the company. True modesty avoids every thing that is criminal, false modesty every thing that is unfashionable. The latter is only a general undetermined instinct; the former is that instinct, limited and circumscribed by the rules of prudence and religion.

We may conclude that modesty to be false and vicious, which engages a man to do any thing that is ill or indiscreet, or which restrains him from doing any thing that is of a contrary nature. How many men, in the common concerns of life, lend sums of money which they are not able to spare, are bound for persons whom they have but little friendship for, give recommendatory characters of men whom they are not acquainted with, bestow places on those whom they do not esteem, live

in such a manner as themselves do not approve, and all this merely because they have not the confidence to resist solicitation, importunity, or example?

Nor does this false modesty expose us only to such actions as are indiscreet, but very often to such as are highly criminal. When Xenophanes was called timorous because he would not venture his money in a game at dice, 'I confess,' said he, 'that I am exceeding timorous, for I dare not do any ill thing.' On the contrary, a man of vicious modesty complies with every thing, and is only fearful of doing what may look singular in the company where he is engaged. He falls in with the torrent, and lets himself go to every action or discourse, however unjustifiable in itself, so it be in vogue among the present party. This, though one of the most common, is one of the most ridiculous dispositions in human nature, that men should not be ashamed of speaking or acting in a dissolute or irrational manner, but that one who is in their company should be ashamed of governing himself by the principles of reason and virtue.

In the second place, we may consider false modesty as it restrains a man from doing what is good and laudable. My reader's own thoughts will suggest to him many instances and examples under this head. I shall only dwell upon one reflexion, which I cannot make without a secret concern. We have in England a particular bashfulness in every thing that regards religion. A well-bred man is obliged to conceal any serious sentiment of this nature, and very often to appear a greater libertine than he really is, that he may keep himself in countenance among the men of mode. Our excess of modesty makes us shame-faced in all the exercises of piety and devotion. This humour prevails upon us daily; insomuch that at many well bred tables the master of the house is so modest a man, that he has not the confidence to say a grace at his own table: a custom which is not only practised by all the nations about us, but was never omitted by the heathens themselves. English gentlemen, who travel into Roman Catholic countries, are not a little surprised to meet with people of the best quality kneeling in their churches, and engaged in their private devotions, though it be not at the hours of public worship. An officer of the army, or a man of wit and pleasure, in those countries, would be afraid of passing not only for an irreligious, but an ill-bred man, should

he be seen to go to bed, or sit down at table, without offering up his devotions on such occasions. The same show of religion appears in all the foreign reformed churches, and enters so much into their conversation, that an Englishman is apt to term them hypocritical and precise.

This little appearance of a religious deportment in our nation may proceed in some measure from that modesty which is natural to us; but the great occasion of it is certainly this; those swarms of sectaries that over-ran the nation in the time of the Great Rebellion carried their hypocrisy so high, that they had converted our whole language into a jargon of enthusiasm, insomuch that upon the Restoration men thought they could not recede too far from the behaviour and practice of those persons, who had made religion a cloke to so many villainies. This led them into the other extreme; every appearance of devotion was looked upon as puritanical; and falling into the hands of the ridiculers who flourished in that reign, and attacked every thing that was serious, it has ever since been out of countenance among us. By this means we are gradually fallen into that vicious modesty which has in some measure worn out from among us the appearance of Christianity in ordinary life and conversation, and which distinguishes us from all our neighbours.

Hypocrisy cannot indeed be too much detested, but at the same time is to be preferred to open impiety. They are both equally destructive to the person who is possessed with them: but, in regard to others, hypocrisy is not so pernicious as barefaced irreligion. The due mean to be observed is, to be sincerely virtuous, and at the same time to let the world see we are so. I do not know a more dreadful menace in the holy writings, than that which is pronounced against those who have this perverted modesty, to be ashamed before men in a particular of such unspeakable importance.—C.

No. 459. *Religion and morality; the pre-eminence of the latter; against persecution.*

Quicquid dignum sapiente bonoque est.

HOR. Epist. i. 4. 5.

Religion may be considered under two general heads. The first comprehends what we are to believe, the other what we

are to practise. By those things which we are to believe, I mean whatever is revealed to us in the holy writings, and which we could not have obtained the knowledge of by the light of nature; by the things which we are to practise, I mean all those duties to which we are directed by reason or natural religion. The first of these I shall distinguish by the name of faith, the second by that of morality.

If we look into the more serious part of mankind, we find many who lay so great a stress upon faith, that they neglect morality; and many who build so much upon morality, that they do not pay a due regard to faith. The perfect man should be defective in neither of these particulars, as will be evident to those who consider the benefits which arise from each of them, and which I shall make the subject of this day's paper.

Notwithstanding this general division of Christian duty into morality and faith, and that they have both their peculiar excellencies, the first has the pre-eminence in several respects.

First, Because the greatest part of morality (as I have stated the notion of it) is of a fixed eternal nature, and will endure when faith shall fail, and be lost in conviction.

Secondly, Because a person may be qualified to do greater good to mankind, and become more beneficial to the world, by morality without faith, than by faith without morality.

Thirdly, Because morality gives a greater perfection to human nature, by quieting the mind, moderating the passions, and advancing the happiness of every man in his private capacity.

Fourthly, Because the rule of morality is much more certain than that of faith, all the civilized nations of the world agreeing in the great points of morality, as much as they differ in those of faith.

Fifthly, Because infidelity is not of so malignant a nature as immorality; or, to put the same reason in another light, because it is generally owned, there may be salvation for a virtuous infidel, (particularly in the case of invincible ignorance), but none for a vicious believer.

Sixthly, Because faith seems to draw its principal, if not all its excellency, from the influence it has upon morality; as we shall see more at large, if we consider wherein consists the excellency of faith, or the belief of revealed religion; and this I think is,

First, In explaining and carrying to greater heights several points of morality.

Secondly, In furnishing new and stronger motives to enforce the practice of morality.

Thirdly, In giving us more amiable ideas of the Supreme Being, more endearing notions of one another, and a true state of ourselves, both in regard to the grandeur and vileness of our natures.

Fourthly, By shewing us the blackness and deformity of vice; which in the Christian system is so very great, that he who is possessed of all perfection, and the sovereign Judge of it, is represented by several of our divines as hating sin to the same degree that he loves the sacred Person who was made the propitiation of it.

Fifthly, In being the ordinary and prescribed method of making morality effectual to salvation.

I have only touched on these several heads, which every one who is conversant in discourses of this nature will easily enlarge upon in his own thoughts, and draw conclusions from them which may be useful to him in the conduct of his life. One I am sure is so obvious that he cannot miss it, namely, that a man cannot be perfect in his scheme of morality, who does not strengthen and support it with that of the Christian faith.

Besides this, I shall lay down two or three other maxims which I think we may deduce from what has been said.

First, That we should be particularly cautious of making any thing an article of faith, which does not contribute to the confirmation or improvement of morality.

Secondly, That no article of faith can be true and authentic, which weakens or subverts the practical part of religion, or what I have hitherto called morality.

Thirdly, That the greatest friend of morality, or natural religion, cannot possibly apprehend any danger from embracing Christianity, as it is preserved pure and uncorrupt in the doctrines of our national church.

There is likewise another maxim which I think may be drawn from the foregoing considerations, which is this; That we should, in all dubious points, consider any ill consequences that may arise from them, supposing they should be erroneous, before we give up our assent to them. For example, in that disputable point

of persecuting men for conscience sake, besides the embittering their minds with hatred, indignation, and all the vehemence of resentment, and ensnaring them to profess what they do not believe, we cut them off from the pleasures and advantages of society, afflict their bodies, distress their fortunes, hurt their reputations, ruin their families, make their lives painful, or put an end to them. Sure, when I see dreadful consequences rising from a principle, I would be as fully convinced of the truth of it as of a mathematical demonstration, before I would venture to act upon it, or make it a part of my religion.

In this case, the injury done our neighbour is plain and evident, the principle that puts us upon doing it of a dubious and disputable nature. Morality seems highly violated by the one, and whether or no a zeal for what a man thinks the true system of faith may justify it, is very uncertain. I cannot but think, if our religion produces charity as well as zeal, it will not be for shewing itself by such cruel instances. But, to conclude with the words of an excellent author, 'We have just enough religion to make us hate, but not enough to make us love one another.'—C.

No. 483. *On judgments, or what are rashly assumed to be such; instances of this temerity; its presumption and folly.*

Nec Deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice nodus
Inciderit

HOR. Ars Poet. 191.

Nor let a God in person stand display'd,
Unless the labouring plot deserve his aid.

FRANCIS.

We cannot be guilty of a greater act of uncharitableness, than to interpret the afflictions which befal our neighbours, as *punishments* and *judgments*. It aggravates the evil to him who suffers, when he looks upon himself as the mark of divine vengeance, and abates the compassion of those towards him, who regard him in so dreadful a light. The humour of turning every misfortune into a judgment proceeds from wrong notions of religion, which, in its own nature, produces good-will towards men, and puts the mildest construction upon every accident that befals them. In this case therefore, it is not religion that sours a man's temper, but it is his temper that sours his religion: people of

gloomy unchearful imaginations, or of envious malignant tempers, whatever kind of life they are engaged in, will discover their natural tincture of mind in all their thoughts, words, and actions. As the finest wines have often the taste of the soil, so even the most religious thoughts often draw something that is particular from the constitution of the mind in which they arise. When folly or superstition strike in with this natural depravity of temper, it is not in the power even of religion itself, to preserve the character of the person who is possessed with it from appearing highly absurd and ridiculous.

An old maiden gentlewoman, whom I shall conceal under the name of Nemesis[n], is the greatest discoverer of judgments that I have met with. She can tell you what sin it was that set such a man's house on fire, or blew down his barns. Talk to her of an unfortunate young lady that hath lost her beauty by the small-pox, she fetches a deep sigh, and tells you, that when she had a fine face she was always looking on it in her glass. Tell her of a piece of good fortune that has befallen one of her acquaintance, and she wishes it may prosper with her, but her mother used one of her nieces very barbarously. Her usual remarks turn upon people who had great estates, but never enjoyed them, by reason of some flaw in their own, or their father's behaviour. She can give you the reason why such a one died childless; why such an one was cut off in the flower of his youth; why such an one was unhappy in her marriage; why one broke his leg in such a particular spot of ground; and why another was killed with a back-sword[n], rather than with any other kind of weapon. She has a crime for every misfortune that can befal any of her acquaintance; and when she hears of a robbery that has been made, or a murder that has been committed, enlarges more on the guilt of the suffering person than on that of the thief or assassin. In short, she is so good a Christian, that whatever happens to herself is a trial, and whatever happens to her neighbours is a judgment.

The very description of this folly, in ordinary life, is sufficient to expose it; but when it appears in a pomp and dignity of style, it is very apt to amuse and terrify the mind of the reader. Herodotus and Plutarch very often apply their judgments as impertinently as the old woman I have before mentioned, though their manner of relating them makes the folly itself appear

venerable. Indeed, most historians, as well Christian as Pagan, have fallen into this idle superstition, and spoken of ill success, unforeseen disasters, and terrible events, as if they had been let into the secrets of Providence, and made acquainted with that private conduct by which the world is governed. One would think several of our own historians in particular had many revelations of this kind made to them. Our old English monks seldom let any of their kings depart in peace, who had endeavoured to diminish the power or wealth of which the ecclesiastics were in those times possessed. William the Conqueror's race generally found their judgments in the New Forest, where their fathers had pulled down churches and monasteries. In short, read one of the chronicles written by an author of this frame of mind, and you would think you were reading an history of the kings of Israel and Judah, where the historians were actually inspired, and where, by a particular scheme of Providence, the kings were distinguished by judgments or blessings, according as they promoted idolatry or the worship of the true God.

I cannot but look upon this manner of judging upon misfortunes not only to be very uncharitable in regard to the persons whom they befal, but very presumptuous in regard to him who is supposed to inflict them. It is a strong argument for a state of retribution hereafter, that in this world virtuous persons are very often unfortunate, and vicious persons prosperous; which is wholly repugnant to the nature of a Being who appears infinitely wise and good in all his works, unless we may suppose that such a promiscuous and undistinguished distribution of good and evil, which was necessary for carrying on the designs of Providence in this life, will be rectified and made amends for in another. We are not therefore to expect that fire should fall from heaven in the ordinary course of Providence; nor, when we see triumphant guilt or depressed virtue in particular persons, that Omnipotence will make bare its holy arm in defence of the one or punishment of the other. It is sufficient that there is a day set apart for the hearing and requiting of both according to their respective merits.

The folly of ascribing temporal judgments to any particular crimes, may appear from several considerations. I shall only mention two: first, That, generally speaking, there is no calamity

or affliction, which is supposed to have happened as a judgment to a vicious man, which does not happen to men of approved religion and virtue. When Diagoras the atheist[n] was aboard one of the Athenian ships there arose a very violent tempest; upon which the mariners told him, that it was a just judgment upon them for having taken so impious a man on board. Diagoras begged them to look upon the rest of the ships that were in the same distress, and asked them whether or no Diagoras was on board every vessel in the fleet. We are all involved in the same calamities, and subject to the same accidents; and when we see any one of the species under any particular oppression, we should look upon it as arising from the common lot of human nature, rather than from the guilt of the person who suffers.

Another consideration that may check our presumption in putting such a construction upon a misfortune is this, that it is impossible for us to know what are calamities and what are blessings. How many accidents have passed for misfortunes, which have turned to the welfare and prosperity of the persons in whose lot they have fallen? How many disappointments have, in their consequences, saved a man from ruin? If we could look into the effects of everything, we might be allowed to pronounce boldly upon blessings and judgments; but for a man to give his opinion of what he sees but in part, and in its beginnings, is an unjustifiable piece of rashness and folly. The story of Biton and Clitobus[n], which was in great reputation among the Heathens, (for we see it quoted by all the ancient authors, both Greek and Latin, who have written upon the immortality of the soul), may teach us a caution in this matter. Those two brothers, being the sons of a lady who was priestess to Juno, drew their mother's chariot to the temple at the time of a great solemnity, the persons being absent who by their office were to have drawn her chariot on that occasion. The mother was so transported with this instance of filial duty, that she petitioned her goddess to bestow upon them the greatest gift that could be given to men; upon which they were both cast into a deep sleep, and the next morning found dead in the temple. This was such an event as would have been construed into a judgment, had it happened to the two brothers after an act of disobedience, and would doubtless have been represented as such by any ancient historian who had given us an account of it.—O.

No. 494. *Gloom no part of piety; anecdote from Puritan times; character of Sombrius; true religion is cheerful.*

Ægritudinem laudare, unam rem maxime detestabilem, quorum est tandem philosophorum?—Cic.

What kind of philosophy is it, to extol melancholy, the most detestable thing in nature?

About an age ago it was the fashion in England, for every one that would be thought religious, to throw as much sanctity as possible into his face, and in particular to abstain from all appearances of mirth and pleasantry, which were looked upon as the marks of a carnal mind. The saint was of a sorrowful countenance, and generally eaten up with spleen and melancholy. A gentleman, who was lately a great ornament to the learned world, has diverted me more than once with an account of the reception which he met with from a very famous Independent minister, who was head of a college in those times[n]. This gentleman was then a young adventurer in the republic of letters, and just fitted out for the university with a good cargo of Latin and Greek. His friends were resolved that he should try his fortune at an election which was drawing near in the college, of which the Independent minister whom I have before mentioned was governor. The youth, according to custom, waited on him in order to be examined. He was received at the door by a servant, who was one of that gloomy generation that were then in fashion. He conducted him, with great silence and seriousness, to a long gallery which was darkened at noon-day, and had only a single candle burning in it. After a short stay in this melancholy apartment, he was led into a chamber hung with black, where he entertained himself for some time by the glimmering of a taper, till at length the head of the college came out to him from an inner room, with half a dozen night-caps upon his head, and religious horror in his countenance. The young man trembled; but his fears increased, when, instead of being asked what progress he had made in learning, he was examined how he abounded in grace. His Latin and Greek stood him in little stead; he was to give an account only of the state of his soul; whether he was of the number of the elect; what was the occasion of his conversion; upon what day of the month and hour of the day it happened; how it was carried on,

and when completed. The whole examination was summed up with one short question, namely, *Whether he was prepared for death?* The boy, who had been bred up by honest parents, was frighted out of his wits at the solemnity of the proceeding, and by the last dreadful interrogatory; so that, upon making his escape out of the house of mourning, he could never be brought a second time to the examination, as not being able to go through the terrors of it.

Notwithstanding this general form and outside of religion is pretty well worn out among us, there are many persons, who, by a natural unchearfulness of heart, mistaken notions of piety, or weakness of understanding, love to indulge this uncomfortable way of life, and give up themselves a prey to grief and melancholy. Superstitious fears and groundless scruples cut them off from the pleasures of conversation, and all those social entertainments which are not only innocent, but laudable: as if mirth was made for reprobates, and chearfulness of heart denied those who are the only persons that have a proper title to it.

Sombrius is one of these sons of sorrow. He thinks himself obliged in duty to be sad and disconsolate. He looks on a sudden fit of laughter as a breach of his baptismal vow. An innocent jest startles him like blasphemy. Tell him of one who is advanced to a title of honour, he lifts up his hands and eyes; describe a public ceremony, he shakes his head: shew him a gay equipage, he blesses himself. All the little ornaments of life are pomps and vanities. Mirth is wanton, and wit profane. He is scandalized at youth for being lively, and at childhood for being playful. He sits at a christening, or a marriage feast, as at a funeral; sighs at the conclusion of a merry story, and grows devout when the rest of the company grow pleasant. After all, Sombrius is a religious man, and would have behaved himself very properly, had he lived when Christianity was under a general persecution.

I would by no means presume to tax such characters with hypocrisy, as is done too frequently; that being a vice which I think none but he, who knows the secrets of men's hearts, should pretend to discover in another, where the proofs of it do not amount to a demonstration. On the contrary, as there are many excellent persons who are weighed down by this habitual sorrow of heart, they rather deserve our compassion than our

reproaches. I think, however, they would do well to consider whether such a behaviour does not deter men from a religious life, by representing it as an unsociable state, that extinguishes all joy and gladness, darkens the face of nature, and destroys the relish of being itself.

I have, in former papers, shewn how great a tendency there is to chearfulness in religion, and how such a frame of mind is not only the most lovely, but the most commendable in a virtuous person. In short, those who represent religion in so unamiable a light, are like the spies sent by Moses to make a discovery of the land of Promise, when by their reports they discouraged the people from entering upon it. Those who shew us the joy, the chearfulness, the good-humour, that naturally spring up in this happy state, are like the spies bringing along with them the clusters of grapes and delicious fruits, that might invite their companions into the pleasant country which produced them.

An eminent Pagan writer[n] has made a discourse, to shew that the atheist, who denies a God, does him less dishonour than the man who owns his being, but at the same time believes him to be cruel, hard to please, and terrible to human nature. For my own part, says he, I would rather it should be said of me, that there was never any such man as Plutarch, than that Plutarch was ill-natured, capricious, or inhumane.

If we may believe our logicians, man is distinguished from all other creatures by the faculty of laughter. He has a heart capable of mirth, and naturally disposed to it. It is not the business of virtue to extirpate the affections of the mind, but to regulate them. It may moderate and restrain, but was not designed to banish gladness from the heart of man. Religion contracts the circle of our pleasures, but leaves it wide enough for her votaries to expatiate in. The contemplation of the divine Being, and the exercise of virtue, are in their own nature so far from excluding all gladness of heart, that they are perpetual sources of it. In a word, the true spirit of religion cheers as well as composes the soul; it banishes indeed all levity of behaviour, all vicious and dissolute mirth, but in exchange fills the mind with a perpetual serenity, uninterrupted chearfulness, and an habitual inclination to please others, as well as to be pleased in itself.—O.

No. 531. *The idea of God; opinion of Locke; religion of Sir Isaac Newton.*

Qui mare et terras variisque mundum
Temperat horis:
Unde nil majus generatur ipso,
Nec viget quidquam simile aut secundum.
HOR. Od. i. 12.

Simonides being asked by Dionysius the tyrant, What God was? desired a day's time to consider of it before he made his reply. When the day was expired, he desired two days; and afterwards instead of returning his answer, demanded still double time to consider of it. This great poet and philosopher, the more he contemplated the nature of the Deity, found that he waded but the more out of his depth; and that he lost himself in the thought, instead of finding an end of it.

If we consider the idea which wise men by the light of reason have framed of the Divine Being, it amounts to this: that he has in him all the perfection of a spiritual nature; and since we have no notion of any kind of spiritual perfection but what we discover in our own souls, we join infinitude to each kind of these perfections, and what is a faculty in a human soul becomes an attribute in God.

We exist in place and time; the Divine Being fills the immensity of space with his presence, and inhabits eternity. We are possessed of a little power and a little knowledge, the Divine Being is Almighty and omniscient. In short, by adding infinity to any kind of perfection we enjoy, and by joining all these different kinds of perfections in one being, we form our idea of the great Sovereign of nature.

Though every one who thinks must have made this observation, I shall produce Mr. Locke's authority to the same purpose, out of his Essay on human understanding[n]. 'If we examine the idea we have of the incomprehensible Supreme Being, we shall find, that we come by it the same way; and that the complex ideas we have both of God and separate spirits, are made up of the simple ideas we receive from reflexion: v. g. having from what we experiment in ourselves, got the ideas of existence and duration, of knowledge and power, of pleasure and happiness, and of several other qualities and powers, which it is better to have than to be without,—when we would frame

an idea the most suitable we can to the Supreme Being, we enlarge every one of these with our idea of infinity; and so putting them together, make our complex idea of God.'

It is not impossible that there may be many kinds of spiritual perfection, besides those which are lodged in an human soul; but it is impossible that we should have ideas of any kinds of perfection, except those of which we have some small rays and short imperfect strokes in ourselves. It would be therefore a very high presumption to determine whether the Supreme Being has not many more attributes than those which enter into our conceptions of him. This is certain, that if there be any kind of spiritual perfection which is not marked out in an human soul, it belongs in its fulness to the Divine Nature.

Several eminent philosophers have imagined that the soul, in her separate state, may have new faculties springing up in her, which she is not capable of exerting during her present union with the body; and whether these faculties may not correspond with other attributes in the divine nature, and open to us hereafter new matter of wonder and adoration, we are altogether ignorant. This, as I have said before, we ought to acquiesce in, that the Sovereign Being, the great Author of nature, has in him all possible perfection, as well in *kind* as in *degree;* to speak according to our methods of conceiving. I shall only add under this head, that when we have raised our notion of this infinite Being as high as it is possible for the mind of man to go, it will fall infinitely short of what he really is. *There is no end of his greatness;* the most exalted creature he has made, is only capable of adoring it, none but himself can comprehend it.

The advice of the son of Sirach is very just and sublime in this light. 'By his word all things consist. We may speak much, and yet come short; wherefore in sum, he is all. How shall we be able to magnify him? for he is great above all his works. The Lord is terrible and very great; and marvellous in his power. When you glorify the Lord, exalt him as much as you can: for even yet will he far exceed. And when you exalt him, put forth all your strength, and be not weary; for you can never go far enough. Who hath seen him, that he might tell us? and who can magnify him as he is? There are yet hid greater things than these be, for we have seen but a few of his works.'

I have here only considered the Supreme Being by the light of reason and philosophy. If we would see him in all the wonders of his mercy we must have recourse to revelation, which represents him to us, not only as infinitely great and glorious, but as infinitely good and just in his dispensations towards man. But as this is a theory which falls under every one's consideration, though indeed it can never be sufficiently considered, I shall here only take notice of that habitual worship and veneration which we ought to pay to this Almighty Being. We should often refresh our minds with the thought of him, and annihilate ourselves before him, in the contemplation of our own worthlessness and of his transcendent excellency and perfection. This would imprint in our minds such a constant and uninterrupted awe and veneration as that which I am here recommending, and which is in reality a kind of incessant prayer, and reasonable humiliation of the soul before him who made it.

This would effectually kill in us all the little seeds of pride, vanity, and self-conceit, which are apt to shoot up in the minds of such whose thoughts turn more on those comparative advantages which they enjoy over some of their fellow-creatures, than on that infinite distance which is placed between them and the supreme model of all perfection. It would likewise quicken our desires and endeavours of uniting ourselves to him by all the acts of religion and virtue.

Such an habitual homage to the Supreme Being would, in a particular manner, banish from among us that prevailing impiety of using his name on the most trivial occasions.

I find the following passage in an excellent sermon[n], preached at the funeral of a gentleman who was an honour to his country, and a more diligent as well as successful inquirer into the works of nature than any other our nation has ever produced: 'He had the profoundest veneration for the great God of heaven and earth that I have ever observed in any person. The very name of God was never mentioned by him without a pause and a visible stop in his discourse; in which, one that knew him most particularly above twenty years, has told me that he was so exact, that he does not remember to have observed him once to fail in it.'

Every one knows the veneration which was paid by the Jews to a name so great, wonderful and holy. They would not let it

enter even into their religious discourses. What can we then think of those who make use of so tremendous a name in the ordinary expressions of their anger, mirth, and most impertinent passions! of those who admit it into the most familiar questions and assertions, ludicrous phrases and works of humour; not to mention those who violate it by solemn perjuries. It would be an affront to reason to endeavour to set forth the horror and profaneness of such a practice. The very mention of it exposes it sufficiently to those, in whom the light of nature, not to say religion, is not utterly extinguished.—O.

No. 565. *Sun-set; the starry heavens; meditation on the infinity of Created Nature; human limitation; the omnipresence and omniscience of God.*

Deum namque ire per omnes
Terrasque, tractusque maris, cœlumque profundum.
VIRG. Georg. iv. 221.

I was yesterday about sun-set walking in the open fields, till the night insensibly fell upon me. I at first amused myself with all the richness and variety of colours, which appeared in the western parts of heaven: in proportion as they faded away and went out, several stars and planets appeared one after another, till the whole firmament was in a glow. The blueness of the æther was exceedingly heightened and enlivened by the season of the year, and by the rays of all those luminaries that passed through it. The galaxy appeared in its most beautiful white. To complete the scene, the full moon rose at length in that clouded majesty which Milton takes notice of, and opened to the eye a new picture of nature, which was more finely shaded, and disposed among softer lights, than that which the sun had before discovered to us.

As I was surveying the moon walking in her brightness, and taking her progress among the constellations, a thought rose in me which I believe very often perplexes and disturbs men of serious and contemplative natures. David himself fell into it in that reflexion, *When I consider the heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained; what is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man that thou regardest him?* In the same manner, when I considered that infinite host of stars,

or, to speak more philosophically, of suns, which were then shining upon me, with those innumerable sets of planets or worlds, which were moving round their respective suns; when I still enlarged the idea, and supposed another heaven of suns and worlds rising still above this which we discovered, and these still enlightened by a superior firmament of luminaries, which are planted at so great a distance that they may appear to the inhabitants of the former as the stars to us; in short, whilst I pursued this thought, I could not but reflect on that little insignificant figure which I myself bore amidst the immensity of God's works.

Were the sun, which enlightens this part of the creation, with all the host of planetary worlds that move about him, utterly extinguished and annihilated, they would not be missed, more than a grain of sand upon the sea-shore. The space they possess is so exceedingly little in comparison of the whole, that it would scarce make a blank in the creation. The chasm would be imperceptible to an eye, that could take in the whole compass of nature, and pass from one end of the creation to the other; as it is possible there may be such a sense in ourselves hereafter, or in creatures which are at present more exalted than ourselves. We see many stars by the help of glasses, which we do not discover with our naked eyes; and the finer our telescopes are, the more still are our discoveries. Huygenius carries this thought so far, that he does not think it impossible there may be stars whose light is not yet travelled down to us, since their first creation[n]. There is no question but the universe has certain bounds set to it; but when we consider that it is the work of infinite power, prompted by infinite goodness, with an infinite space to exert itself in, how can our imagination set any bounds to it[n]?

To return therefore to my first thought, I could not but look upon myself with secret horror, as a being that was not worth the smallest regard of one who had so great a work under his care and superintendency. I was afraid of being overlooked amidst the immensity of nature, and lost among that infinite variety of creatures, which in all probability swarm through all these immeasurable regions of matter.

In order to recover myself from this mortifying thought, I considered that it took its rise from those narrow conceptions, which we are apt to entertain of the divine nature. We ourselves cannot attend to many different objects at the same time. If we

are careful to inspect some things, we must of course neglect others. This imperfection which we observe in ourselves, is an imperfection that cleaves in some degree to creatures of the highest capacities, as they are creatures, that is, beings of finite and limited natures. The presence of every created being is confined to a certain measure of space, and consequently his observation is stinted to a certain number of objects. The sphere in which we move and act and understand, is of a wider circumference to one creature than another, according as we rise one above another in the scale of existence. But the widest of these our spheres has its circumference. When therefore we reflect on the divine nature, we are so used and accustomed to this imperfection in ourselves, that we cannot forbear in some measure ascribing it to him in whom there is no shadow of imperfection. Our reason indeed assures us that his attributes are infinite, but the poorness of our conceptions is such that it cannot forbear setting bounds to every thing it contemplates, till our reason comes again to our succour, and throws down all those little prejudices which rise in us unawares, and are natural to the mind of man.

If we consider Him in his omnipresence: His being passes through, actuates, and supports the whole frame of nature. His creation, and every part of it, is full of him. There is nothing he has made, that is either so distant, so little, or so inconsiderable, which he does not essentially inhabit. His substance is within the substance of every being, whether material or immaterial, and as intimately present to it, as that being is to itself. It would be an imperfection in him, were he able to remove out of one place into another, or to withdraw himself from anything he has created, or from any part of that space which is diffused and spread abroad to infinity. In short, to speak of him in the language of the old philosopher, he is a being whose centre is every where, and his circumference no where.

In the second place, he is omniscient as well as omnipresent. His omniscience indeed necessarily and naturally flows from his omnipresence. He cannot but be conscious of every motion that arises in the whole material world, which he thus essentially pervades; and of every thought that is stirring in the intellectual world, to every part of which he is thus intimately united. Several moralists have considered the creation as the temple of

God, which he has built with his own hands, and which is filled with his presence. Others have considered infinite space as the receptacle or rather the habitation of the Almighty: but the noblest and most exalted way of considering this infinite space is that of Sir Isaac Newton, who calls it the *sensorium* of the Godhead. Brutes and men have their *sensoriola*, or little *sensoriums*, by which they apprehend the presence, and perceive the actions, of a few objects that lie contiguous to them. Their knowledge and observation turns within a very narrow circle. But as God Almighty cannot but perceive and know every thing in which he resides, infinite space gives room to infinite knowledge, and is, as it were, an organ to omniscience.

Were the soul separate from the body, and with one glance of thought should start beyond the bounds of the creation, should it for millions of years continue its progress through infinite space with the same activity, it would still find itself within the embrace of its Creator, and encompassed round with the immensity of the Godhead. Whilst we are in the body he is not less present with us, because he is concealed from us. 'O that I knew where I might find him!' says Job. 'Behold, I go forward, but he is not there; and backward, but I cannot perceive him: on the left hand where he does work, but I cannot behold him: he hideth himself on the right hand, that I cannot see him.' In short, reason as well as revelation assures us, that he cannot be absent from us, notwithstanding he is undiscovered by us.

In this consideration of God Almighty's omnipresence and omniscience every uncomfortable thought vanishes. He cannot but regard every thing that has being, especially such of his creatures who fear they are not regarded by him. He is privy to all their thoughts, and to that anxiety of heart in particular, which is apt to trouble them on this occasion: for as it is impossible he should overlook any of his creatures, so we may be confident that he regards with an eye of mercy those who endeavour to recommend themselves to his notice, and in an unfeigned humility of heart think themselves unworthy that he should be mindful of them.

No. 569. *On the vice of Drunkenness; its ruinous consequences; it discovers latent faults, and engenders fresh ones.*

> Reges dicuntur multis urgere culullis
> Et torquere mero, quem perspexisse laborant,
> An sit amicitia dignus HOR. Ars Poet. 434.
>
> Monarchs, 'tis said, with many a flowing bowl
> Search through the deep recesses of his soul,
> Whom for their future friendship they design,
> And put him to the torture in his wine.
> FRANCIS.

No vices are so incurable as those which men are apt to glory in. One would wonder how drunkenness should have the good luck to be of this number. Anarcharsis [n], being invited to a match of drinking at Corinth, demanded the prize very humorously, because he was drunk before any of the rest of the company; for, says he, when we run a race, he who arrives at the goal first is intitled to the reward. On the contrary, in this thirsty generation, the honour falls upon him who carries off the greatest quantity of liquor, and knocks down the rest of the company. I was the other day with honest Will Funnell the West Saxon, who was reckoning up how much liquor had passed through him in the last twenty years of his life, which, according to his computation, amounted to twenty-three hogsheads of October, four ton of Port, half a kilderkin of small beer, nineteen barrels of cyder, and three glasses of Champagne; besides which he had assisted at four hundred bowls of punch, not to mention sips, drams, and whets without number. I question not but every reader's memory will suggest to him several ambitious young men, who are as vain in this particular as Will Funnell, and can boast of as glorious exploits.

Our modern philosophers observe, that there is a general decay of moisture in the globe of the earth. This they chiefly ascribe to the growth of vegetables, which incorporate into their own substance many fluid bodies that never return again to their former nature; but, with submission, they ought to throw into their account those innumerable rational beings which fetch their nourishment chiefly out of liquids: especially when we consider that men, compared with their fellow-creatures, drink much more than comes to their share.

But however highly this tribe of people may think of them-

selves, a drunken man is a greater monster than any that is to be found among all the creatures which God has made; as indeed there is no character which appears more despicable and deformed, in the eyes of all reasonable persons, than that of a drunkard. Bonosus [n], one of our countrymen, who was addicted to this vice, having set up for a share in the Roman empire, and being defeated in a great battle, hanged himself. When he was seen by the army in this melancholy situation, notwithstanding he had behaved himself very bravely, the common jest was, that the thing they saw hanging upon the tree before them was not a man but a bottle.

This vice has very fatal effects on the mind, the body, and fortune of the person who is devoted to it.

In regard to the mind, it first of all discovers every flaw in it. The sober man, by the strength of reason, may keep under and subdue every vice or folly to which he is most inclined; but wine makes every latent seed sprout up in the soul, and shew itself; it gives fury to the passions, and force to those objects which are apt to produce them. When a young fellow complained to an old philosopher that his wife was not handsome, 'Put less water in your wine,' says the philosopher, 'and you will quickly make her so.' 'Wine heightens indifference into love, love into jealousy, and jealousy into madness. It often turns the good natured man into an idiot, and the choleric into an assassin.' It gives bitterness to resentment, it makes vanity insupportable, and displays every little spot of the soul in its utmost deformity.

Nor does this vice only betray the hidden faults of a man, and shew them in the most odious colours, but often occasions faults to which he is not naturally subject. There is more of turn than of truth in a saying of Seneca, *That drunkenness does not produce, but discover faults.* Common experience teaches us the contrary. Wine throws a man out of himself, and infuses qualities into the mind which she is a stranger to in her sober moments. The person you converse with, after the third bottle, is not the same man who at first sat down at table with you. Upon this maxim is founded one of the prettiest sayings I ever met with, which is ascribed to Publius Syrus [n], *Qui ebrium ludificat, lœdit absentem:* 'He who jests upon a man that is drunk, injures the absent.'

Thus does drunkenness act in direct contradiction to reason, whose business it is to clear the mind of every vice which is crept

into it, and to guard it against all the approaches of any that endeavours to make its entrance. But besides these ill effects which this vice produces in a person who is actually under its dominion, it has also a bad influence on the mind even in its sober moments, as it insensibly weakens the understanding, impairs the memory, and makes those faults habitual which are produced by frequent excesses.

I should now proceed to shew the ill effects which this vice has on the bodies and fortunes of men; but these I shall reserve for the subject of some future paper.

No. 574. *Contentment the 'great secret'; considerations tending to promote it; anecdotes; its natural connection with religion.*

Non possidentem multa vocaveris
Recte beatum; rectius occupat
Nomen beati, qui deorum
Muneribus sapienter uti,
Duramque callet pauperiem pati.
HOR. Od. iv. 9. 45.

Not he, of wealth immense possest,
Tasteless who piles his massy gold,
Among the numbers of the blest
Should have its glorious name enroll'd;
He better claims the glorious name, who knows
With wisdom to enjoy what heav'n bestows.

Who knows the wrongs of want to bear,
Even in its lowest, last extreme;
Yet can with conscious virtue fear,
Far worse than death, a deed of shame.
FRANCIS.

I was once engaged in a discourse with a Rosicrusian about *the great secret.* As this kind of men (I mean those of them who are not professed cheats), are over-run with enthusiasm and philosophy, it was very amusing to hear this religious adept descanting on his pretended discovery. He talked of the secret as of a spirit which lived within an emerald, and converted every thing that was near it to the highest perfection it is capable of. 'It gives a lustre,' says he, 'to the sun, and water to the diamond. It irradiates every metal, and enriches lead with all the properties of gold. It heightens smoke into flame, flame into light, and light into glory.' He further added, that a single ray of it dissi-

pates pain, and care, and melancholy, from the person on whom it falls. In short, says he, its presence naturally changes every place into a kind of heaven. After he had gone on for some time in this unintelligible cant, I found that he jumbled natural and moral ideas together in the same discourse, and that his great secret was nothing else but—*Content*.

This virtue does indeed produce, in some measure, all those effects which the alchymist usually ascribes to what he calls the philosopher's stone: and if it does not bring riches, it does the same thing, by banishing the desire of them. If it cannot remove the disquietudes arising out of a man's mind, body, or fortune, it makes him easy under them. It has indeed a kindly influence on the soul of man, in respect of every being to whom he stands related. It extinguishes all murmur, repining, and ingratitude towards that Being who has allotted him his part to act in this world. It destroys all inordinate ambition, and every tendency to corruption, with regard to the community wherein he is placed. It gives sweetness to his conversation, and a perpetual serenity to all his thoughts.

Among the many methods which might be made use of for the acquiring of this virtue, I shall only mention the two following. First of all, a man should always consider how much he has more than he wants; and then, secondly, how much more unhappy he might be than he really is.

First of all, a man should always consider how much he has more than he wants. I am wonderfully pleased with the reply which Aristippus made to one who condoled him upon the loss of a farm: 'Why,' said he, 'I have three farms still, and you have but one; so that I ought rather to be afflicted for you than you for me[n].' On the contrary, foolish men are more apt to consider what they have lost than what they possess; and to fix their eyes upon those who are richer than themselves, rather than on those who are under greater difficulties. All the real pleasures and conveniences of life lie in a narrow compass: but it is the humour of mankind to be always looking forward, and straining after one who has got the start of them in wealth and honour. For this reason, as there are none can be properly called rich, who have not somewhat more than they want; there are few rich men in any of the politer nations but those who are among the middle sort of people, who keep their wishes always within their

fortunes, and have more wealth than they know how to enjoy. Persons of a higher rank live at best in a kind of splendid poverty, and are perpetually wanting, because, instead of acquiescing in the solid pleasures of life, they endeavour to outvie one another in shadows and appearances. Men of sense have at all times beheld with a great deal of mirth this silly game that is playing over their heads, and, by contracting their desires, enjoy all that secret satisfaction which others are always in quest of. The truth is, this ridiculous chace after imaginary pleasures cannot be sufficiently exposed, as it is the great source of those evils which generally undo a nation. Let a man's estate be what it will, he is a poor man if he does not live within it, and naturally sets himself to sale to any one that can give him his price. When Pittacus, after the death of his brother, who had left him a good estate, was offered a great sum of money by the king of Lydia, he thanked him for his kindness, but told him he had already more by half than he knew what to do with. In short, content is equivalent to wealth, and luxury to poverty; or, to give the thought a more agreeable turn, *Content is natural wealth*, says Socrates; to which I shall add, *Luxury is artificial poverty*. I shall therefore recommend to the consideration of those who are always aiming after superfluous and imaginary enjoyments, and will not be at the trouble of contracting their desires, an excellent saying of Bion the philosopher, namely, 'That no man has so much care, as he who endeavours after the most happiness.'

In the second place, every one ought to reflect how much more unhappy he might be than he really is. The former consideration took in all those who are sufficiently provided with the means to make themselves easy; this regards such as actually lie under some pressure or misfortune. These may receive great alleviation from such a comparison as the unhappy person may make between himself and others, or between the misfortune which he suffers, and greater misfortunes which might have befallen him.

I like the story of the honest Dutchman, who, upon breaking his leg by a fall from the mainmast, told the standers by, it was a great mercy that it was not his neck. To which, since I am got into quotations, give me leave to add the saying of an old philosopher, who, after having invited some of his friends to dine with him, was ruffled by his wife that came into the room in a passion,

and threw down the table that stood before them: 'Every one,' says he, 'has his calamity, and he is a happy man that has no greater than this.' We find an instance to the same purpose in the life of Dr. Hammond, written by Bishop Fell. As this good man[n] was troubled with a complication of distempers, when he had the gout upon him, he used to thank God that it was not the stone; and when he had the stone, that he had not both these distempers on him at the same time.

I cannot conclude this essay without observing, that there was never any system besides that of Christianity, which could effectually produce in the mind of man the virtue I have hitherto been speaking of. In order to make us content with our present condition many of the antient philosophers tell us, that our discontent only hurts ourselves, without being able to make any alteration in our circumstances; others, that whatever evil befals us is derived by fatal necessity, to which the gods themselves are subject; while others very gravely tell the man who is miserable, that it is necessary he should be so to keep up the harmony of the universe, and that the scheme of Providence would be troubled and perverted were he otherwise. These, and the like considerations, rather silence than satisfy a man. They may shew him that his discontent is unreasonable, but are by no means sufficient to relieve it. They rather give despair than consolation. In a word, a man might reply to one of these comforters, as Augustus did to his friend, who advised him not to grieve for the death of a person whom he loved, because his grief could not fetch him again: 'It is for that very reason,' said the emperor, 'that I grieve.'

On the contrary, religion bears a more tender regard to human nature. It prescribes to every miserable man the means of bettering his condition; nay, it shows him that the bearing of his afflictions as he ought to do will naturally end in the removal of them; it makes him easy here, because it can make him happy hereafter.

Upon the whole, a contented mind is the greatest blessing a man can enjoy in this world; and if in the present life his happiness arises from the subduing of his desires, it will arise in the next from the gratification of them.

No. 575. *On the Present and the Future Life; inconsiderate behaviour, in view of immortality, of the majority of mankind.*

Nec morti esse locum.—VIRG. Georg. iv. 226.

A lewd young fellow seeing an aged hermit go by him barefoot, 'Father,' says he, 'you are in a very miserable condition if there is not another world.' 'True, son,' said the hermit; 'but what is thy condition if there is?' Man is a creature designed for two different states of being, or rather for two different lives. His first life is short and transient; his second permanent and lasting. The question we are all concerned in is this, in which of these two lives it is our chief interest to make ourselves happy? or, in other words, whether we should endeavour to secure to ourselves the pleasures and gratifications of a life which is uncertain and precarious, and at its utmost length of a very inconsiderable duration, or to secure to ourselves the pleasures of a life which is fixed and settled, and will never end? Every man, upon the first hearing of this question, knows very well which side of it he ought to close with. But however right we are in theory, it is plain that in practice we adhere to the wrong side of the question. We make provisions for this life as though it were never to have an end, and for the other life as though it were never to have a beginning.

Should a spirit of superior rank, who is a stranger to human nature, accidentally alight upon the earth, and take a survey of its inhabitants, what would his notions of us be? Would not he think that we are a species of beings made for quite different ends and purposes than what we really are? Must not he imagine that we were placed in this world to get riches and honours? Would not he think that it was our duty to toil after wealth, and station, and title? Nay, would not he believe we were forbidden poverty by threats of eternal punishment, and enjoined to pursue our pleasures under pain of damnation? He would certainly imagine that we were influenced by a scheme of duties quite opposite to those which are indeed prescribed to us. And truly, according to such an imagination, he must conclude that we are a species of the most obedient creatures in the universe; that we are constant to our duty; and that we keep a steady eye on the end for which we were sent hither.

But how great would be his astonishment, when he learned that we were beings not designed to exist in this world above threescore and ten years; and that the greatest part of this busy species fall short even of that age? How would he be lost in horror and admiration, when he should know that this set of creatures, who lay out all their endeavours for this life, which scarce deserves the name of existence,—when, I say, he should know that this set of creatures are to exist to all eternity in another life, for which they make no preparations? Nothing can be a greater disgrace to reason, than that men, who are persuaded of these two different states of being, should be perpetually employed in providing for a life of threescore and ten years, and neglecting to make provision for that, which after many myriads of years will be still new, and still beginning; especially when we consider that our endeavours for making ourselves great, or rich, or honourable, or whatever else we place our happiness in, may after all prove unsuccessful; whereas, if we constantly and sincerely endeavour to make ourselves happy in the other life, we are sure that our endeavours will succeed, and that we shall not be disappointed of our hope.

The [n] following question is started by one of the schoolmen. Supposing the whole body of the earth were a great ball or mass of the finest sand, and that a single grain or particle of this sand should be annihilated every thousand years. Supposing then that you had it in your choice to be happy all the while this prodigious mass of sand was consuming by this slow method, till there was not a grain of it left, on condition you were to be miserable for ever after; or supposing that you might be happy for ever after, on condition you would be miserable till the whole mass of sand was thus annihilated at the rate of one sand in a thousand years: which of these two cases would you make your choice?

It must be confessed in this case, so many thousands of years are to the imagination as a kind of eternity, though in reality they do not bear so great a proportion to that duration which is to follow them, as an unit does to the greatest number which you can put together in figures, or as one of those sands to the supposed heap. Reason therefore tells us, without any manner of hesitation, which would be the better part in this choice. However, as I have before intimated, our reason might in such a case be so overset by the imagination, as to dispose some persons

to sink under the consideration of the great length of the first part of this duration, and of the great distance of that second duration, which is to succeed it. The mind, I say, might give itself up to that happiness which is at hand, considering that it is so very near, and that it would last so very long. But when the choice we actually have before us is this, whether we will choose to be happy for the space of only threescore and ten, nay, perhaps of only twenty or ten years, I might say of only a day or an hour, and miserable to all eternity: or, on the contrary, miserable for this short term of years, and happy for a whole eternity: what words are sufficient to express that folly and want of consideration which in such a case makes a wrong choice?

I here put the case even at the worst, by supposing (what seldom happens) that a course of virtue makes us miserable in this life: but if we suppose (as it generally happens) that virtue would make us more happy even in this life than a contrary course of vice, how can we sufficiently admire the stupidity or madness of those persons who are capable of making so absurd a choice?

Every wise man therefore will consider this life only as it may conduce to the happiness of the other, and chearfully sacrifice the pleasures of a few years to those of an eternity.

No. 590. *The Eternity of past, and that of future time, considered; arguments derived from this consideration for the being of a Creator; testimony of Revelation.*

Assiduo labuntur tempora motu
Non secus ac flumen. Neque enim consistere flumen,
Nec levis hora potest: sed ut unda impellitur unda,
Urgeturque prior venienti, urgetque priorem,
Tempora sic fugiunt pariter, pariterque sequuntur;
Et nova sunt semper. Nam quod fuit ante, relictum est;
Fitque quod haud fuerat: momentaque cuncta novantur.
OVID, Met. xv. 179.

E'en times are in perpetual flux, and run,
Like rivers from their fountains, rolling on.
For time, no more than streams, is at a stay;
The flying hour is ever on her way:
And as the fountain still supplies her store,—
The wave behind impels the wave before,—
Thus in successive course the minutes run,
And urge their predecessor minutes on;

> Still moving, ever new; for former things
> Are laid aside, like abdicated kings;
> And every moment alters what is done,
> And innovates some act till then unknown.
>
> DRYDEN.

We consider infinite space as an expansion without a circumference: we consider eternity, or infinite duration, as a line that has neither a beginning nor an end. In our speculations of infinite space, we consider that particular place in which we exist, as a kind of centre to the whole expansion. In our speculations of eternity, we consider the time which is present to us as the middle, which divides the whole line into two equal parts. For this reason many witty authors compare the present time to an isthmus, or narrow neck of land, that rises in the midst of an ocean, immeasurably diffused on either side of it.

Philosophy, and indeed common sense, naturally throws eternity under two divisions; which we may call in English, that eternity which is past, and that eternity which is to come. The learned terms of *æternitas a parte ante*, and *æternitas a parte post*, may be more amusing to the reader, but can have no other idea affixed to them than what is conveyed to us by those words, an eternity that is past, and an eternity that is to come. Each of these eternities is bounded at the one extreme; or, in other words, the former has an end, and the latter a beginning.

Let us first of all consider that eternity which is past, reserving that which is to come for the subject of another paper. The nature of this eternity is utterly inconceivable by the mind of man: our reason demonstrates to us that it has been, but at the same time can frame no idea of it, but what is big with absurdity and contradiction. We can have no other conception of any duration which is past, than that all of it was once present; and whatever was once present, is at some certain distance from us, and whatever is at any certain distance from us, be the distance never so remote, cannot be eternity. The very notion of any duration's being past, implies that it was once present; for the idea of being once present, is actually included in the idea of being past. This therefore is a depth not to be sounded by human understanding. We are sure that there has been an eternity, and yet contradict ourselves when we measure this eternity by any notion which we can frame of it.

If we go to the bottom of this matter, we shall find that the

difficulties we meet with in our conceptions of eternity proceed from this single reason, that we can have no other idea of any kind of duration, than that by which we ourselves, and all other created beings, do exist; which is, a successive duration, made up of past, present, and to come. There is nothing which exists after this manner, all the parts of whose existence were not once actually present, and consequently may be reached by a certain number of years applied to it. We may ascend as high as we please, and employ our being to that eternity which is to come, in adding millions of years to millions of years, and we can never come up to any fountain head of duration, to any beginning in eternity: but at the same time we are sure, that whatever was once present, does lie within the reach of numbers, though perhaps we can never be able to put enough of them together for that purpose. We may as well say, that any thing may be actually present in any part of infinite space, which does not lie at a certain distance from us, as that any part of infinite duration was once actually present, and does not also lie at some determined distance from us. The distance in both cases may be immeasurable and indefinite as to our faculties, but our reason tells us that it cannot be so in itself. Here therefore is that difficulty which human understanding is not capable of surmounting. We are sure that something must have existed from eternity, and are at the same time unable to conceive, that any thing which exists according to our notion of existence, can have existed from eternity.

It is hard for a reader, who has not rolled this thought in his own mind, to follow in such an abstracted speculation; but I have been the longer on it, because I think it is a demonstrative argument of the being and eternity of a God: and though there are many other demonstrations which lead us to this great truth, I do not think we ought to lay aside any proofs in this matter which the light of reason has suggested to us, especially when it is such a one as has been urged by men famous for their penetration and force of understanding, and which appears altogether conclusive to those who will be at the pains to examine it.

Having thus considered that eternity which is past, according to the best idea we can frame of it, I shall now draw up those several articles on this subject, which are dictated to us by the light of reason, and which may be looked upon as the creed of a philosopher in this great point.

First, It is certain that no being could have made itself; for if so, it must have acted before it was, which is a contradiction.

Secondly, That therefore some being must have existed from all eternity.

Thirdly, That whatever exists after the manner of created beings, or according to any notions which we have of existence, could not have existed from eternity.

Fourthly, That this eternal Being must therefore be the great Author of nature, the ancient of days, who, being at an infinite distance in his perfections from all finite and created beings, exists in a quite different manner from them, and in a manner of which they can have no idea.

I know that several of the schoolmen, who would not be thought ignorant of any thing, have pretended to explain the manner of God's existence, by telling us, that he comprehends infinite duration in every moment; that eternity is with him a *punctum stans*, a fixed point; or, which is as good sense, an infinite instant; that nothing, with reference to his existence, is either past or to come: to which the ingenious Mr. Cowley alludes in his description of heaven.

> Nothing is there to come, and nothing past,
> But an eternal now does always last[n].

For my own part, I look upon these propositions as words that have no ideas annexed to them; and think men had better own their ignorance, than advance doctrines by which they mean nothing, and which, indeed, are self-contradictory. We cannot be too modest in our disquisitions, when we meditate on Him who is environed with so much glory and perfection, who is the source of being, the fountain of all that existence which we and his whole creation derive from him. Let us therefore with the utmost humility acknowledge, that as some being must necessarily have existed from eternity, so this being does exist after an incomprehensible manner, since it is impossible for a being to have existed from eternity after our manner or notions of existence. Revelation confirms these natural dictates of reason in the accounts which it gives us of the divine existence, where it tells us, that He is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever[1]; that he is the *Alpha* and *Omega*, the beginning and the ending[2];

[1] Heb. xiii. 8. [2] Rev. i. 8.

that a thousand years are with him as one day, and one day as a thousand years[1]; by which, and the like expressions, we are taught, that his existence, with relation to time or duration, is infinitely different from the existence of any of his creatures, and consequently that it is impossible for us to frame any adequate conceptions of it.

In the first revelation which he makes of his own being, he intitles himself, *I am that I am;* and when Moses desires to know what name he shall give him in his embassy to Pharaoh, he bids him say that *I am hath sent you.* Our great Creator, by this revelation of himself, does in a manner exclude every thing else from a real existence, and distinguishes himself from his creatures, as the only being which truly and really exists. The ancient Platonic notion, which was drawn from speculations of eternity, wonderfully agrees with this revelation which God has made of himself. There is nothing, say they, which in reality exists, whose existence, as we call it, is pieced up of past, present, and to come. Such a flitting and successive existence is rather a shadow of existence, and something which is like it, than existence itself. He only properly exists, whose existence is entirely present; that is, in other words, who exists in the most perfect manner, and in such a manner as we have no idea of.

I shall conclude this speculation with one useful inference. How can we sufficiently prostrate ourselves, and fall down before our Maker, when we consider that ineffable goodness and wisdom which contrived this existence for finite natures? What must be the overflowings of that good-will, which prompted our Creator to adapt existence to beings in whom it is not necessary? especially when we consider that he himself was before in the complete possession of existence and of happiness, and in the full enjoyment of eternity. What man can think of himself as called out and separated from nothing, of his being made a conscious, a reasonable, and a happy creature, in short, of being taken in as a sharer of existence, and a kind of partner in eternity, without being swallowed up in wonder, in praise, in adoration! It is indeed a thought too big for the mind of man, and rather to be entertained in the secrecy of devotion, and in the silence of the soul, than to be expressed by words. The

[1] 2 Pet. iii. 8.

Supreme Being has not given us powers or faculties sufficient to extol and magnify such unutterable goodness.

It is however some comfort to us, that we shall be always doing what we shall never be able to do, and that a work which cannot be finished will however be the work of an eternity.

No. 600.—*Notions of an African tribe concerning a Future State; variety in our future enjoyments may be expected; belief of the Rabbins.*

Solemque suum, sua sidera norunt.
VIRG. Æn. vi. 641.

Stars of their own, and their own sun they know.
DRYDEN.

I have always taken a particular pleasure in examining the opinions which men of different religions, different ages, and different countries have entertained concerning the immortality of the soul, and the state of happiness which they promise themselves in another world. For whatever prejudices and errors human nature lies under, we find that either reason, or tradition from our first parents, has discovered to all people something in these great points which bears analogy to truth, and to the doctrines opened to us by divine revelation. I was lately discoursing on this ubject with a learned person[n], who has been very much conversant among the inhabitants of the more western parts of Afric. Upon his conversing with several in that country, he tells me that their notion of heaven, or of a future state of happiness, is this, that every thing we there wish for will immediately present itself to us. We find, say they, our souls are of such a nature, that they require variety, and are not capable of being always delighted with the same objects. The Supreme Being, therefore, in compliance with this taste of happiness which he has planted in the soul of man, will raise up from time to time, say they, every gratification which it is in the humour to be pleased with. If we wish to be in groves or bowers, among running streams or falls of water, we shall immediately find ourselves in the midst of such a scene as we desire. If we would be entertained with music and the melody of sounds, the concert arises upon our wish, and the whole region about us is filled with harmony. In short, every desire will be followed by fruition,

and whatever a man's inclination directs him to will be present with him. Nor is it material whether the Supreme Power creates in conformity to our wishes, or whether he only produces such a change in our imagination, as makes us believe ourselves conversant among those scenes which delight us. Our happiness will be the same, whether it proceed from external objects, or from the impressions of the Deity upon our own private fancies. This is the account which I have received from my learned friend.

Notwithstanding this system of belief be in general very chimerical and visionary, there is something sublime in its manner of considering the influence of a Divine Being on a human soul. It has also, like most other opinions of the Heathen world upon these important points, it has, I say, its foundation in truth, as it supposes the souls of good men after this life to be in a state of perfect happiness; that in this state there will be no barren hopes nor fruitless wishes, and that we shall enjoy every thing we can desire. But the particular circumstance which I am most pleased with in this scheme, and which arises from a just reflexion upon human nature, is that variety of pleasures which it supposes the souls of good men will be possessed of in another world. This I think highly probable, from the dictates both of reason and revelation. The soul consists of many faculties, as the understanding, and the will, with all the senses, both outward and inward; or, to speak more philosophically, the soul can exert herself in many different ways of action. She can understand, will, imagine, see and hear, love and discourse, and apply herself to many other the like exercises of different kinds and natures; but what is more to be considered, the soul is capable of receiving a most exquisite pleasure and satisfaction from the exercise of any of these its powers, when they are gratified with their proper objects: she can be entirely happy by the satisfaction of the memory, the sight, the hearing, or any other mode of perception. Every faculty is as a distinct taste in the mind, and hath objects accommodated to its proper relish. Dr. Tillotson somewhere says[n], that he will not presume to determine in what consists the happiness of the blessed, because God Almighty is capable of making the soul happy by ten thousand different ways. Besides those several avenues to pleasure which the soul is endowed with in this life, it is not impossible, according to the opinion of many

eminent divines, but there may be new faculties in the souls of good men made perfect, as well as new senses to their glorified bodies. This we are sure of, that there will be new objects offered to all those faculties which are essential to us.

We are likewise to take notice, that every particular faculty is capable of being employed on a very great variety of objects. The understanding, for example, may be happy in the contemplation of moral, natural, mathematical, and other kinds of truth. The memory likewise may turn itself to an infinite multitude of objects, especially when the soul shall have passed through the space of many millions of years, and shall reflect with pleasure on the days of eternity. Every other faculty may be considered in the same extent.

We cannot question but that the happiness of a soul will be adequate to its nature, and that it is not endowed with any faculties which are to lie useless and unemployed. The happiness is to be the happiness of the whole man, and we may easily conceive to ourselves the happiness of the soul, whilst any one of its faculties is in the fruition of its chief good. The happiness may be of a more exalted nature in proportion as the faculty employed is so; but as the whole soul acts in the exertion of any of its particular powers, the whole soul is happy in the pleasure which arises from any of its particular acts. For notwithstanding, as has been before hinted, and as it has been taken notice of by one of the greatest modern philosophers, we divide the soul into several powers and faculties, there is no such division in the soul itself, since it is the whole soul that remembers, understands, wills, or imagines. Our manner of considering the memory, understanding, will, imagination, and the like faculties, is for the better enabling us to express ourselves in such abstracted subjects of speculation, not that there is any such division in the soul itself.

Seeing then that the soul has many different faculties, or, in other words, many different ways of acting; that it can be intensely pleased or made happy by all these different faculties or ways of acting; that it may be endowed with several latent faculties, which it is not at present in a condition to exert; that we cannot believe the soul is endowed with any faculty which is of no use to it; that whenever any one of these faculties is transcendently pleased, the soul is in a state of happiness; and in

the last place, considering that the happiness of another world is to be the happiness of the whole man; who can question but that there is an infinite variety in those pleasures we are speaking of; and that this fullness of joy will be made up of all those pleasures which the nature of the soul is capable of receiving?

We shall be the more confirmed in this doctrine, if we observe the nature of variety with regard to the mind of man. The soul does not care to be always in the same bent. The faculties relieve one another by turns, and receive an additional pleasure from the novelty of those objects about which they are conversant.

Revelation likewise very much confirms this notion, under the different views which it gives us of our future happiness. In the description of the throne of God, it represents to us all those objects which are able to gratify the senses and imagination: in very many places it intimates to us all the happiness which the understanding can possibly receive in that state, where all things shall be revealed to us, and we shall know even as we are known; the raptures of devotion, of divine love, the pleasure of conversing with our blessed Saviour, with an innumerable host of angels, and with the spirits of just men made perfect, are likewise revealed to us in several parts of the holy writings. There are also mentioned those hierarchies or governments, in which the blessed shall be ranged one above another, and in which we may be sure a great part of our happiness will likewise consist; for it will not be there as in this world, where every one is aiming at power and superiority; but, on the contrary, every one will find that station the most proper for him in which he is placed, and will probably think that he could not have been so happy in any other station. These, and many other particulars, are marked in divine revelation, as the several ingredients of our happiness in heaven, which all imply such a variety of joys, and such a gratification of the soul in all its different faculties, as I have been here mentioning.

Some of the Rabbins tell us, that the Cherubims are a set of angels who know most, and the Seraphims a set of angels who love most. Whether this distinction be not altogether imaginary I shall not here examine; but it is highly probable, that among the spirits of good men there may be some who will be more pleased with the employment of one faculty than of another, and

this perhaps according to those innocent and virtuous habits or inclinations which have here taken the deepest root.

I might here apply this consideration to the spirits of wicked men, with relation to the pain which they shall suffer in every one of their faculties, and the respective miseries which shall be appropriated to each faculty in particular. But leaving this to the reflexion of my readers, I shall conclude with observing, how we ought to be thankful to our great Creator, and rejoice in the being which he has bestowed upon us, for having made the soul susceptible of pleasure by so many different ways. We see by what a variety of passages joy and gladness may enter into the thoughts of man; how wonderfully a human spirit is framed to imbibe its proper satisfactions, and taste the goodness of its Creator. We may therefore look into ourselves with rapture and amazement, and cannot sufficiently express our gratitude to him who has encompassed us with such a profusion of blessings, and opened in us so many capacities of enjoying them.

There cannot be a stronger argument that God has designed us for a state of future happiness, and for that heaven which he has revealed to us, than that he has thus naturally qualified the soul for it, and made it a being capable of receiving so much bliss. He would never have made such faculties in vain, and have endowed us with powers that were not to be exerted on such objects as are suited to them. It is very manifest, by the inward frame and constitution of our minds, that he has adapted them to an infinite variety of pleasures and gratifications, which are not to be met with in this life. We should therefore at all times take care that we do not disappoint this his gracious purpose and intention towards us, and make those faculties which he formed as so many qualifications for happiness and rewards, to be the instruments of pain and punishment.

V.

MANNERS, FASHIONS, AND HUMOURS.

No. 9. *On Clubs; different conditions of entrance; Duellist and Kit-cat Clubs; Rules of the Two-penny Club.*

> Tigris agit rabida cum tigride pacem
> Perpetuam, sævis inter se convenit ursis.
> Juv. Sat. xv. 163.

Man is said to be a sociable animal, and, as an instance of it, we may observe, that we take all occasions and pretences of forming ourselves into those little nocturnal assemblies, which are commonly known by the name of clubs. When a set of men find themselves agree in any particular, though never so trivial, they establish themselves into a kind of fraternity, and meet once or twice a week, upon the account of such a fantastic resemblance. I know a considerable market-town, in which there was a club of fat men, that did not come together, as you may well suppose, to entertain one another with sprightliness and wit, but to keep one another in countenance: the room where the club met was something of the largest, and had two entrances, the one by a door of a moderate size, and the other by a pair of folding doors. If a candidate for this corpulent club could make his entrance through the first, he was looked upon as unqualified; but if he stuck in the passage, and could not force his way through it, the folding doors were immediately thrown open for his reception, and he was saluted as a brother. I have heard that this club, though it consisted but of fifteen persons, weighed above three ton.

In opposition to this society, there sprung up another composed of scarecrows and skeletons, who, being very meagre and envious, did all they could to thwart the designs of their bulky brethren, whom they represented as men of dangerous principles; till at length they worked them out of the favour of the people,

and consequently out of the magistracy. These factions tore the corporation in pieces for several years, till, at length, they came to this accommodation; that the two bailiffs of the town should be annually chosen out of the two clubs; by which means the principal magistrates are at this day coupled like rabbits, one fat and one lean.

Every one has heard of the club, or rather the confederacy, of the *Kings*. This grand alliance was formed a little after the return of king Charles II, and admitted into it men of all qualities and professions, provided they agreed in the surname of *King*, which, as they imagined, sufficiently declared the owners of it to be altogether untainted with republican and anti-monarchical principles.

A Christian name has likewise been often used as a badge of distinction, and made the occasion of a club. That of the Georges, which used to meet at the sign of the George on St. George's day, and swear *Before George*, is still fresh in every one's memory.

There are at present, in several parts of this city, what they call Street clubs, in which the chief inhabitants of the street converse together every night. I remember, upon my inquiring after lodgings in Ormond street, the landlord, to recommend that quarter of the town, told me, there was at that time a very good club in it; he also told me, upon farther discourse with him, that two or three noisy country-squires who were settled there the year before had considerably sunk the price of house-rent; and that the club, to prevent the like inconvenience for the future, had thoughts of taking every house that became vacant into their own hands, till they had found a tenant for it, of a sociable nature and good conversation.

The Hum-drum club, of which I was formerly an unworthy member, was made up of very honest gentlemen, of peaceable dispositions, that used to sit together, smoke their pipes, and say nothing till midnight. The Mum club, as I am informed, is an institution of the same nature, and as great an enemy to noise.

After these two innocent societies, I cannot forbear mentioning a very mischievous one, that was erected in the reign of king Charles II. I mean the club of Duellists, in which none was to be admitted that had not fought his man. The president of it was said to have killed half a dozen in single combat; and as for the

other members, they took their seats according to the number of their slain. There was likewise a side-table, for such as had only drawn blood, and shewn a laudable ambition of taking the first opportunity to qualify themselves for the first table. This club, consisting only of men of honour, did not continue long, most of the members of it being put to the sword, or hanged, a little after its institution.

Our modern celebrated clubs are founded upon eating and drinking, which are points wherein most men agree, and in which the learned and illiterate, the dull and the airy, the philosopher and the buffoon, can all of them bear a part. The Kit-cat itself is said to have taken its original from a mutton-pye[n]. The Beef-steak and October clubs are neither of them averse to eating and drinking, if we may form a judgment of them from their respective titles.

When men are thus knit together by a love of society, not a spirit of faction, and do not meet to censure or annoy those that are absent, but to enjoy one another; when they are thus combined for their own improvement, or for the good of others, or at least to relax themselves from the business of the day by an innocent and cheerful conversation, there may be something very useful in these little institutions and establishments.

I cannot forbear concluding this paper with a scheme of laws that I met with upon a wall in a little ale-house: how I came thither I may inform my reader at a more convenient time. These laws were enacted by a knot of artisans and mechanics, who used to meet every night; and as there is something in them which gives us a pretty picture of low life, I shall transcribe them word for word.

RULES *to be observed in the* Two-penny *club, erected in this place for the preservation of friendship and good neighbourhood.*

I. Every member at his first coming in shall lay down his two-pence.

II. Every member shall fill his pipe out of his own box.

III. If any member absents himself, he shall forfeit a penny for the use of the club, unless in case of sickness or imprisonment.

IV. If any member swears or curses, his neighbour may give him a kick upon the shins.

V. If any member tells stories in the club that are not true, he shall forfeit for every third lie an halfpenny.

VI. If any member strikes another wrongfully, he shall pay his club for him.

VII. If any member brings his wife into the club, he shall pay for whatever she drinks or smokes.

VIII. If any member's wife comes to fetch him home from the club, she shall speak to him without the door.

IX. None shall be admitted into the club that is of the same trade with any member of it.

X. None of the club shall have his clothes or shoes made or mended but by a brother member.

XI. No nonjuror [n] shall be capable of being a member.

The morality of this little club is guarded by such wholesome laws and penalties that I question not but my reader will be as well pleased with them as he would have been with the Leges Convivales of Ben Jonson [n], the regulations of an old Roman club cited by Lipsius, or the rules of a Symposium in an ancient Greek author.—C.

No. 16. *On the suggestions of correspondents; cannot assail reigning fashions; perhaps will get an assistant to do it; no party politics.*

Quod verum atque decens curo et rogo, et omnis in hoc sum.
HOR. Epist. i. 1. 11.

What right, what true, what fit we justly call,
Let this be all my care—for this is all. POPE.

I have received a letter, desiring me to be very satirical upon the little muff that is now in fashion; another informs me of a pair of silver garters buckled below the knee, that have been lately seen at the Rainbow coffee-house in Fleet-street; a third sends me an heavy complaint against fringed gloves. To be brief, there is scarce an ornament of either sex which one or other of my correspondents has not inveighed against with some bitterness, and recommended to my observation. I must therefore, once for all, inform my readers, that it is not my intention to sink the dignity of this my paper with reflexions upon red-heels or top-knots, but rather to enter into the passions of mankind, and to correct those depraved sentiments that give birth to all those little extravagancies which appear in their outward dress and

behaviour. Foppish and fantastic ornaments are only indications of vice, not criminal in themselves. Extinguish vanity in the mind, and you naturally retrench the little superfluities of garniture and equipage. The blossoms will fall of themselves, when the root that nourishes them is destroyed.

I shall therefore, as I have said, apply my remedies to the first seeds and principles of an affected dress, without descending to the dress itself; though at the same time I must own that I have thoughts of creating an officer under me, to be intitled, *The censor of small wares*, and of allotting him one day in a week for the execution of such his office. An operator of this nature might act under me, with the same regard as a surgeon to a physician; the one might be employed in healing those blotches and tumours which break out in the body, while the other is sweetening the blood and rectifying the constitution. To speak truly, the young people of both sexes are so wonderfully apt to shoot out into long swords or sweeping trains, bushy head-dresses or full-bottomed periwigs, with several other incumbrances of dress, that they stand in need of being pruned very frequently, lest they should be oppressed with ornaments, and over-run with the luxuriance of their habits. I am much in doubt, whether I should give the preference to a Quaker that is trimmed close and almost cut to the quick, or to a beau that is loaded with such a redundance of excrescences. I must therefore desire my correspondents to let me know how they approve my project, and whether they think the erecting of such a petty censorship may not turn to the emolument of the public; for I would not do any thing of this nature rashly and without advice.

There is another set of correspondents to whom I must address myself in the second place; I mean such as fill their letters with private scandal, and black accounts of particular persons and families. The world is so full of ill-nature, that I have lampoons sent me by people who cannot spell, and satires composed by those who scarce know how to write. By the last post in particular I received a packet of scandal which is not legible; and have a whole bundle of letters in women's hands that are full of blots and calumnies, insomuch, that when I see the name Cælia, Phillis, Pastora, or the like, at the bottom of a scrawl, I conclude on course that it brings me some account of a fallen

virgin, a faithless wife, or an amorous widow. I must therefore inform these my correspondents, that it is not my design to be a publisher of intrigues, or to bring little infamous stories out of their present lurking-holes into broad day-light. If I attack the vicious, I shall only set upon them in a body; and will not be provoked by the worst usage I can receive from others to make an example of any particular criminal. In short, I have so much of a Drawcansir [n] in me, that I shall pass over a single foe to charge whole armies. It is not Lais or Silenus, but the harlot and the drunkard, whom I shall endeavour to expose; and shall consider the crime as it appears in a species, not as it is circumstanced in an individual. I think it was Caligula who wished the whole city of Rome had but one neck, that he might behead them at a blow. I shall do, out of humanity, what that emperor would have done in the cruelty of his temper, and aim every stroke at a collective body of offenders. At the same time I am very sensible that nothing spreads a paper like private calumny and defamation; but as my speculations are not under this necessity, they are not exposed to this temptation.

In the next place, I must apply myself to my party-correspondents, who are continually teazing me to take notice of one another's proceedings. How often am I asked by both sides, if it is possible for me to be an unconcerned spectator of the rogueries that are committed by the party which is opposite to him that writes the letter? About two days since I was reproached with an old Grecian law, that forbids any man to stand as a neuter or a looker-on in the divisions of his country. However, as I am very sensible my paper would lose its whole effect, should it run into the outrages of a party, I shall take care to keep clear of every thing which looks that way. If I can any way assuage private inflammations, or allay public ferment, I shall apply myself to it with my utmost endeavours; but will never let my heart reproach me with having done any thing towards increasing those feuds and animosities that extinguish religion, deface government, and make a nation miserable.

What I have said under the three foregoing heads will, I am afraid, very much retrench the number of my correspondents: I shall therefore acquaint my reader, that if he has started any hint which he is not able to pursue, if he has met

with any surprising story which he does not know how to tell, if he has discovered any epidemical vice which has escaped my observation, or has heard of any uncommon virtue which he would desire to publish; in short, if he has any materials that can furnish out an innocent diversion, I shall promise him my best assistance in the working of them up for a public entertainment.

This paper my reader will find was intended for an answer to a multitude of correspondents; but I hope he will pardon me if I single out one of them in particular, who has made me so very humble a request, that I cannot forbear complying with it.

'TO THE SPECTATOR.

'SIR, 'March 15, 1710-11.

'I am at present so unfortunate, as to have nothing to do but to mind my own business; and therefore beg of you that you will be pleased to put me into some small post under you. I observe that you have appointed your printer and publisher to receive letters and advertisements for the city of London; and shall think myself very much honoured by you, if you will appoint me to take in letters and advertisements for the city of Westminster and the duchy of Lancaster. Though I cannot promise to fill such an employment with sufficient abilities, I will endeavour to make up with industry and fidelity what I want in parts and genius. I am,

'SIR,

'Your most obedient servant,

C. 'CHARLES LILLIE.'

No. 21. *Over-crowding of the learned professions; many enter them, and fail, who would have succeeded at business.*

Locus est et pluribus umbris.
HOR. Epist. i. 5. 28.

I am sometimes very much troubled when I reflect upon the three great professions of divinity, law, and physic: how they are each of them overburdened with practitioners, and filled with multitudes of ingenious gentlemen that starve one another.

We may divide the clergy into generals, field-officers, and subalterns. Among the first we may reckon bishops, deans, and

archdeacons. Among the second are doctors of divinity, prebendaries, and all that wear scarves. The rest are comprehended under the subalterns. As for the first class, our constitution preserves it from any redundancy of incumbents, notwithstanding competitors are numberless. Upon a strict calculation, it is found that there has been a great exceeding of late years in the second division, several brevets having been granted for the converting of subalterns into scarf-officers; insomuch that within my memory the price of lutestring is raised above twopence in a yard. As for the subalterns, they are not to be numbered. Should our clergy once enter into the corrupt practice of the laity, by the splitting of their freeholds, they would be able to carry most of the elections in England [n].

The body of the law is no less incumbered with superfluous members, that are like Virgil's army, which he tells us was so crowded, many of them had not room to use their weapons [n]. This prodigious society of men may be divided into the litigious and peaceable. Under the first are comprehended all those who are carried down in coach-fulls to Westminster Hall, every morning in term-time. Martial's description of this species of lawyers is full of humour:

Iras et verba locant.

Men that hire out their words and anger; that are more or less passionate according as they are paid for it, and allow their client a quantity of wrath proportionable to the fee which they receive from him. I must however observe to the reader, that above three parts of those whom I reckon among the litigious, are such as are only quarrelsome in their hearts, and have no opportunity of showing their passion at the bar. Nevertheless, as they do not know what strifes may arise, they appear at the hall every day, that they may show themselves in a readiness to enter the lists, whenever there shall be occasion for them.

The peaceable lawyers are, in the first place, many of the benchers of the several Inns of Court, who seem to be the dignitaries of the law, and are endowed with those qualifications of mind that accomplish a man rather for a ruler than a pleader. These men live peaceably in their habitations, eating once a day, and dancing once a year, for the honour of their respective societies.

Another numberless branch of peaceable lawyers are those young men, who, being placed at the Inns of Court in order to study the laws of their country, frequent the play-house more than Westminster Hall, and are seen in all public assemblies, except in a court of justice. I shall say nothing of those silent and busy multitudes that are employed within doors, in the drawing up of writings and conveyances; nor of those greater numbers that palliate their want of business with a pretence to such chamber-practice.

If, in the third place, we look into the profession of physic, we shall find a most formidable body of men; the sight of them is enough to make a man serious, for we may lay it down as a maxim, that when a nation abounds in physicians, it grows thin of people. Sir William Temple is very much puzzled [n] to find out a reason why the northern hive, as he calls it, does not send out such prodigious swarms, and over-run the world with Goths and Vandals, as it did formerly; but had that excellent author observed that there were no students in physic among the subjects of Thor and Woden, and that this science very much flourishes in the north at present, he might have found a better solution for this difficulty than any of those he has made use of. This body of men, in our own country, may be described like the British army in Cæsar's time: some of them slay in chariots, and some on foot. If the infantry do less execution than the charioteers, it is because they cannot be carried so soon into all quarters of the town, and dispatch so much business in so short a time. Besides this body of regular troops, there are stragglers, who, without being duly listed and enrolled, do infinite mischief to those who are so unlucky as to fall into their hands.

There are, besides the above-mentioned, innumerable retainers to physic, who for want of other patients amuse themselves with the stifling of cats in an air-pump, cutting up dogs alive, or impaling of insects upon the point of a needle for microscopical observations; besides those that are employed in the gathering of weeds, and the chase of butterflies: not to mention the cockleshell-merchants and spider-catchers.

When I consider how each of these professions are crowded with multitudes that seek their livelihood in them, and how many men of merit there are in each of them, who may be rather said

to be of the science than the profession, I very much wonder at the humour of parents, who will not rather choose to place their sons in a way of life where an honest industry cannot but thrive, than in stations where the greatest probity, learning, and good sense may miscarry. How many men are country curates that might have made themselves aldermen of London, by a right improvement of a smaller sum of money than what is usually laid out upon a learned education! A sober frugal person, of slender parts and slow apprehension, might have thrived in trade, though he starves upon physic; as a man would be well enough pleased to buy silks of one whom he would not venture to feel his pulse. Vagellius is careful, studious, and obliging, but withal a little thick-skulled; he has not a single client, but might have had abundance of customers. The misfortune is, that parents take a liking to a particular profession, and therefore desire their sons may be of it. Whereas, in so great an affair of life, they should consider the genius and abilities of their children more than their own inclinations.

It is the great advantage of a trading nation, that there are very few in it so dull and heavy who may not be placed in stations of life, which may give them an opportunity of making their fortunes. A well-regulated commerce is not, like law, physic, or divinity, to be overstocked with hands; but, on the contrary, flourishes by multitudes, and gives employment to all its professors. Fleets of merchantmen are so many squadrons of floating shops, that vend our wares and manufactures in all the markets of the world, and find out chapmen under both the tropics.—C.

No. 25. *On the excessive care of health; letter of the Valetudinarian.*

Ægrescitque medendo.—VIRG. Æn. xii. 46.

The following letter will explain itself and needs no apology.

'SIR,

'I am one of that sickly tribe who are commonly known by the name of Valetudinarians; and do confess to you, that I first contracted this ill habit of body, or rather of mind, by the study of physic. I no sooner began to peruse books of this nature, but I

found my pulse was irregular; and scarce ever read the account of any disease that I did not fancy myself afflicted with. Dr. Sydenham's learned treatise of fevers[n] threw me into a lingering hectic, which hung upon me all the while I was reading that excellent piece. I then applied myself to the study of several authors, who have written upon phthisical distempers, and by that means fell into a consumption; till at length, growing very fat, I was in a manner shamed out of that imagination. Not long after this I found in myself all the symptoms of the gout except pain; but was cured of it by a treatise upon the gravel, written by a very ingenious author, who (as it is usual for physicians to convert one distemper into another) eased me of the gout by giving me the stone. I at length studied myself into a complication of distempers; but accidentally taking into my hand that ingenious discourse written by Sanctorius, I was resolved to direct myself by a scheme of rules which I had collected from his observations[n]. The learned world are very well acquainted with that gentleman's invention; who, for the better carrying out of his experiments, contrived a certain mathematical chair, which was so artificially hung upon springs, that it would weigh anything as well as a pair of scales. By this means he discovered how many ounces of his food passed by perspiration, what quantity of it was turned into nourishment, and how much went away by the other channels and distributions of nature.

'Having provided myself with this chair, I used to study, eat, drink, and sleep in it; insomuch that I may be said, for these three last years, to have lived in a pair of scales. I compute myself, when I am in full health, to be precisely two hundred weight, falling short of it about a pound after a day's fast, and exceeding it as much after a very full meal; so that it is my continual employment to trim the balance between these two volatile pounds in my constitution. In my ordinary meals I fetch myself up to two hundred weight and half a pound; and if after having dined I find myself fall short of it, I drink just so much small beer, or eat such a quantity of bread, as is sufficient to make me weight. In my greatest excesses I do not transgress more than the other half-pound; which, for my health's sake, I do the first Monday in every month. As soon as I find myself duly poised after dinner, I walk till I have perspired five ounces and four scruples; and when I discover, by my chair, that I am so far reduced, I fall to my books,

and study away three ounces more. As for the remaining parts of the pound, I keep no account of them. I do not dine and sup by the clock, but by my chair; for when that informs me my pound of food is exhausted, I conclude myself to be hungry, and lay in another with all diligence. In my days of abstinence I lose a pound and a half, and on solemn fasts am two pound lighter than on other days in the year.

'I allow myself, one night with another, a quarter of a pound of sleep within a few grains, more or less; and if upon my rising I find that I have not consumed my whole quantity, I take out the rest in my chair. Upon an exact calculation of what I expended and received the last year, which I always register in a book, I find the medium to be two hundred weight, so that I cannot discover that I am impaired one ounce in my health during a whole twelvemonth. And yet, Sir, notwithstanding this my great care to ballast myself equally every day, and to keep my body in its proper poise, so it is, that I find myself in a sick and languishing condition. My complexion is grown very sallow, my pulse low, and my body hydropical. Let me therefore beg you, Sir, to consider me as your patient, and to give me more certain rules to walk by than those I have already observed, and you will very much oblige,

'Your humble Servant.'

This letter puts me in mind of an Italian epitaph written on the monument of a Valetudinarian; *Stavo ben; ma, per star meglio, sto qui:* which it is impossible to translate [n]. The fear of death often proves mortal, and sets people on methods to save their lives which infallibly destroy them. This is a reflexion made by some historians, upon observing that there are many more thousands killed in a flight than in a battle; and may be applied to those multitudes of imaginary sick persons that break their constitutions by physic, and throw themselves into the arms of death, by endeavouring to escape it. This method is not only dangerous, but below the practice of a reasonable creature. To consult the preservation of life as the only end of it, to make our health our business, to engage in no action that is not part of a regimen or course of physic, are purposes so abject, so mean, so unworthy human nature, that a generous soul would rather die than submit to them. Besides that a continual anxiety for life vitiates all the relishes of it, and casts a gloom over the whole face of nature,

it is impossible we should take delight in any thing that we are every moment afraid of losing.

I do not mean, by what I have here said, that I think any one to blame for taking due care of their health. On the contrary, as chearfulness of mind and capacity for business are in a great measure the effects of a well-tempered constitution, a man cannot be at too much pains to cultivate and preserve it. But this care, which we are prompted to not only by common sense but by duty and instinct, should never engage us in groundless fears, melancholy apprehensions, and imaginary distempers, which are natural to every man who is more anxious to live than how to live. In short, the preservation of life should be only a secondary concern, and the direction of it our principal. If we have this frame of mind, we shall take the best means to preserve life, without being over solicitous about the event; and shall arrive at that point of felicity which Martial has mentioned as the perfection of happiness, of neither fearing nor wishing for death[n].

In answer to the gentleman, who tempers his health by ounces and by scruples, and, instead of complying with those natural solicitations of hunger and thirst, drowsiness or love of exercise, governs himself by the prescriptions of his chair, I shall tell him a short fable. Jupiter, says the mythologist, to reward the piety of a certain countryman, promised to give him whatever he would ask. The countryman desired that he might have the management of the weather in his own estate. He obtained his request, and immediately distributed rain, snow, and sun-shine, among his several fields, as he thought the nature of the soil required. At the end of the year, when he expected to see a more than ordinary crop, his harvest fell infinitely short of that of his neighbours: upon which, (says the fable,) he desired Jupiter to take the weather again into his own hands, or that otherwise he should utterly ruin himself.—C.

No. 28. *On Sign-posts; their oddity and incongruity; two letters on the subject.*

Neque semper arcum
Tendit Apollo. HOR. OD. ii. 10.

I shall here present my reader with a letter from a projector,

concerning a new office which he thinks may very much contribute to the embellishment of the city, and to the driving barbarity out of our streets. I consider it as a satire upon projectors in general, and a lively picture of the whole art of modern criticism.

'SIR,

'Observing that you have thoughts of creating certain officers under you, for the inspection of several petty enormities which you yourself cannot attend to, and finding daily absurdities hung out upon the sign-posts of this city, to the great scandal of foreigners, as well as those of our own country, who are curious spectators of the same,—I do humbly propose, that you would be pleased to make me your superintendant of all such figures and devices as are or shall be made use of on this occasion; with full powers to rectify or expunge whatever I shall find irregular or defective. For want of such an officer, there is nothing like sound literature and good sense to be met with in these objects, that are every where thrusting themselves out to the eye, and endeavouring to become visible. Our streets are filled with blue boars, black swans, and red lions; not to mention flying pigs, hogs in armour, with many other creatures more extraordinary than any in the deserts of Afric. Strange! that one who has all the birds and beasts in nature to chuse out of, should live at the sign of an *ens rationis!*

'My first task, therefore, should be, like that of Hercules, to clear the city from monsters. In the second place, I would forbid that creatures of jarring and incongruous natures should be joined together in the same sign; such as the Bell and the Neat's Tongue, the Dog and the Gridiron. The Fox and the Goose may be supposed to have met, but what has the Fox and the Seven Stars to do together? And when did the Lamb and Dolphin ever meet, except upon a sign-post? As for the Cat and Fiddle, there is a conceit in it; and therefore I do not intend that any thing I have here said should affect it. I must however observe to you upon this subject, that it is usual for a young tradesman, at his first setting up, to add to his own sign that of the master whom he served, as the husband after marriage gives a place to his mistress's arms in his own coat. This I take to have given rise to many of those absurdities which are committed over our

heads; and, as I am informed, first occasioned the Three Nuns and a Hare, which we see so frequently joined together. I would therefore establish certain rules, for the determining how far one tradesman may give the sign of another, and in what cases he may be allowed to quarter it with his own.

'In the third place, I would enjoin every shop to make use of a sign which bears some affinity to the wares in which he deals. A cook should not live at the Boot, nor a shoemaker at the Roasted Pig; and yet, for want of this regulation, I have seen a goat set up before the door of a perfumer, and the French king's head at a sword-cutler's.

'An ingenious foreigner observes that several of those gentlemen who value themselves upon their families, and overlook such as are bred to trade, bear the tools of their forefathers in their coats of arms. I will not examine how true this is in fact: but though it may not be necessary for posterity thus to set up the sign of their forefathers, I think it highly proper for those who actually profess the trade, to shew some such marks of it before their doors.

'When the name gives an occasion for an ingenious sign-post, I would likewise advise the owner to take that opportunity of letting the world know who he is. It would have been ridiculous for the ingenious Mrs. Salmon to have lived at the sign of the Trout; for which reason she has erected before her house the figure of the fish that is her name-sake. Mr. Bell has likewise distinguished himself by a device of the same nature; and here, Sir, I must beg leave to observe to you, that this particular figure of a bell has *given occasion* to several pieces of wit in this kind. A man of your reading must know that Abel Drugger[n] gained great applause by it in the time of Ben Jonson. Our apocryphal heathen god[n] is also represented by this figure; which, in conjunction with the dragon, makes a very handsome picture in several of our streets. As for the Bell Savage, which is the sign of a savage man standing by a bell, I was formerly very much puzzled upon the conceit of it, till I accidentally fell into the reading of an old romance translated out of the French, which gives an account of a very beautiful woman who was found in a wilderness, and is called in the French *La Belle Sauvage;* and is everywhere translated by our countrymen the Bell Savage. This piece of philology will, I hope, convince you that I have made sign-

posts my study, and consequently qualified myself for the employment which I solicit at your hands. But before I conclude my letter, I must communicate to you another remark which I have made upon the subject with which I am now entertaining you, namely, that I can give a shrewd guess at the humour of the inhabitant by the sign that hangs before his door. A surly cholerick fellow generally makes choice of a bear; as men of milder dispositions frequently live at the Lamb. Seeing a punch-bowl painted upon a sign near Charing Cross, and very curiously garnished, with a couple of angels hovering over it, and squeezing a lemon into it, I had the curiosity to ask after the master of the house, and found upon enquiry, as I had guessed by the little *agrémens* upon his sign, that he was a Frenchman. I know, Sir, it is not requisite for me to enlarge upon these hints to a gentleman of your abilities; so humbly recommending myself to your favour and patronage,

'I remain, &c.'

I shall add to the foregoing letter another which came to me by the same penny-post.

'From my own apartment near Charing-cross.

'HONOURED SIR,

'Having heard that this nation is a great encourager of ingenuity, I have brought with me a rope-dancer that was caught in one of the woods belonging to the Great Mogul. He is by birth a monkey; but swings upon a rope, takes a pipe of tobacco, and drinks a glass of ale, like any reasonable creature. He gives great satisfaction to the quality; and if they will make a subscription for him I will send for a brother of his out of Holland that is a very good tumbler; and also for another of the same family whom I design for a Merry-Andrew, as being an excellent mimic, and the greatest droll in the country where he now is. I hope to have this entertainment in a readiness for the next winter; and doubt not but that it will please more than the opera or puppet-show. I will not say that a monkey is a better man than some of the opera heroes; but certainly he is a better representative of a man than the most artificial composition of wood and wire. If you will be pleased to give me a good word in your paper, you shall be every night a spectator at my show for nothing,

'I am, &c.'—C.

No. 37. *A Lady's Library; list of the books; account of their owner.*

Non illa colo calathisve Minervæ
Fæmineas assueta manus.

VIRG, Æn. vii. 805.

Un-bred to spinning, in the loom unskill'd.

DRYDEN.

Some months ago, my friend Sir Roger, being in the country, inclosed a letter to me, directed to a certain lady whom I shall here call by the name of Leonora, and as it contained matters of consequence, desired me to deliver it to her with my own hand. Accordingly I waited upon her ladyship pretty early in the morning, and was desired by her woman to walk into her lady's library, till such time as she was in readiness to receive me. The very sound of a lady's library gave me a great curiosity to see it; and, as it was some time before the lady came to me, I had an opportunity of turning over a great many of her books, which were ranged together in a very beautiful order. At the end of the folios (which were finely bound and gilt) were great jars of china placed one above another in a very noble piece of architecture. The quartos were separated from the octavos by a pile of smaller vessels, which rose in a delightful pyramid. The octavos were bounded by tea-dishes of all shapes, colours, and sizes, which were so disposed on a wooden frame, that they looked like one continued pillar indented with the finest strokes of sculpture, and stained with the greatest variety of dyes. That part of the library which was designed for the reception of plays and pamphlets, and other loose papers, was inclosed in a kind of square, consisting of one of the prettiest grotesque works that I ever saw, and made up of scaramouches, lions, monkeys, mandarines, trees, shells, and a thousand other odd figures in china ware. In the midst of the room was a little japan table, with a quire of gilt paper upon it, and upon the paper a silver snuff-box made in the shape of a little book. I found there were several other counterfeit books upon the upper shelves, which were carved in wood, and served only to fill up the number, like faggots in the muster of a regiment. I was wonderfully pleased with such a mixed kind of furniture as seemed very suitable both to the lady and the scholar, and did not know at first whether I should fancy myself in a grotto or in a library.

Upon my looking into the books I found there were some few which the lady had bought for her own use, but that most of them had been got together, either because she had heard them praised, or because she had seen the authors of them. Among several that I examined, I very well remember these that follow.

Ogleby's Virgil [n].
Dryden's Juvenal.
Cassandra.
Cleopatra.
Astræa.
Sir Isaac Newton's works.
The Grand Cyrus; with a pin stuck in one of the middle leaves.
Pembroke's Arcadia.
Locke of Human Understanding; with a paper of patches in it.
A spelling-book.
A dictionary for the explanation of hard words.
Sherlock upon Death.
The Fifteen Comforts of Matrimony [n].
Sir William Temple's Essays.
Father Malbranche's Search after Truth, translated into English.
A book of Novels.
The Academy of Compliments.
Culpepper's Midwifery.
The Ladies' Calling.
Tales in verse by Mr. Durfey: bound in red leather, gilt on the back, and doubled down in several places.
All the Classic authors, in wood.
A set of Elzevirs by the same hand
Clelia: which opened of itself in the place that describes two lovers in a bower.
Baker's Chronicle.
Advice to a Daughter.
The New Atalantis, with a key to it.
Mr. Steele's Christian Hero.
A Prayer-book: with a bottle of Hungary water by the side of it.
Dr. Sacheverell's Speech.

Fielding's Trial.
Seneca's Morals.
Taylor's Holy Living and Dying,
La Ferte's Instructions for Country-dances.

I was taking a catalogue in my pocket-book of these and several other authors, when Leonora entered, and upon my presenting her with the letter from the knight, told me with an unspeakable grace, that she hoped Sir Roger was in good health: I answered 'Yes,' for I hate long speeches, and after a bow or two retired.

Leonora was formerly a celebrated beauty, and is still a very lovely woman. She has been a widow for two or three years, and being unfortunate in her first marriage has taken a resolution never to venture upon a second. She has no children to take care of, and leaves the management of her estate to my good friend Sir Roger. But as the mind naturally sinks into a kind of lethargy, and falls asleep, that is not agitated by some favourite pleasures and pursuits, Leonora has turned all the passions of her sex into a love of books and retirement. She converses chiefly with men, as she has often said herself, but it is only in their writings; and admits of very few male visitants, except my friend Sir Roger, whom she hears with great pleasure, and without scandal. As her reading has lain very much among romances, it has given her a very particular turn of thinking, and discovers itself even in her house, her gardens, and her furniture. Sir Roger has entertained me an hour together with a description of her country-seat, which is situated in a kind of wilderness, about an hundred miles distant from London, and looks like a little enchanted palace. The rocks about her are shaped into artificial grottoes covered with woodbines and jessamines. The woods are cut into shady walks, twisted into bowers, and filled with cages of turtles. The springs are made to run among pebbles, and by that means taught to murmur very agreeably. They are likewise collected into a beautiful lake, that is inhabited by a couple of swans, and empties itself by a little rivulet which runs through a green meadow, and is known in the family by the name of 'The purling stream.' The knight likewise tells me, that this lady preserves her game better than any of the gentlemen in the country; not, says Sir Roger, that she sets so great a value upon her partridges and pheasants

as upon her larks and nightingales: for she says that every bird which is killed in her ground will spoil a concert, and that she shall certainly miss him the next year.

When I think how oddly this lady is improved by learning, I look upon her with a mixture of admiration and pity. Amidst these innocent entertainments which she has formed to herself, how much more valuable does she appear than those of her sex, who employ themselves in diversions that are less reasonable, though more in fashion? What improvements would a woman have made, who is so susceptible of impressions from what she reads, had she been guided to such books as have a tendency to enlighten the understanding and rectify the passions, as well as to those which are of little more use than to divert the imagination!

But the manner of a lady's employing herself usefully in reading shall be the subject of another paper, in which I design to recommend such particular books as may be proper for the improvement of the sex. And as this is a subject of a very nice nature, I shall desire my correspondents to give me their thoughts upon it.—C.

No. 92. *Books suggested for the Lady's Library; the Spectator will take time to examine them.*

Convivæ prope dissentire videntur,
Poscentes vario multum diversa palato;
Quid dem? Quid non dem?
HOR. Epist. ii. 2. 61.

Looking over the late packets of letters which have been sent to me, I found the following one.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

Your paper is a part of my tea-equipage; and my servant knows my humour so well, that, calling for my breakfast this morning (it being past my usual hour), she answered, the *Spectator* was not yet come in; but that the tea-kettle boiled, and she expected it every moment. Having thus in part signified to you the esteem and veneration which I have for you, I must put you in mind of the catalogue of books which you have promised to recommend to our sex; for I have deferred furnishing my closet with authors, till I receive your advice in this particular, being your daily disciple and humble servant,

'LEONORA.'

In answer to my fair disciple, whom I am very proud of, I must acquaint her and the rest of my readers, that since I have called out for help in my catalogue of a lady's library, I have received many letters upon that head, some of which I shall give an account of.

In the first class I shall take notice of those which come to me from eminent booksellers, who every one of them mention with respect the authors they have printed, and consequently have an eye to their own advantage more than to that of the ladies. One tells me, that he thinks it absolutely necessary for women to have true notions of right and equity, and that therefore they cannot peruse a better book than Dalton's Country Justice: Another thinks they cannot be without The Complete Jockey. A third, observing the curiosity and desire of prying into secrets, which he tells me is natural to the fair sex, is of opinion this female inclination, if well directed, might turn very much to their advantage, and therefore recommends to me Mr. Mede upon the Revelations [n]. A fourth lays it down as an unquestioned truth, that a lady cannot be thoroughly accomplished who has not read The Secret Treaties and Negotiations of Marshal d'Estrades [n]. Mr. Jacob Tonson, jun., is of opinion, that Bayle's Dictionary might be of very great use to the ladies, in order to make them general scholars. Another, whose name I have forgotten, thinks it highly proper that every woman with child should read Mr. Wall's History of Infant Baptism [n]; as another is very importunate with me to recommend to all my female readers The Finishing Stroke; being a Vindication of the Patriarchal Scheme, &c. [n]

In the second class I shall mention books which are recommended by husbands, if I may believe the writers of them. Whether or no they are real husbands or personated ones I cannot tell, but the books they recommend are as follow. *A Paraphrase on the History of Susanna. Rules to keep Lent. The Christian's Overthrow prevented. A Dissuasive from the Playhouse. The Virtues of Camphire, with Directions to make Camphire Tea. The pleasures of a Country Life. The Government of the Tongue.* A letter dated from Cheapside desires me that I would advise all young wives to make themselves mistresses of Wingate's Arithmetic, and concludes with a postscript, that he hopes I will not forget *The Countess of Kent's Receipts.*

I may reckon the ladies themselves as a third class among these my correspondents and privy-counsellors. In a letter from one of them, I am advised to place *Pharamond*[n] at the head of my catalogue, and, if I think proper, to give the second place to *Cassandra*. Coquetilla begs me not to think of nailing women upon their knees with manuals of devotion, nor of scorching their faces with books of housewifery. Florella desires to know if there are any books written against prudes, and intreats me, if there are, to give them a place in my library. Plays of all sorts have their several advocates: *All for Love*[n] is mentioned in above fifteen letters; *Sophonisba*, or *Hannibal's Overthrow*, in a dozen; *The Innocent Adultery* is likewise highly approved of: *Mithridates King of Pontus* has many friends; *Alexander the Great* and *Aurengzebe* have the same number of voices; but *Theodosius*, or *The Force of Love*, carries it from all the rest.

I should, in the last place, mention such books as have been proposed by men of learning, and those who appear competent judges of this matter; and must here take occasion to thank A. B., whoever it is that conceals himself under those two letters, for his advice upon this subject. But as I find the work I have undertaken to be very difficult, I shall defer the executing of it till I am further acquainted with the thoughts of my judicious contemporaries, and have time to examine the several books they offer to me; being resolved, in an affair of this moment, to proceed with the greatest caution.

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No. 45. *Invasion of French Manners; levity and effrontery of women.*

Natio comæda est.—Juv. Sat. iii. 100.

There is nothing which I more desire than a safe and honourable peace, though at the same time I am very apprehensive of many ill consequences that may attend it. I do not mean in regard to our politics, but our manners. What an inundation of ribbands and brocades will break in upon us? What peals of laughter and impertinence shall we be exposed to? For the prevention of these great evils, I could heartily wish that there was an act of parliament for prohibiting the importation of French fopperies.

The female inhabitants of our island have already received very strong impressions from this ludicrous nation, though by the length of the war (as there is no evil which has not some good attending it) they are pretty well worn out and forgotten. I remember the time when some of our well bred countrywomen kept their *valet de chambre*, because, forsooth, a man was much more handy about them than one of their own sex. I myself have seen one of these male Abigails tripping about the room with a looking-glass in his hand, and combing his lady's hair a whole morning together.

About the time that several of our sex were taken into this kind of service, the ladies likewise brought up the fashion of receiving visits in their beds. It was then looked upon as a piece of ill-breeding for a woman to refuse to see a man, because she was not stirring; and a porter would have been thought unfit for his place that could have made so awkward an excuse. As I love to see every thing that is new, I once prevailed upon my friend Will Honeycomb to carry me along with him to one of these travelled ladies, desiring him, at the same time, to present me as a foreigner, who could not speak English, so that I might not be obliged to bear a part in the discourse. The lady, though willing to appear undressed, had put on her best looks, and painted herself for our reception. Her hair appeared in a very nice disorder, as the night-gown which was thrown upon her shoulders was ruffled with great care. For my part, I am so shocked with every thing that looks immodest in the fair sex, that I could not forbear taking off my eye from her when she moved in her bed, and was in the greatest confusion imaginable every time she stirred a leg or an arm. As the coquettes, who introduced this custom, grew old, they left it off by degrees; well knowing that a woman of threescore may kick and tumble her heart out, without making any impression.

Sempronia is at present the most professed admirer of the French nation, but is so modest as to admit her visitants no farther than her toilet. It is a very odd sight that beautiful creature makes, when she is talking politics with her tresses flowing about her shoulders, and examining that face in the glass, which does such execution upon all the male standers-by. How prettily does she divide her discourse between her woman and her visitants! What sprightly transitions does she make from

an opera or a sermon, to an ivory comb or a pin-cushion! How have I been pleased to see her interrupted in an account of her travels by a message to her footman; and holding her tongue, in the midst of a moral reflexion, by applying the tip of it to a patch!

There is nothing which exposes a woman to greater dangers, than that gaiety and airiness of temper which are natural to most of the sex. It should be therefore the concern of every wise and virtuous woman, to keep this sprightliness from degenerating into levity. On the contrary, the whole discourse and behaviour of the French is to make the sex more fantastical, or, (as they are pleased to term it) *more awakened*, than is consistent either with virtue or discretion. To speak loud in public assemblies, to let every one hear you talk of things that should only be mentioned in private, or in whisper, are looked upon as parts of a refined education. At the same time the blush is unfashionable, and silence more ill bred than any thing that can be spoken. In short, discretion and modesty, which in all other ages and countries have been regarded as the greatest ornaments of the fair sex, are considered as the ingredients of narrow conversation and family behaviour.

Some years ago I was at the tragedy of Macbeth, and unfortunately placed myself under a woman of quality that is since dead; who, as I found by the noise she made, was newly returned from France. A little before the rising of the curtain, she broke out into a loud soliloquy, 'When will the dear witches enter?' and immediately upon their first appearance, asked a lady that sat three boxes from her on her right hand, if those witches were not charming creatures. A little after, as Betterton[n] was in one of the finest speeches of the play, she shook her fan at another lady who sat as far on her left hand, and told her, with a whisper that might be heard all over the pit, 'We must not expect to see Balloon to-night.' Not long after, calling out to a young baronet by his name, who sat three seats before me, she asked him whether Macbeth's wife was still alive; and before he could give an answer, fell a talking of the ghost of Banquo. She had by this time formed a little audience to herself and fixed the attention of all about her. But as I had a mind to hear the play, I got out of the sphere of her impertinence, and planted myself in one of the remotest corners of the pit.

This pretty childishness of behaviour is one of the most refined

parts of coquetry, and is not to be attained in perfection by ladies that do not travel for their improvement. A natural and unconstrained behaviour has something in it so agreeable, that it is no wonder to see people endeavouring after it. But at the same time it is so very hard to hit, when it is not born with us, that people often make themselves ridiculous in attempting it.

A very ingenious French author tells us, that the ladies of the court of France, in his time, thought it ill-breeding, and a kind of female pedantry, to pronounce an hard word right; for which reason they took frequent occasion to use hard words, that they might show a politeness in murdering them. He further adds, that a lady of some quality at court, having accidentally made use of an hard word in a proper place, and pronounced it right, the whole assembly was out of countenance for her.

I must however be so just as to own, that there are many ladies who have travelled several thousands of miles without being the worse for it, and have brought home with them all the modesty, discretion, and good sense that they went abroad with. As, on the contrary, there are great numbers of travelled ladies, who have lived all their days within the smoke of London. I have known a woman that never was out of the parish of St. James's betray as many foreign fopperies in her carriage, as she could have gleaned up in half the countries of Europe.—C.

No. 57. *Effeminate Men and Masculine Women; Party-spirit an odious thing in Women; Titus Oates.*

Quem præstare potest mulier galeata pudorem,
Quæ fugit a sexu?—Juv. Sat. vi. 31.

When the wife of Hector, in Homer's Iliad, discourses with her husband about the battle in which he was going to engage, the hero, desiring her to leave that matter to his care, bids her go to her maids and mind her spinning[n]: by which the poet intimates, that men and women ought to busy themselves in their proper spheres, and on such matters only as are suitable to their respective sex.

I am at this time acquainted with a young gentleman who has passed a great part of his life in the nursery, and, upon occasion, can make a caudle or a sack-posset better than any man in England. He is likewise a wonderful critic in cambric and

muslins, and will talk an hour together upon a sweet-meat. He entertains his mother every night with observations that he makes both in town and court: as, what lady shews the nicest fancy in her dress; what man of quality wears the fairest wig; who has the finest linen; who the prettiest snuff-box; with many other the like curious remarks that may be made in good company.

On the other hand, I have very frequently the opportunity of seeing a rural Andromache, who came up to town last winter, and is one of the greatest fox-hunters in the country. She talks of hounds and horses, and makes nothing of leaping over a six-bar gate. If a man tells her a waggish story, she gives him a push with her hand in jest, and calls him an impudent dog; and if her servant neglects his business, threatens to kick him out of the house. I have heard her, in her wrath, call a substantial tradesman a lousy cur; and remember one day, when she could not think of the name of the person, she described him, in a large company of men and ladies, by 'the fellow with the broad shoulders.'

If those speeches and actions, which in their own nature are indifferent, appear ridiculous when they proceed from a wrong sex, the faults and imperfections of one sex transplanted into another appear black and monstrous. As for the men, I shall not in this paper any further concern myself about them; but as I would fain contribute to make woman-kind, which is the most beautiful part of the creation, entirely amiable, and wear out all those little spots and blemishes that are apt to rise among the charms which nature has poured out upon them, I shall dedicate this paper to their service. The spot which I would here endeavour to clear them of, is that party rage which of late years is very much crept into their conversation. This is in its nature a male vice, and made up of many angry and cruel passions that are altogether repugnant to the softness, the modesty, and those other endearing qualities, which are natural to the fair sex. Women were formed to temper mankind, and soothe them into tenderness and compassion; not to set an edge upon their minds, and blow up in them those passions which are too apt to rise of their own accord. When I have seen a pretty mouth uttering calumnies and invectives, what would I not have given to have stopt it? how have I been troubled to see some of

the finest features in the world grow pale and tremble with party rage? Camilla is one of the greatest beauties in the British nation, and yet values herself more upon being the virago of one party, than upon being the toast of both. The dear creature, about a week ago, encountered the fierce and beautiful Penthesilea across a tea-table; but in the height of her anger, as her hand chanced to shake with the earnestness of the dispute, she scalded her fingers, and spilt a dish of tea upon her petticoat. Had not this accident broke off the debate, no body knows where it would have ended.

There is one consideration which I would earnestly recommend to all my female readers, and which, I hope, will have some weight with them. In short, it is this, that there is nothing so bad for the face as party zeal. It gives an ill natured cast to the eye, and a disagreeable sourness to the look: besides that it makes the lines too strong, and flushes them worse than brandy. I have seen a woman's face break out in heats, as she has been talking against a great lord, whom she had never seen in her life; and indeed never knew a party woman that kept her beauty for a twelvemonth. I would therefore advise all my female readers, as they value their complexions, to let alone all disputes of this nature; though, at the same time, I would give free liberty to all superannuated motherly partisans to be as violent as they please, since there will be no danger either of their spoiling their faces, or of their gaining converts.

For my own part, I think a man makes an odious and despicable figure that is violent in a party; but a woman is too sincere to mitigate the fury of her principles with temper and discretion, and to act with that caution and reservedness which are requisite in our sex. When this unnatural zeal gets into them, it throws them into ten thousand heats and extravagancies; their generous souls set no bounds to their love, or to their hatred; and whether a Whig or a Tory, a lap-dog or a gallant, an opera or a puppet-show, be the object of it, the passion, while it reigns, engrosses the whole woman.

I remember, when Dr. Titus Oates was in all his glory [n], I accompanied my friend Will Honeycomb in a visit to a lady of his acquaintance: we were no sooner sat down, but upon casting my eyes about the room, I found in almost every corner of it a print that represented the doctor in all his magnitudes and dimen-

sions. A little after, as the lady was discoursing my friend, and held her snuff-box in her hand, who should I see in the lid of it but the doctor? It was not long after this when she had occasion for her handkerchief, which upon the first opening discovered among the plaits the figure of the doctor. Upon this my friend Will, who loves raillery, told her, that if he was in Mr Truelove's place (for that was the name of her husband), he should be made as uneasy by a handkerchief as ever Othello was. 'I am afraid,' said she, 'Mr. Honeycomb, you are a Tory; tell me truly, are you a friend to the doctor or not?' Will, instead of making her a reply, smiled in her face, (for indeed she was very pretty,) and told her that one of her patches was dropping off. She immediately adjusted it, and looking a little seriously, 'Well,' says she, 'I'll be hanged if you and your silent friend there are not against the doctor in your hearts; I suspected as much by his saying nothing.' Upon this she took her fan into her hand, and upon the opening of it again displayed to us the figure of the doctor, who was placed with great gravity among the sticks of it. In a word, I found that the doctor had taken possession of her thoughts, her discourse, and most of her furniture; but finding myself pressed too close by her question, I winked upon my friend to take his leave, which he did accordingly.—C.

No. 81. *On party Patches; the Spectator deprecates the vehement addiction of women to politics.*

Qualis ubi audito venantum murmure tigris
Horruit in maculas.—STATIUS.

About the middle of last winter I went to see an opera at the theatre in the Hay Market, where I could not but take notice of two parties of very fine women, that had placed themselves in the opposite side boxes, and seemed drawn up in a kind of battle array one against another. After a short survey of them, I found they were patched differently; the faces on one hand being spotted on the right side of the forehead, and those upon the other on the left. I quickly perceived that they cast hostile glances upon one another; and that their patches were placed in those different situations, as party signals to distinguish friends from foes. In the middle boxes, between these two opposite bodies, were several ladies

who patched indifferently on both sides of their faces, and seemed to sit there with no other intention but to see the opera. Upon inquiry I found, that the body of Amazons on my right hand were Whigs, and those on my left Tories: and that those who had placed themselves in the middle boxes were a neutral party, whose faces had not yet declared themselves. These last however, as I afterwards found, diminished daily, and took their party with one side or the other; insomuch that I observed in several of them, the patches, which were before dispersed equally, are now all gone over to the Whig or Tory side of the face. The censorious say that the men, whose hearts are aimed at, are very often the occasions that one part of the face is thus dishonoured, and lies under a kind of disgrace, while the other is so much set off and adorned by the owners; and that the patches turn to the right or to the left, according to the principles of the man who is most in favour. But whatever may be the motives of a few fantastical coquettes, who do not patch for the public good so much as for their own private advantage, it is certain, that there are several women of honour, who patch out of principle, and with an eye to the interest of their country. Nay, I am informed that some of them adhere so steadfastly to their party, and are so far from sacrificing their zeal for the public to their passion for any particular person, that in a late draught of marriage articles a lady has stipulated with her husband, that whatever his opinions are, she shall be at liberty to patch on which side she pleases.

I must here take notice, that Rosalinda, a famous Whig partizan, has most unfortunately a very beautiful mole on the Tory part of her forehead; which, being very conspicuous, has occasioned many mistakes, and given an handle to her enemies to misrepresent her face, as though it had revolted from the Whig interest. But whatever this natural patch may seem to intimate, it is well known that her notions of government are still the same. This unlucky mole, however, has misled several coxcombs: and like the hanging out of false colours, made some of them converse with Rosalinda in what they thought the spirit of her party, when on a sudden she has given them an unexpected fire, that has sunk them all at once. If Rosalinda is unfortunate in her mole, Nigranilla is as unhappy in a pimple, which forces her, against her inclinations, to patch on the Whig side.

I am told that many virtuous matrons, who formerly have

been taught to believe that this artificial spotting of the face was unlawful, are now reconciled, by a zeal for their cause, to what they could not be prompted by a concern for their beauty. This way of declaring war upon one another, puts me in mind of what is reported of the tigress, that several spots rise in her skin when she is angry, or, as Mr. Cowley has imitated the verses that stand as the motto of this paper:—

> She swells with angry pride,
> And calls forth all her spots on ev'ry side[n].

When I was in the theatre the time above mentioned, I had the curiosity to count the patches on both sides, and found the Tory patches to be about twenty stronger than the Whig; but to make amends for this small inequality, I the next morning found the whole puppet-show filled with faces spotted after the Whiggish manner. Whether or no the ladies had retreated hither in order to rally their forces I cannot tell; but the next night they came in so great a body to the opera, that they out-numbered the enemy.

This account of party patches will, I am afraid, appear improbable to those who live at a distance from the fashionable world; but as it is a distinction of a very singular nature, and what perhaps may never meet with a parallel, I think I should not have discharged the office of a faithful Spectator, had not I recorded it.

I have, in former papers, endeavoured to expose this party rage in women, as it only serves to aggravate the hatred and animosities that reign among men, and in a great measure deprives the fair sex of those peculiar charms with which nature has endued them.

When the Romans and Sabines were at war, and just upon the point of giving battle, the women who were allied to both of them interposed with so many tears and entreaties, that they prevented the mutual slaughter which threatened both parties, and united them together in a firm and lasting peace.

I would recommend this noble example to our British ladies at a time when their country is torn with so many unnatural divisions, that, if they continue, it will be a misfortune to be born in it. The Greeks thought it so improper for women to interest themselves in competitions and contentions, that for

this reason, among others, they forbad them under pain of death to be present at the Olympic games, notwithstanding these were the public diversions of all Greece.

As our English women excel those of all nations in beauty, they should endeavour to out-shine them in all other accomplishments proper to the sex, and to distinguish themselves as tender mothers and faithful wives, rather than as furious partizans. Female virtues are of a domestic turn. The family is the proper province for private women to shine in. If they must be shewing their zeal for the public, let it not be against those who are perhaps of the same family, or at least of the same religion or nation, but against those who are the open, professed, undoubted enemies of their faith, liberty, and country. When the Romans were pressed with a foreign enemy, the ladies voluntarily contributed all their rings and jewels to assist the government under a public exigence; which appeared so laudable an action in the eyes of their countrymen, that from thenceforth it was permitted by a law to pronounce public orations at the funeral of a woman in the praise of the deceased person, which till that time was peculiar to men. Would our English ladies, instead of sticking on a patch against those of their own country, shew themselves so truly public-spirited as to sacrifice every one her necklace against the common enemy, what decrees ought not to be made in favour of them!

Since I am recollecting upon this subject such passages as occur to my memory out of ancient authors, I cannot omit a sentence in the celebrated funeral oration of Pericles, in Thucydides, which he made in honour of those brave Athenians that were slain in a fight with the Lacedemonians. After having addressed himself to the several ranks and orders of his countrymen, and shewn them how they should behave themselves in the public cause, he turns to the female part of his audience: 'And as for you,' says he, 'I shall advise you in very few words; aspire only to those virtues that are peculiar to your sex; follow your natural modesty, and think it your greatest commendation not to be talked of one way or other.'—C.

No. 98. *On Ladies' head-dresses; lately of extravagant height, though now moderate; Father Connecte; good advice.*

Tanta est quærendi cura decoris.
Juv. Sat. vi. 500.

There is not so variable a thing in nature as a lady's head-dress: within my own memory I have known it rise and fall above thirty degrees. About ten years ago it shot up to a very great height, insomuch that the female part of our species were much taller than the men. The women were of such an enormous stature, that 'we appeared as grasshoppers before them.' At present the whole sex is in a manner dwarfed and shrunk into a race of beauties that seems almost another species. I remember several ladies, who were once very near seven foot high, that at present want some inches of five: How they came to be thus curtailed I cannot learn; whether the whole sex be at present under any penance which we know nothing of, or whether they have cast their head-dresses in order to surprise us with something in that kind which shall be entirely new; or whether some of the tallest of the sex, being too cunning for the rest, have contrived this method to make themselves appear sizeable, is still a secret; though I find most are of opinion, they are at present like trees new lopped and pruned, that will certainly sprout up and flourish with greater heads than before. For my own part, as I do not love to be insulted by women who are taller than myself, I admire the sex much more in their present humiliation, which has reduced them to their natural dimensions, than when they had extended their persons and lengthened themselves out into formidable and gigantic figures. I am not for adding to the beautiful edifices of nature, nor for raising any whimsical superstructure upon her plans: I must therefore repeat it, that I am highly pleased with the coiffure now in fashion, and think it shews the good sense which at present very much reigns among the valuable part of the sex. One may observe, that women in all ages have taken more pains than men to adorn the outside of their heads; and indeed I very much admire that those female architects, who raise such wonderful structures out of ribbands, lace, and wire, have not been recorded for their respective inventions. It is certain there have

been as many orders in these kinds of buildings, as in those which have been made of marble; sometimes they rise in the shape of a pyramid, sometimes like a tower, and sometimes like a steeple. In Juvenal's time, the building grew by several orders and stories, as he has very humourously described it.

> Tot premit ordinibus, tot adhuc compagibus altum
> Ædificat caput: Andromachen a fronte videbis;
> Post minor est; aliam credas.
>
> Juv. Sat. vi. 501.

> With curls on curls they build their heads before,
> And mount it with a formidable tow'r:
> A giantess she seems: but look behind,
> And then she dwindles to the pigmy kind.
>
> DRYDEN.

But I do not remember, in any part of my reading, that the head-dress aspired to so great an extravagance as in the fourteenth century; when it was built up in a couple of cones or spires, which stood so excessively high on each side of the head that a woman, who was but a pigmy without her head-dress, appeared like a colossus upon putting it on. Monsieur Paradin says, 'That these old-fashioned fontanges rose an ell above the head; that they were pointed like steeples, and had long loose pieces of crape fastened to the tops of them, which were curiously fringed, and hung down their backs like streamers.'

The women might possibly have carried this Gothic building much higher, had not a famous monk, Thomas Connecte [n] by name, attacked it with great zeal and resolution. This holy man travelled from place to place to preach down this monstrous commode; and succeeded so well in it, that as the magicians sacrificed their books to the flames upon the preaching of an apostle, many of the women threw down their head-dresses in the middle of his sermon, and made a bonfire of them within sight of the pulpit. He was so renowned, as well for the sanctity of his life as his manner of preaching, that he had often a congregation of twenty thousand people; the men placing themselves on the one side of his pulpit, and the women on the other, that appeared (to use the similitude of an ingenious writer) like a forest of cedars, with their heads reaching to the clouds. He so warmed and animated the people against this monstrous ornament, that it lay under a kind of persecution; and, whenever it appeared in

public, was pelted down by the rabble, who flung stones at the persons that wore it. But, notwithstanding this prodigy vanished while the preacher was among them, it began to appear again some months after his departure, or, to tell it in Monsieur Paradin's own words, 'The women, that, like snails in a fright, had drawn in their horns, shot them out again as soon as the danger was over.' This extravagance of the women's head-dresses in that age, is taken notice of by Monsieur d'Argentre, in the history of Bretagne, and by other historians, as well as the person I have here quoted.

It is usually observed, that a good reign is the only proper time for the making of laws against the exorbitance of power; in the same manner an excessive head-dress may be attacked the most effectually when the fashion is against it. I do therefore recommend this paper to my female readers by way of prevention.

I would desire the fair sex to consider how impossible it is for them to add any thing that can be ornamental to what is already the master-piece of nature. The head has the most beautiful appearance, as well as the highest station, in a human figure. Nature has laid out all her art in beautifying the face; she has touched it with vermilion, planted in it a double row of ivory, made it the seat of smiles and blushes, lightened it up and enlivened it with the brightness of the eyes, hung it on each side with curious organs of sense, given it airs and graces that cannot be described, and surrounded it with such a flowing shade of hair as sets all its beauties in the most agreeable light: In short, she seems to have designed the head as the cupola to the most glorious of her works[n]; and when we load it with such a pile of supernumerary ornaments, we destroy the symmetry of the human figure, and foolishly contrive to call off the eye from great and real beauties, to childish gewgaws, ribbands, and bone-lace.—L.

No. 119. *On Country Manners; they are always behind those of the town.*

> Urbem quam dicunt Romam, Melibœe, putavi
> Stultus ego huic nostræ similem.
>
> VIRG. Ecl. i. 20.

The first and most obvious reflexions which arise in a man who changes the city for the country, are upon the different manners of the people whom he meets with in those two different scenes of life. By manners I do not mean morals, but behaviour and good breeding, as they shew themselves in the town and in the country.

And here, in the first place, I must observe a very great revolution that has happened in this article of good breeding. Several obliging deferences, condescensions, and submissions, with many outward forms and ceremonies that accompany them, were first of all brought up among the politer part of mankind, who lived in courts and cities, and distinguished themselves from the rustic part of the species (who on all occasions acted bluntly and naturally) by such a mutual complaisance and intercourse of civilities. These forms of conversation by degrees multiplied and grew troublesome; the modish world found too great a constraint in them, and have therefore thrown most of them aside. Conversation, like the Romish religion, was so encumbered with show and ceremony, that it stood in need of a reformation to retrench its superfluities, and restore it to its natural good sense and beauty. At present therefore an unconstrained carriage, and a certain openness of behaviour, are the height of good breeding. The fashionable world is grown free and easy; our manners sit more loose upon us: nothing is so modish as an agreeable negligence. In a word, good breeding shews itself most where to an ordinary eye it appears the least.

If after this we look on the people of mode in the country, we find in them the manners of the last age. They have no sooner fetched themselves up to the fashion of the polite world, but the town has dropped them, and are nearer to the first state of nature than to those refinements which formerly reigned in the court, and still prevail in the country. One may now know a man that never conversed in the world, by his excess of good breeding. A polite country squire shall make you as many bows in

half an hour, as would serve a courtier for a week. There is infinitely more to do about place and precedency in a meeting of justices' wives, than in an assembly of duchesses.

This rural politeness is very troublesome to a man of my temper, who generally take the chair that is next me, and walk first or last, in the front or in the rear, as chance directs. I have known my friend Sir Roger's dinner almost cold before the company could adjust the ceremonial, and be prevailed upon to sit down; and have heartily pitied my old friend, when I have seen him forced to pick and cull his guests, as they sat at the several parts of his table, that he might drink their healths according to their respective ranks and qualities. Honest Will Wimble, who I should have thought had been altogether uninfected with ceremony, gives me abundance of trouble in this particular. Though he has been fishing all the morning, he will not help himself at dinner, till I am served. When we are going out of the hall he runs behind me; and last night, as we were walking in the fields, stopped short at a stile till I came up to it, and upon my making signs to him to get over, told me, with a serious smile, that sure I believed they had no manners in the country.

There has happened another revolution in the point of good breeding, which relates to the conversation among men of mode, and which I cannot but look upon as very extraordinary. It was certainly one of the first distinctions of a well-bred man, to express every thing that had the most remote appearance of being obscene in modest terms and distant phrases; whilst the clown, who had no such delicacy of conception and expression, clothed his ideas in those plain homely terms that are the most obvious and natural. This kind of good manners was perhaps carried to an excess, so as to make conversation too stiff, formal, and precise; for which reason (as hypocrisy in one age is generally succeeded by atheism in another) conversation is in a great measure relapsed into the first extreme; so that at present several of our men of the town, and particularly those who have been polished in France, make use of the most coarse uncivilised words in our language, and utter themselves often in such a manner as a clown would blush to hear.

This infamous piece of good breeding, which reigns among the coxcombs of the town, has not yet made its way into the country;

and as it is impossible for such an irrational way of conversation to last long among a people that make any profession of religion, or show of modesty, if the country gentlemen get into it, they will certainly be left in the lurch. Their good breeding will come too late to them, and they will be thought a parcel of lewd clowns, while they fancy themselves talking together like men of wit and pleasure.

As the two points of good breeding which I have hitherto insisted upon regard behaviour and conversation, there is a third which turns upon dress. In this too the country are very much behindhand. The rural beaus are not yet got out of the fashion that took place at the time of the Revolution, but ride about the country in red coats and laced hats, while the women are still trying to outvie one another in the height of their head-dresses.

But a friend of mine, who is now upon the western circuit, having promised to give me an account of the several modes and fashions that prevail in the different parts of the nation through which he passes, I shall defer enlarging upon this last topic, till I have received a letter from him, which I expect every post.—L.

No. 129. *The same subject; letter describing the fashions in the West of England.*

> Vertentem sese frustra sectabere canthum,
> Cum rota posterior curras et in axe secundo.
> PERS. Sat. v. 17.
>
> Thou, like the hindmost chariot wheels, art curst,
> Still to be near, but ne'er to be the first.
> DRYDEN.

Great masters in painting never care for drawing people in the fashion; as very well knowing that the head-dress or periwig that now prevails, and gives a grace to their portraitures at present, will make a very odd figure, and perhaps look monstrous in the eyes of posterity. For this reason they often represent an illustrious poet in a Roman habit, or in some other dress that never varies. I could wish, for the sake of my country friends, that there was such a kind of everlasting drapery to be made use of by all who live at a certain distance from the town, and that they would agree upon such fashions as should never be liable to changes and inno-

vations. For want of this standing dress, a man who takes a journey into the country is as much surprised as one who walks in a gallery of old family pictures; and finds as great a variety of garbs and habits in the persons he converses with. Did they keep to one constant dress they would sometimes be in the fashion, which they never are as matters are managed at present. If instead of running after the mode, they would continue fixed in one certain habit, the mode would sometime or other overtake them, as a clock that stands still is sure to point right once in twelve hours: in this case therefore I would advise them, as a gentleman did his friend who was hunting about the whole town after a rambling fellow, 'If you follow him you will never find him, but if you plant yourself at the corner of any one street, I'll engage it will not be long before you see him.'

I have already touched upon this subject, in a speculation which shews how cruelly the country are led astray in following the town, and equipped in a ridiculous habit, when they fancy themselves in the height of the mode. Since that speculation I have received a letter (which I there hinted at)[1] from a gentleman who is now in the western circuit.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'Being a lawyer of the Middle Temple, a Cornishman by birth, I generally ride the western circuit for my health, and as I am not interrupted with clients, have leisure to make many observations that escape the notice of my fellow-travellers.

'One of the most fashionable women I met with in all the circuit was my landlady at Staines, where I chanced to be on a holiday. Her commode[n] was not half a foot high, and her petticoat within some yards of a modish circumference. In the same place I observed a young fellow with a tolerable periwig, had it not been covered with a hat that was shaped in the Ramillie cock. As I proceeded in my journey I observed the petticoat grew scantier and scantier, and about threescore miles from London was so very unfashionable, that a woman might walk in it without any manner of inconvenience.

'Not far from Salisbury I took notice of a justice of peace's lady, who was at least ten years behind-hand in her dress, but at the same time as fine as hands could make her. She was

[1] See previous page.

flounced and furbelowed from head to foot; every ribbon was wrinkled, and every part of her garments in curl, so that she looked like one of those animals which in the country we call a Friezeland hen.

'Not many miles beyond this place I was informed, that one of the last year's little muffs had by some means or other straggled into those parts, and that all the women of fashion were cutting their old muffs in two, or retrenching them according to the little model which was got among them. I cannot believe the report they have there, that it was sent down franked by a parliament-man in a little packet; but probably by next winter this fashion will be at the height in the country, when it is quite out at London.

'The greatest beau at our next[n] county-sessions was dressed in a most monstrous flaxen periwig, that was made in king William's reign. The wearer of it goes, it seems, in his own hair, when he is at home, and lets his wig lie in buckle for a whole half-year, that he may put it on upon occasion to meet the judges in it.

'I must not here omit an adventure which happened to us in a country church upon the frontiers of Cornwall. As we were in the midst of the service, a lady who is the chief woman of the place, and had passed the winter at London with her husband, entered the congregation in a little head-dress, and a hooped petticoat. The people, who were wonderfully startled at such a sight, all of them rose up. Some stared at the prodigious bottom, and some at the little top of this strange dress. In the mean time the lady of the manor filled the area of the church, and walked up to her pew with an unspeakable satisfaction, amidst the whispers, conjectures, and astonishments of the whole congregation.

'Upon my way from hence we saw a young fellow riding towards us full gallop, with a bob-wig and a black silken bag tied to it. He stopt short at the coach, to ask us how far the judges were behind us. His stay was so very short, that we had only time to observe his new silk waistcoat, which was unbuttoned in several places to let us see that he had a clean shirt on, which was ruffled down to his middle.

'From this place, during our progress through the most western parts of the kingdom, we fancied ourselves in king Charles the second's reign, the people having made very little variations in

their dress since that time. The smartest of the country squires appear still in the Monmouth cock, and when they go a wooing (whether they have any post in the militia or not) they generally put on a red coat. We were, indeed, very much surprised at the place we lay at last night, to meet with a gentleman that had accoutered himself in a night-cap wig, a coat with long pockets and slit sleeves, and a pair of shoes with high scollop tops; but we soon found by his conversation that he was a person who laughed at the ignorance and rusticity of the country people, and was resolved to live and die in the mode.

'Sir, if you think this account of my travels may be of any advantage to the public, I will next year trouble you with such occurrences as I shall meet with in other parts of England. For I am informed there are greater curiosities in the northern circuit than in the western; and that a fashion makes its progress much slower into Cumberland than into Cornwall. I have heard in particular, that the Steenkirk[n] arrived but two months ago at Newcastle, and that there are several commodes in those parts which are worth taking a journey thither to see.'—C.

No. 135. *On English taciturnity; the genius of our language, ever tending to abbreviation, favours it.*

Est brevitate opus, ut currat sententia.
HOR. Sat. i. 10. 9.

I have somewhere read of an eminent person, who used in his private offices of devotion to give thanks to heaven that he was born a Frenchman: for my own part, I look upon it as a peculiar blessing that I was born an Englishman. Among many other reasons, I think myself very happy in my country, as the language of it is wonderfully adapted to a man who is sparing of his words, and an enemy to loquacity.

As I have frequently reflected on my good fortune in this particular, I shall communicate to the public my speculations upon the English tongue, not doubting but they will be acceptable to all my curious readers.

The English delight in silence more than any other European nation, if the remarks which are made on us by foreigners are true. Our discourse is not kept up in conversation, but falls into more pauses and intervals than in our neighbouring countries; as

it is observed, that the matter of our writings is thrown much closer together, and lies in a narrower compass than is usual in the works of foreign authors: for, to favour our natural taciturnity, when we are obliged to utter our thoughts, we do it in the shortest way we are able, and give as quick a birth to our conceptions as possible.

This humour shews itself in several remarks that we may make upon the English language. As first of all, by its abounding in monosyllables, which gives us an opportunity of delivering our thoughts in few sounds. This indeed takes off from the elegance of our tongue, but at the same time expresses our ideas in the readiest manner, and consequently answers the first design of speech better than the multitude of syllables, which make the words of other languages more tuneable and sonorous. The sounds of our English words are commonly like those of string music, short and transient, which rise and perish upon a single touch; those of other languages are like the notes of wind instruments, sweet and swelling, and lengthened out into variety of modulation.

In the next place we may observe, that where the words are not monosyllables, we often make them so, as much as lies in our power, by our rapidity of pronunciation; as it generally happens in most of our long words which are derived from the Latin, where we contract the length of the syllables that gives them a grave and solemn air in their own language, to make them more proper for dispatch, and more conformable to the genius of our tongue. This we may find in a multitude of words, as *liberty*, *conspiracy*, *theatre*, *orator*, *&c.*

The same natural aversion to loquacity has of late years made a very considerable alteration in our language, by closing in one syllable the termination of our preterperfect tense, as in the words *drown'd*, *walk'd*, *arriv'd*, for *drowned*, *walked*, *arrived*, which has very much disfigured the tongue, and turned a tenth part of our smoothest words into so many clusters of consonants. This is the more remarkable, because the want of vowels in our language has been the general complaint of our politest authors, who nevertheless are the men that have made these retrenchments, and consequently very much increased our former scarcity.

This reflexion on the words that end in *ed*, I have heard in

conversation from one of[1] the greatest geniuses this age has produced. I think we may add to the foregoing observation, the change which has happened in our language by the abbreviation of several words that are terminated in *eth*, by substituting an *s* in the room of the last syllable, as in *drowns*, *walks*, *arrives*, and innumerable other words, which in the pronunciation of our forefathers were *drowneth*, *walketh*, *arriveth*[n]. This has wonderfully multiplied a letter which was before too frequent in the English tongue, and added to that hissing in our language, which is taken so much notice of by foreigners; but at the same time humours our taciturnity, and eases us of many superfluous syllables.

I might here observe, that the same single letter on many occasions does the office of a whole word, and represents the *his* and *her*[n] of our forefathers. There is no doubt but the ear of a foreigner, which is the best judge in this case, would very much disapprove of such innovations, which indeed we do ourselves in some measure, by retaining the old termination in writing, and in all the solemn offices of our religion.

As in the instances I have given we have epitomized many of our particular words to the detriment of our tongue, so on other occasions we have drawn two words into one, which has likewise very much untuned our language, and clogged it with consonants, as *mayn't*, *can't*, *shan't*, *won't*, and the like, for *may not*, *can not*, *shall not*, *will not*, *&c.*

It is perhaps this humour of speaking no more than we needs must, which has so miserably curtailed some of our words, that in familiar writings and conversations they often lose all but their first syllables, as in *mob.* *rep.* *pos.* *incog.*[n] and the like; and as all ridiculous words make their first entry into a language by familiar phrases, I dare not answer for these, that they will not in time be looked upon as a part of our tongue. We see some of our poets have been so indiscreet as to imitate Hudibras's doggrel expressions in their serious compositions, by throwing out the signs of our substantives, which are essential to the English language. Nay, this humour of shortening our language had once run so far, that some of our celebrated authors, among whom we may reckon Sir Roger L'Estrange[n] in particular, began to prune their words of all super-

[1] Dean Swift.

fluous letters, as they termed them, in order to adjust the spelling to the pronunciation; which would have confounded all our etymologies, and have quite destroyed our tongue.

We may here likewise observe that our proper names, when familiarized in English, generally dwindle to monosyllables, whereas in other modern languages they receive a softer turn on this occasion, by the addition of a new syllable, *Nick* in Italian is *Nicolini*, *Jack* in French *Janot;* and so of the rest.

There is another particular in our language which is a great instance of our frugality of words, and that is the suppressing of several particles which must be produced in other tongues to make a sentence intelligible: this often perplexes the best writers, when they find the relatives *whom*, *which*, or *they*, at their mercy, whether they may have admission or not[n]; and will never be decided till we have something like an academy, that by the best authorities and rules, drawn from the analogy of languages, shall settle all controversies between grammar and idiom.

I have only considered our language as it shews the genius and natural temper of the English, which is modest, thoughtful, and sincere, and which perhaps may recommend the people, though it has spoiled the tongue. We might perhaps carry the same thought into other languages, and deduce a great part of what is peculiar to them from the genius of the people who speak them. It is certain the light talkative humour of the French has not a little infected their tongue, which might be shewn by many instances; as the genius of the Italians, which is so much addicted to music and ceremony, has moulded all their words and phrases to those particular uses. The stateliness and gravity of the Spaniards shews itself to perfection in the solemnity of their language; and the blunt honest humour of the Germans sounds better in the roughness of the High-Dutch than it would in a politer tongue.—C.

No. 173. *On Grinning; description of a Grinning match; reflections.*

> Remove fera monstra, tuæque
> Saxificos vultus, quæcunque ea, tolle Medusæ.
> OVID, Met. v. 216.

In a late paper I mentioned the projects of an ingenious

author for the erecting of several handicraft prizes to be contended for by our British artisans, and the influence they might have towards the improvement of our several manufactures. I have since that been very much surprised by the following advertisement which I find in the Post-boy of the 11th instant, and again repeated in the Post-boy of the 15th.

On the 9th of October next will be run for upon Coleshill heath in Warwickshire, a plate of six guineas value, three heats, by any horse, mare, or gelding, that hath not won above the value of 5*l.*; the winning horse to be sold for 10*l.*, to carry 10 stone weight, if 14 hands high, if above or under, to carry or be allowed weight for inches, and to be entered on Friday the 5th at the Swan at Coleshill, before six in the evening. Also a plate of less value to be run for by asses. The same day a gold ring to be grinned for by men.

The first of these diversions that is to be exhibited by the 10*l.* race-horses, may probably have its use; but the two last, in which the asses and men are concerned, seem to me altogether extraordinary and unaccountable. Why they should keep running-asses at Coleshill, or how making mouths turns to account in Warwickshire, more than in any other parts of England, I cannot comprehend. I have looked over all the Olympic games, and do not find any thing in them like an ass race, or a match at grinning. However it be, I am informed that several asses are now kept in body-clothes, and sweated every morning upon the heath, and that all the country fellows within ten miles of the Swan grin an hour or two in their glasses every morning, in order to qualify themselves for the 9th of October. The prize, which is proposed to be grinned for, has raised such an ambition among the common people of out-grinning one another, that many very discerning persons are afraid it should spoil most of the faces in the country; and that a Warwickshire man will be known by his grin, as Roman Catholics imagine a Kentish man is by his tail. The gold ring which is made the prize of deformity is just the reverse of the golden apple that was formerly made the prize of beauty, and should carry for its posy the old motto inverted:

Detur tetriori[n].

Or, to accommodate it to the capacity of the combatants,

The frightfull'st grinner
Be the winner.

In the meanwhile I would advise a Dutch painter to be present at this great controversy of faces, in order to make a collection of the most remarkable grins that shall be there exhibited.

I must not here omit an account which I lately received of one of these grinning-matches from a gentleman, who, upon reading the above-mentioned advertisement, entertained a coffee-house with the following narrative. Upon the taking of Namur[n], amidst other public rejoicings made on that occasion, there was a gold ring given by a whig justice of the peace to be grinned for. The first competitor that entered the lists, was a black swarthy Frenchman, who accidentally passed that way, and being a man naturally of a withered look and hard features, promised himself good success. He was placed upon a table in the great point of view, and looking upon the company like Milton's Death,

> Grinn'd horribly a ghastly smile.

His muscles were so drawn together on each side of his face, that he shewed twenty teeth at a grin, and put the country in some pain, lest a foreigner should carry away the honour of the day; but upon a further trial, they found he was master only of the merry grin.

The next that mounted the table was a malecontent in those days, and a great master in the whole art of grinning, but particularly excelled in the angry grin. He did his part so well, that he is said to have made half a dozen women miscarry; but the justice, being apprized by one who stood near him, that the fellow who grinned in his face was a Jacobite, and being unwilling that a disaffected person should win the gold ring, and be looked upon as the best grinner in the country, he ordered the oaths to be tendered unto him upon his quitting the table [n], which the grinner refusing, he was set aside as an unqualified person. There were several other grotesque figures that presented themselves, which it would be too tedious to describe. I must not however omit a ploughman, who lived in the farther part of the country, and being very lucky in a pair of long lanthorn-jaws, wrung his face into such an hideous grimace, that every feature of it appeared under a different distortion. The whole company stood astonished at such a complicated grin, and were ready to assign the prize to him, had it not been proved by one of his antagonists, that he had practised with verjuice for some days

before, and had a crab found upon him at the very time of grinning; upon which the best judges of grinning declared it as their opinion, that he was not to be looked upon as a fair grinner, and therefore ordered him to be set aside as a cheat.

The prize, it seems, fell at length upon a cobler, Giles Gorgon by name, who produced several new grins of his own invention, having been used to cut faces for many years together over his last. At the very first grin he cast every human feature out of his countenance; at the second he became the face of a spout, at the third a baboon, at the fourth the head of a bass-viol, and at the fifth a pair of nut-crackers. The whole assembly wondered at his accomplishments, and bestowed the ring on him unanimously: but, what he esteemed more than all the rest, a country-wench, whom he had wooed in vain for above five years before, was so charmed with his grins and the applauses which he received on all sides that she married him the week following, and to this day wears the prize upon her finger, the cobler having made use of it as his wedding-ring.

This paper might perhaps seem very impertinent, if it grew serious in the conclusion. I would nevertheless leave it to the consideration of those who are the patrons of this monstrous trial of skill, whether or no they are not guilty, in some measure, of an affront to their species, in treating after this manner the 'human face divine,' and turning that part of us which has so great an image impressed upon it, into the image of a monkey; whether the raising such silly competitions among the ignorant, proposing prizes for such useless accomplishments, filling the common people's heads with such senseless ambitions and inspiring them with such absurd ideas of superiority and pre-eminence, has not in it something immoral as well as ridiculous.—L.

No. 251. *On the London Cries; letter describing them.*

Linguæ centum sunt, oraque centum,
Ferrea vox. VIRG. Æn. vi. 625.

There is nothing which more astonishes a foreigner and frights a country squire than the cries of London. My good friend Sir Roger often declares that he cannot get them out of his head, or

go to sleep for them, the first week that he is in town. On the contrary, Will Honeycomb calls them the *Ramage de la ville*, and prefers them to the sounds of larks and nightingales, with all the music of the fields and woods. I have lately received a letter from some very odd fellow upon this subject, which I shall leave with my reader, without saying any thing farther of it.

'SIR,

'I am a man out of all business, and would willingly turn my head to any thing for an honest livelihood. I have invented several projects for raising many millions of money without burdening the subject, but I cannot get the parliament to listen to me; who look upon me, forsooth, as a crack and a projector: so that, despairing to enrich either myself or my country by this public-spiritedness, I would make some proposals to you relating to a design which I have very much at heart, and which may procure me a handsome subsistence, if you will be pleased to recommend it to the cities of London and Westminster.

'The post I would aim at, is to be comptroller-general of the London cries, which are at present under no manner of rules or discipline. I think I am pretty well qualified for this place, as being a man of very strong lungs, of great insight into all the branches of our British trades and manufactures, and of a competent skill in music.

'The cries of London may be divided into vocal and instrumental. As for the latter, they are at present under a very great disorder. A freeman of London has the privilege of disturbing a whole street for an hour together with the twancking of a brass kettle or a frying-pan. The watchman's thump at midnight startles us in our beds, as much as the breaking in of a thief. The sow-gelder's horn has indeed something musical in it, but this is seldom heard within the liberties. I would therefore propose that no instrument of this nature should be made use of, which I have not tuned and licensed, after having carefully examined in what manner it may affect the ears of her majesty's liege subjects.

'Vocal cries are of a much larger extent, and indeed so full of incongruities and barbarisms, that we appear a distracted city to foreigners who do not comprehend the meaning of such enormous outcries. Milk is generally sold in a note above *Ela*[n], and in sounds so exceedingly shrill, that it often sets our teeth on edge.

The chimney-sweeper is confined to no certain pitch; he sometimes utters himself in the deepest base, and sometimes in the sharpest treble; sometimes in the highest, and sometimes in the lowest note of the gamut. The same observation might be made on the retailers of small-coal, not to mention broken glasses or brick-dust. In these therefore, and the like cases, it should be my care to sweeten and mellow the voices of these itinerant tradesmen, before they make their appearance in our streets, as also to accommodate their cries to their respective wares: and to take care in particular, that those may not make the most noise who have the least to sell, which is very observable in the vendors of card matches, to whom I cannot but apply that old proverb of "Much cry, and little wool."

'Some of these last mentioned musicians are so very loud in the sale of these trifling manufactures, that an honest splenetic gentleman of my acquaintance bargained with one of them never to come into the street where he lived: but what was the effect of this contract? why, the whole tribe of card-match-makers which frequent that quarter, passed by his door the very next day, in hopes of being bought off after the same manner.

'It is another great imperfection in our London cries, that there is no just time nor measure observed in them. Our news should indeed be published in a very quick time, because it is a commodity that will not keep cold. It should not, however, be cried with the same precipitation as fire; yet this is generally the case: a bloody battle alarms the town from one end to another in any instant. Every motion of the French is published in so great a hurry, that one would think the enemy were at our gates. This likewise I would take upon me to regulate in such a manner, that there should be some distinction made between the spreading of a victory, a march, or an encampment, a Dutch, a Portugal, or a Spanish mail. Nor must I omit, under this head, those excessive alarms with which several boisterous rustics infest our streets in turnip-season; and which are more inexcusable, because these are wares which are in no danger of cooling upon their hands.

'There are others who affect a very slow time, and are, in my opinion, much more tuneable than the former; the cooper in particular swells his last note in an hollow voice, that is not without its harmony: nor can I forbear being inspired with a

most agreeable melancholy when I hear that sad and solemn air with which the public are very often asked, if they have any chairs to mend? Your own memory may suggest to you many other lamentable ditties of the same nature, in which the music is wonderfully languishing and melodious.

'I am always pleased with that particular time of the year which is proper for the pickling of dill and cucumbers; but alas! this cry, like the song of the nightingale, is not heard above two months. It would therefore be worth while to consider whether the same air might not in some cases be adapted to other words.

'It might likewise deserve our most serious consideration how far, in a well regulated city, those humourists are to be tolerated, who, not contented with the traditional cries of their forefathers, have invented particular songs and tunes of their own: such as was, not many years since, the pastry-man, commonly known by the name of colly-molly-puff: and such as is at this day the vender of powder and wash-balls, who, if I am rightly informed, goes under the name of Powder Watt.

'I must not here omit one particular absurdity which runs through this whole vociferous generation, and which renders their cries very often not only incommodious, but altogether useless to the public: I mean, that idle accomplishment which they all of them aim at, of crying so as not to be understood. Whether or no they have learned this from several of our affected singers, I will not take upon me to say; but most certain it is, that people know the wares they deal in rather by their tunes than by their words; insomuch that I have sometimes seen a country boy run out to buy apples of a bellows-mender, and ginger-bread from a grinder of knives and scissars. Nay, so strangely infatuated are some very eminent artists of this particular grace in a cry, that none but their acquaintance are able to guess at their profession; for who else can know, that "Work if I had it," should be the signification of a corn-cutter.

'Forasmuch therefore as persons of this rank are seldom men of genius or capacity, I think it would be very proper, that some man of good sense and sound judgment should preside over these public cries, who should permit none to lift up their voices in our streets that have not tuneable throats, and are not only able to overcome the noise of the crowd, and the rattling of coaches, but also to vend their respective merchandises in apt phrases, and

in the most distinct and agreeable sounds. I do therefore humbly recommend myself as a person rightly qualified for this post; and, if I meet with fitting encouragement, shall communicate some other projects which I have by me, that may no less conduce to the emolument of the public.

'I am, Sir, &c.

'RALPH CROTCHET.'

No. 295. *On Pin Money; the Spectator condemns it.*

> Prodiga non sentit pereuntem fœmina censum:
> At velut exhausta redivivus pullulet arca
> Nummus, et e pleno semper tollatur acervo,
> Non unquam reputat, quanti sibi gaudia constant.
> JUV. Sat. vi. 361.

> But woman-kind that never knows a mean,
> Down to the dregs their sinking fortunes drain:
> Hourly they give, and spend, and waste, and wear,
> And think no pleasure can be bought too dear.
> DRYDEN.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I am turned of my great climacteric [n], and am naturally a man of a meek temper. About a dozen years ago I was married for my sins, to a young woman of a good family, and of an high spirit; but could not bring her to close with me, before I had entered into a treaty with her longer than that of the Grand Alliance [n]. Among other articles, it was therein stipulated that she should have 400*l.* a year for pin money, which I obliged myself to pay quarterly into the hands of one who acted as her plenipotentiary in that affair. I have ever since religiously observed my part in this solemn agreement. Now, Sir, so it is, that the lady has had several children since I married her; to which, if I should credit our malicious neighbours, her pin money has not a little contributed. The education of these my children who, contrary to my expectation, are born to me every year, straitens me so much that I have begged their mother to free me from the obligation of the above-mentioned pin money, that it may go towards making a provision for her family. This proposal makes her noble blood swell in her veins, insomuch that finding me a little tardy in her last quarter's payment, she threatens me every day to arrest me; and proceeds so far as to

tell me, that if I do not do her justice, I shall die in a jail. To this she adds, when her passion would let her argue calmly, that she has several play-debts on her hand, which must be discharged very suddenly, and that she cannot lose her money as becomes a woman of her fashion, if she makes me any abatement in this article. I hope, Sir, you will take an occasion from hence to give your opinion upon a subject which you have not yet touched, and inform us if there are any precedents for this usage among our ancestors; or whether you find any mention of pin money in Grotius, Puffendorf[n], or any other of the civilians.

'I am ever the humblest of your admirers,

'JOSIAH FRIBBLE, Esq.'

As there is no man living who is a more professed advocate for the fair sex than myself, so there is none that would be more unwilling to invade any of their ancient rights and privileges; but as the doctrine of pin money is of a very late date, unknown to our great grandmothers, and not yet received by many of our modern ladies, I think it is for the interest of both sexes to keep it from spreading.

Mr. Fribble may not, perhaps, be much mistaken where he intimates, that the supplying a man's wife with pin money is furnishing her with arms against himself, and in a manner becoming accessary to his own dishonour. We may indeed generally observe, that in proportion as a woman is more or less beautiful, and her husband advanced in years, she stands in need of a greater or less number of pins, and, upon a treaty of marriage, rises or falls in her demands accordingly. It must likewise be owned, that high quality in a mistress does very much inflame this article in the marriage reckoning.

But where the age and circumstances of both parties are pretty much upon a level, I cannot but think the insisting upon pin money is very extraordinary; and yet we find several matches broken off by this very head. What would a foreigner, or one who is a stranger to this practice, think of a lover that forsakes his mistress because he is not willing to keep her in pins? but what would he think of the mistress, should he be informed that she asks five or six hundred pounds a year for this use? Should a man unacquainted with our customs be told the sums which are allowed in Great Britain under the title of pin money, what a

prodigious consumption of pins would he think there was in this island? *A pin a day*, says our frugal proverb, *is a groat a year*; so that according to this calculation, my friend Fribble's wife must every year make use of eight millions six hundred and forty thousand new pins!

I am not ignorant that our British ladies allege they comprehend under this general term several other conveniences of life; I could therefore wish, for the honour of my country women, that they had rather called it *Needle money*, which might have implied something of good housewifery, and not have given the malicious world occasion to think that dress and trifle have always the uppermost place in a woman's thoughts.

I know several of my fair readers urge, in defence of this practice, that it is but a necessary provision they make for themselves, in case their husband proves a churl or a miser; so that they consider this allowance as a kind of alimony, which they may lay their claim to without actually separating from their husbands. But with submission I think a woman who will give up herself to a man in marriage, where there is the least room for such an apprehension, and trust her person to one whom she will not rely on for the common necessaries of life, may very properly be accused (in the phrase of a homely proverb) of being *penny wise and pound foolish*.

It is observed of over-cautious generals, that they never engage in a battle without securing a retreat, in case the event should not answer their expectations; on the other hand, the greatest conquerors have burnt their ships, or broke down the bridges behind them, as being determined either to suceeed or die in the engagement. In the same manner, I should very much suspect a woman who takes such precautions for her retreat, and contrives methods how she may live happily, without the affection of one to whom she joins herself for life. Separate purses between man and wife are in my opinion as unnatural as separate beds. A marriage cannot be happy where the pleasures, inclinations, and interest of both parties are not the same. There is no greater enticement to love in the mind of man, than the sense of a person's depending upon him for her ease and happiness; as a woman uses all her endeavours to please the person whom she looks upon as her honour, her comfort, and her support.

For this reason I am not very much surprised at the behaviour of a rough country squire, who, being not a little shocked at the proceeding of a young widow that would not recede from her demands of pin money, was so enraged at her mercenary temper, that he told her in great wrath, 'As much as she thought him her slave, he would shew all the world he did not care a pin for her.' Upon which he flew out of the room, and never saw her more.

Socrates, in Plato's Alcibiades, says, he was informed by one who had travelled through Persia, that as he passed over a great tract of lands, and inquired what the name of the place was, they told him it was the Queen's girdle; to which he adds, that another wide field which lay by it, was called the Queen's veil; and that in the same manner there was a large portion of ground set aside for every part of her majesty's dress. These lands might not be improperly called the Queen of Persia's pin money.

* * * * * *

L.

No. 292. *On Pin Money, continued; letter of Sir John Enville.*

Malo Venusinam, quam te, Cornelia, mater
Gracchorum, si cum magnis virtutibus affers.
Grande supercilium, et numeras in dote triumphos.
Tolle tuum, precor, Annibalem, victumque Syphacem
In castris; et cum tota Carthagine migra.
JUV. Sat. vi. 166.

Some country-girl, scarce to a curtsey bred,
Would I much rather than Cornelia wed,
If, supercilious, haughty, proud, and vain,
She brought her father's triumphs in her train.
Away with all your Carthaginian state;
Let vanquish'd Hannibal without doors wait,
Too burly and too big to pass my narrow gate.
DRYDEN.

It is observed that a man improves more by reading the story of a person eminent for prudence and virtue than by the finest rules and precepts of morality. In the same manner a representation of those calamities and misfortunes which a weak man suffers from wrong measures and ill-concerted schemes of life, is apt to make a deeper impression upon our minds than the wisest maxims and instructions that can be given us, for

avoiding the like follies and indiscretions in our own private conduct. It is for this reason that I lay before my reader the following letter, and leave it with him to make his own use of it, without adding any reflexions of my own upon the subject matter.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'Having carefully perused a letter sent you by Josiah Fribble, Esq., with your subsequent discourse upon pin money, I do presume to trouble you with an account of my own case, which I look upon to be no less deplorable than that of Squire Fribble. I am a person of no extraction, having begun the world with a small parcel of rusty iron, and was for some years commonly known by the name of Jack Anvil. I have naturally a very happy genius for getting money, insomuch that by the age of five and twenty I had scraped together four thousand two hundred pounds, five shillings and a few odd pence. I then launched out into considerable business, and became a bold trader both by sea and land, which in a few years raised me a considerable fortune. For these my good services I was knighted in the thirty-fifth year of my age, and lived with great dignity among my city neighbours by the name of Sir John Anvil. Being in my temper very ambitious, I was now bent upon making a family, and accordingly resolved that my descendants should have a dash of good blood in their veins. In order to this I made love to Lady Mary Oddly, an indigent young woman of quality. To cut short the marriage-treaty, I threw her a *charte blanche* [n], as our newspapers call it, desiring her to write upon it her own terms. She was very concise in her demands, insisting only that the disposal of my fortune, and the regulation of my family, should be entirely in her hands. Her father and brothers appeared exceedingly averse to this match, and would not see me for some time; but at present are so well reconciled that they dine with me almost every day, and have borrowed considerable sums of me; which my Lady Mary very often twits me with, when she shews me how kind her relations are to me. She had no portion, as I told you before, but what she wanted in fortune, she makes up in spirit. She at first changed my name to Sir John Envil, and at present writes herself Mary Enville [n]. I have had some children by her, whom she has christened with the sirnames of her family, in order,

as she tells me, to wear out the homeliness of their parentage by the father's side. Our eldest son is the honourable Oddly Enville Esq.; and our eldest daughter Harriot Enville. Upon her first coming into my family, she turned off a parcel of very careful servants who had been long with me, and introduced in their stead a couple of black-a-moors, and three or four very genteel fellows in laced liveries, besides her French woman, who is perpetually making a noise in the house in a language which nobody understands except Lady Mary. She next set herself to reform every room in my house, having glazed all my chimney-pieces with looking glass, and planted every corner with such heaps of china, that I am obliged to move about my own house with the greatest caution and circumspection, for fear of hurting some of our brittle furniture. She makes an illumination once a week with wax candles in one of the largest rooms, in order, as she phrases it, to see company. At which time she always desires me to be abroad, or to confine myself to the cock loft, that I may not disgrace her among her visitants of quality. Her footmen, as I told you before, are such beaus that I do not much care for asking them questions; when I do, they answer me with a saucy frown, and say that every thing which I find fault with was done by my Lady Mary's order. She tells me that she intends they shall wear swords with their next liveries, having lately observed the footmen of two or three persons of quality hanging behind the coach with swords by their sides. As soon as the first honey-moon was over, I represented to her the unreasonableness of those daily innovations which she made in my family; but she told me I was no longer to consider myself as Sir John Anvil, but as her husband; and added, with a frown, that I did not seem to know who she was. I was surprised to be treated thus, after such familiarities as had passed between us. But she has since given me to know that whatever freedom she may sometimes indulge me in, she expects in general to be treated with the respect that is due to her birth and quality. Our children have been trained up from their infancy with so many accounts of their mother's family, that they know the stories of all the great men and women it has produced. Their mother tells them that such an one commanded in such a sea engagement, that their great grandfather had a horse shot under him at Edge-hill, that their uncle was at the siege of Buda[n], and that

her mother danced in a ball at court with the duke of Monmouth; with abundance of fiddle-faddle of the same nature. I was the other day a little out of countenance at a question of my little daughter Harriot, who asked me with a great deal of innocence, why I never told them of the generals and admirals that had been in my family. As for my eldest son Oddly, he has been so spirited up by his mother, that if he does not mend his manners I shall go near to disinherit him. He drew his sword upon me before he was nine years old, and told me that he expected to be used like a gentleman; upon my offering to correct him for his insolence, my Lady Mary stept in between us, and told me that I ought to consider there was some difference between his mother and mine. She is perpetually finding out the features of her own relations in every one of my children, though by the way I have a little chub-faced boy as like me as he can stare, if I durst say so; but what most angers me, when she sees me playing with any of them upon my knee, she has begged me more than once to converse with the children as little as possible, that they may not learn any of my awkward tricks.

'You must further know, since I am opening my heart to you, that she thinks herself my superior in sense as much as she is in quality, and therefore treats me like a plain well-meaning man, who does not know the world. She dictates to me in my own business, sets me right in point of trade, and if I disagree with her about any of my ships at sea, wonders that I will dispute with her, when I know very well that her great grandfather was a flag-officer.

'To complete my sufferings, she has teazed me for this quarter of a year last past, to remove into one of the squares at the other end of the town, promising for my encouragement that I shall have as good a cock-loft as any gentleman in the square; to which the honourable Oddly Enville, Esq., always adds, like a jackanapes as he is, that the hopes 'twill be as near the court as possible.

'In short, Mr. Spectator, I am so much out of my natural element, that to recover my old way of life I would be content to begin the world again, and be plain Jack Anvil; but alas! I am in for life, and am bound to subscribe myself, with great sorrow of heart, 'Your humble servant,

'JOHN ENVILLE, Knt.'

L.

No. 311. *On Fortune-stealers and Fortune-hunters.*

> Nec Veneris pharetris macer est, aut lampade fervet;
> Inde faces ardent, veniunt a dote sagittæ.
> Juv. Sat. vi. 137.
>
> He sighs, adores, and courts her ev'ry hour;
> Who would not do as much for such a dow'r?
> DRYDEN.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I am amazed that among all the variety of characters with which you have enriched your speculations, you have never given us a picture of those audacious young fellows among us, who commonly go by the name of *fortune-stealers*. You must know, Sir, I am one who live in a continual apprehension of this sort of people, who lie in wait day and night for our children, and may be considered as a kind of kidnappers within the law. I am the father of a young heiress, whom I begin to look upon as marriage-able, and who has looked upon herself as such for above these six years. She is now in the eighteenth year of her age. The fortune-hunters have already cast their eyes upon her, and take care to plant themselves in her view whenever she appears in any public assembly. I have myself caught a young jackanapes with a pair of silver-fringed gloves in the very fact. You must know, Sir, I have kept her as a prisoner of state ever since she was in her teens. Her chamber-windows are cross barred; she is not permitted to go out of the house but with her keeper, who is a stayed relation of my own; I have likewise forbid her the use of pen and ink for this twelvemonth last past, and do not suffer a band-box to be carried into her room before it has been searched. Notwithstanding these precautions, I am at my wits' end for fear of any sudden surprise. There were, two or three nights ago, some fiddles heard in the street, which I am afraid portend me no good; not to mention a tall Irishman that has been seen walking before my house more than once this winter. My kinswoman likewise informs me, that the girl has talked to her twice or thrice of a gentleman in a fair wig, and that she loves to go to church more than ever she did in her life. She gave me the slip about a week ago, upon which my whole house was in alarm. I immediately despatched a hue and cry after her to the Change, to her mantua-maker, and

to the young ladies that visit her; but after above an hour's search she returned of herself, having been taking a walk, as she told me, by Rosamond's Pond. I have hereupon turned off her woman, doubled her guards, and given new instructions to my relation, who, to give her her due, keeps a watchful eye over all her motions. This, Sir, keeps me in a perpetual anxiety, and makes me very often watch when my daughter sleeps, as I am afraid she is even with me in her turn. Now, Sir, what I would desire of you is, to represent to this fluttering tribe of young fellows who are for making their fortunes by these indirect means, that stealing a man's daughter for the sake of her portion is but a kind of a tolerated robbery; and that they make but a poor amends to the father, whom they plunder after this manner, by marrying his child. Dear Sir, be speedy in your thoughts on this subject, that, if possible, they may appear before the disbanding of the army.

'I am, Sir,

'Your humble servant,

'TIM. WATCHWELL.'

Themistocles, the great Athenian general, being asked whether he would chuse to marry his daughter to an indigent man of merit, or to a worthless man of an estate, replied, That he should prefer a man without an estate, to an estate without a man. The worst of it is, our modern fortune-hunters are those who turn their head that way, because they are good for nothing else. If a young fellow finds he can make nothing of Coke and Littleton [n], he provides himself with a ladder of ropes, and by that means very often enters upon the premises.

The same art of scaling has likewise been practised with good success by many military engineers. Stratagems of this nature make parts and industry superfluous, and cut short the way to riches.

Nor is vanity a less motive than idleness to this kind of mercenary pursuit. A fop who admires his person in a glass, soon enters into a resolution of making his fortune by it, not questioning but every woman that falls in his way will do him as much justice as he does himself. When an heiress sees a man throwing particular graces into his ogle, or talking loud within her hearing, she ought to look to herself; but if withal

she observes a pair of red heels, a patch, or any other particularity in his dress, she cannot take too much care of her person. These are baits not to be trifled with, charms that have done a world of execution, and made their way into hearts which have been thought impregnable. The force of a man with these qualifications is so well known, that I am credibly informed there are several female undertakers about the Change, who, upon the arrival of a likely man out of a neighbouring kingdom, will furnish him with proper dress from head to foot, to be paid for at a double price on the day of marriage.

We must however distinguish between fortune-hunters and fortune-stealers. The first are those assiduous gentlemen who employ their whole lives in the chace without ever coming at the quarry. Suffenus has combed and powdered at the ladies for thirty years together, and taken his stand in a side-box, till he is grown wrinkled under their eyes. He is now laying the same snares for the present generation of beauties, which he practised on their mothers. Cottilus, after having made his applications to more than you meet with in Mr. Cowley's ballad of mistresses [n], was at last smitten with a city lady of 20,000*l.* sterling, but died of old age before he could bring matters to bear. Nor must I here omit my worthy friend Mr. Honeycomb, who has often told us in the club, that for twenty years successively, upon the death of a childless rich man, he immediately drew on his boots, called for his horse, and made up to the widow. When he is rallied upon his success, Will, with his usual gaiety, tells us that he always found her pre-engaged.

Widows are indeed the great game of your fortune-hunters. There is scarce a young fellow in the town of six foot high, that has not passed in review before one or other of these wealthy relicts. Hudibras's Cupid [n], who

> took his stand
> Upon a widow's jointure land,

is daily employed in throwing darts, and kindling flames. But as for widows, they are such a subtle generation of people, that they may be left to their own conduct; or, if they make a false step in it, they are answerable for it to nobody but themselves. The young innocent creatures who have no knowledge and experience of the world, are those whose safety I

would principally consult in this speculation. The stealing of such an one should in my opinion be as punishable as an assault. Where there is no judgment, there is no choice; and why the inveigling a woman before she is come to years of discretion should not be as criminal as the seducing of her before she is ten years old, I am at a loss to comprehend.—L.

No. 371. *On Whimsical Notions and Practical Jokes.*

Jamne igitur laudas, quod de sapientibus unus
Ridebat? Juv. Sat. x. 28.

I shall communicate to my reader the following letter for the entertainment of this day.

'SIR,

'You know very well that our nation is more famous for that sort of men who are called "whims" and "humourists," than any other country in the world; for which reason it is observed that our English comedy excels that of all other nations in the novelty and variety of its characters.

'Among those innumerable sets of whims which our country produces, there are none whom I have regarded with more curiosity than those who have invented any particular kind of diversion for the entertainment of themselves or their friends. My letter shall single out those who take delight in sorting a company that has something of burlesque and ridicule in its appearance. I shall make myself understood by the following example. One of the wits of the last age, who was a man of a good estate, thought he never laid out his money better than in a jest. As he was one year at the Bath, observing that in the great confluence of fine people there were several among them with long chins, a part of the visage by which he himself was very much distinguished, he invited to dinner half a score of these remarkable persons who had their mouths in the middle of their faces. They had no sooner placed themselves about the table, but they began to stare upon one another, not being able to imagine what had brought them together. Our English proverb says,

'Tis merry in the hall
When beards wag all.

It proved so in the assembly I am now speaking of, who, seeing so many peaks of faces agitated with eating, drinking, and discourse, and observing all the chins that were present meeting together very often over the centre of the table, every one grew sensible of the jest, and came into it with so much good humour, that they lived in strict friendship and alliance from that day forward.

'The same gentleman some time after packed together a set of oglers, as he called them, consisting of such as had an unlucky cast in their eyes. His diversion on this occasion was to see the cross bows, mistaken signs, and wrong connivances[n] that passed amidst so many broken and refracted rays of sight.

'The third feast which this merry gentleman exhibited was to the stammerers, whom he got together in a sufficient body to fill his table. He had ordered one of his servants, who was placed behind a screen, to write down their table talk, which was very easy to be done without the help of short-hand. It appears by the notes which were taken, that though their conversation never fell, there were not above twenty words spoken during the first course; that upon serving up the second, one of the company was a quarter of an hour in telling them that the ducklings and asparagus were very good; and that another took up the same time in declaring himself of the same opinion. This jest did not, however, go off so well as the former; for one of the guests, being a brave man, and fuller of resentment than he knew how to express, went out of the room, and sent the facetious inviter a challenge in writing, which, though it was afterwards dropped by the interposition of friends, put a stop to these ludicrous entertainments.

'Now, Sir, I dare say you will agree with me, that as there is no moral in these jests, they ought to be discouraged, and looked upon rather as pieces of unluckiness than wit. However, as it is natural for one man to refine upon the thought of another, and impossible for any single person, how great soever his parts may be, to invent an art, and bring it to its utmost perfection,—I shall here give you an account of an honest gentleman of my acquaintance, who, upon hearing the character of the wit above-mentioned, has himself assumed it, and endeavoured to convert it to the benefit of mankind. He invited half a dozen of his friends one day to dinner, who were each

of them famous for inserting several redundant phrases in their discourse, as "D'ye hear me," "d'ye see," "that is," "and so, Sir." Each of the guests making frequent use of his particular elegance appeared so ridiculous to his neighbour, that he could not but reflect upon himself as appearing equally ridiculous to the rest of the company: by this means, before they had sat long together, every one talking with the greatest circumspection, and carefully avoiding his favourite expletive, the conversation was cleared of its redundancies, and had a greater quantity of sense, though less of sound in it.

'The same well-meaning gentleman took occasion, at another time, to bring together such of his friends as were addicted to a foolish habitual custom of swearing. In order to shew them the absurdity of the practice, he had recourse to the invention above-mentioned, having placed an amanuensis in a private part of the room. After the second bottle, when men open their minds without reserve, my honest friend began to take notice of the many sonorous but unnecessary words that had passed in his house since their sitting down at table, and how much good conversation they had lost by giving way to such superfluous phrases. "What a tax," says he, "would they have raised for the poor, had we put the laws in execution upon one another." Every one of them took this gentle reproof in good part. Upon which he told them that, knowing their conversation would have no secrets in it, he had ordered it to be taken down in writing, and, for the humour's sake, would read it to them, if they pleased. There were ten sheets of it, which might have been reduced to two, had there not been those abominable interpolations I have before mentioned. Upon the reading of it in cold blood, it looked rather like a conference of fiends than of men. In short, every one trembled at himself upon hearing calmly what he had pronounced amidst the heat and inadvertency of discourse.

'I shall only mention another occasion wherein he made use of the same invention to cure a different kind of men, who are the pests of all polite conversation, and murder time as much as either of the two former, though they do it more innocently; I mean that dull generation of story-tellers. My friend got together about half a dozen of his acquaintance who were infected with this strange malady. The first day, one of them

sitting down entered upon the siege of Namur, which lasted till four o'clock, their time of parting. The second day a North Briton took possession of the discourse, which it was impossible to get out of his hands so long as the company staid together. The third day was engrossed after the same manner by a story of the same length. They at last began to reflect upon this barbarous way of treating one another, and by this means awakened out of that lethargy with which each of them had been seized for several years.

'As you have somewhere declared that extraordinary and uncommon characters of mankind are the game which you delight in, and as I look upon you to be the greatest sportsman, or, if you please, the Nimrod among this species of writers, I thought this discovery would not be unacceptable to you.

I. 'I am, Sir, &c.'

No. 403. *The Spectator notes down the various comments which he heard on the false news reaching London of the death of the French king.*

Qui mores hominum multorum vidit.
HOR. Ars Poet. 142.

When I consider this great city in its several quarters and divisions, I look upon it as an aggregate of various nations distinguished from each other by their respective customs, manners, and interests. The courts of two countries do not so much differ from one another, as the court and city in their peculiar ways of life and conversation. In short, the inhabitants of St. James's, notwithstanding they live under the same laws, and speak the same language, are a distinct people from those of Cheapside, who are likewise removed from those of the Temple on the one side, and those of Smithfield on the other, by several climates and degrees in their way of thinking and conversing together.

For this reason, when any public affair is upon the anvil, I love to hear the reflexions that arise upon it in the several districts and parishes of London and Westminster, and to ramble up and down a whole day together, in order to make myself acquainted with the opinions of my ingenious countrymen. By

this means I know the faces of all the principal politicians within the bills of mortality; and as every coffee-house has some particular statesman belonging to it, who is the mouth of the street where he lives, I always take care to place myself near him, in order to know his judgment on the present posture of affairs. The last progress that I made with this intention was about three months ago, when we had a current report of the king of France's death. As I foresaw this would produce a new face of things in Europe, and many curious speculations in our British coffee-houses, I was very desirous to learn the thoughts of our most eminent politicians on that occasion.

That I might begin as near the fountain-head as possible, I first of all called in at St. James's, where I found the whole outward room in a buz of politics. The speculations were but very indifferent towards the door, but grew finer as you advanced to the upper end of the room, and were so very much improved by a knot of theorists who sat in the inner room, within the steams of the coffee-pot, that I there heard the whole Spanish monarchy disposed of, and all the line of Bourbon provided for, in less than a quarter of an hour.

I afterwards called in at Giles's, where I saw a board of French gentlemen sitting upon the life and death of their Grand Monarque. Those among them who had espoused the whig interest very positively affirmed, that he departed this life about a week since; and therefore proceeded without any further delay to the release of their friends in the galleys, and to their own re-establishment: but, finding they could not agree among themselves, I proceeded on my intended progress.

Upon my arrival at Jenny Man's, I saw an alert young fellow that cocked his hat upon a friend of his who entered just at the same time with myself, and accosted him after the following manner: 'Well, Jack, the old prig is dead at last. Sharp's the word. Now or never, boy. Up to the walls of Paris directly.' With several other deep reflexions of the same nature.

I met with very little variation in the politics between Charing Cross and Covent Garden. And, upon my going into Will's, I found their discourse was gone off from the death of the French king to that of Monsieur Boileau, Racine, Corneille,[n] and several other poets, whom they regretted upon this occasion, as persons who would have obliged the world with very

noble elegies on the death of so great a prince, and so eminent a patron of learning.

At a coffee-house near the Temple, I found a couple of young gentlemen engaged very smartly in a dispute on the succession to the Spanish monarchy. One of them seemed to have been retained as advocate for the Duke of Anjou, the other for his Imperial Majesty[n]. They were both for regulating the title to that kingdom by the statute-laws of England; but, finding them going out of my depth, I passed forward to Paul's church-yard, where I listened with great attention to a learned man, who gave the company an account of the deplorable state of France during the minority of the deceased king.

I then turned on my right hand into Fish-street; where the chief politician of that quarter, upon hearing the news, (after having taken a pipe of tobacco, and ruminated for some time), 'If,' says he, 'the king of France is certainly dead, we shall have plenty of mackerel this season; our fishery will not be disturbed by privateers, as it has been for these ten years past.' He afterwards considered how the death of this great man would affect our pilchards, and, by several other remarks, infused a general joy into his whole audience.

I afterwards entered a by coffee-house that stood at the upper end of a narrow lane, where I met with a non-juror, engaged very warmly with a lace-man who was the great support of a neighbouring conventicle. The matter in debate was whether the late French king was most like Augustus Cæsar, or Nero. The controversy was carried on with great heat on both sides, and, as each of them looked upon me very frequently during the course of their debate, I was under some apprehension that they would appeal to me; and therefore laid down my penny at the bar, and made the best of my way to Cheapside.

I here gazed upon the signs for some time before I found one to my purpose. The first object I met in the coffee-room was a person who expressed a great grief for the death of the French king; but, upon his explaining himself, I found his sorrow did not arise from the loss of the monarch, but for his having sold out of the bank about three days before he heard the news of it: upon which a haberdasher, who was the oracle of the coffee-house, and had his circle of admirers about him, called several to

witness that he had declared his opinion above a week before, that the French king was certainly dead; to which he added, that, considering the late advices we had received from France, it was impossible that it could be otherwise. As he was laying these together, and dictating to his hearers with great authority, there came in a gentleman from Garraway's, who told us that there were several letters from France just come in, with advice that the king was in good health, and was gone out a-hunting the very morning the post came away; upon which the haber-dasher stole off his hat that hung upon a wooden peg by him, and retired to his shop with great confusion. This intelligence put a stop to my travels, which I had prosecuted with so much satisfaction; not being a little pleased to hear so many different opinions upon so great an event, and to observe how naturally upon such a piece of news every one is apt to consider it with a regard to his particular interest and advantage.—L.

No. 407. *On Gesture, Action, and Delivery; neglect of them by public speakers in England.*

Abest facundis gratia dictis.
OVID, Met. xiii. 127.

Most foreign writers who have given any character of the English nation, whatever vices they ascribe to it, allow in general that the people are naturally modest. It proceeds perhaps from this our national virtue, that our orators are observed to make use of less gesture or action than those of other countries. Our preachers stand stock still in the pulpit, and will not so much as move a finger to set off the best sermons in the world. We meet with the same speaking statues at our bars, and in all public places of debate. Our words flow from us in a smooth continued stream, without those strainings of the voice, motions of the body, and majesty of the hand, which are so much celebrated in the orators of Greece and Rome. We can talk of life and death in cold blood, and keep our temper in a discourse which turns upon everything that is dear to us. Though our zeal breaks out in the finest tropes and figures, it is not able to stir a limb about us. I have heard it observed more than once by those who have seen Italy, that an untravelled Englishman cannot relish all the beauties of Italian

pictures, because the postures which are expressed in them are often such as are peculiar to that country. One who has not seen an Italian in the pulpit, will not know what to make of that noble gesture in Raphael's picture of St. Paul preaching at Athens, where the apostle is represented as lifting up both his arms, and pouring out the thunder of his rhetoric amidst an audience of Pagan philosophers.

It is certain that proper gestures and vehement exertions of the voice cannot be too much studied by a public orator. They are a kind of comment to what he utters, and enforce every thing he says with weak hearers better than the strongest argument he can make use of. They keep the audience awake, and fix their attention to what is delivered to them, at the same time that they shew the speaker is in earnest, and affected himself with what he so passionately recommends to others. Violent gesture and vociferation naturally shake the hearts of the ignorant, and fill them with a kind of religious horror. Nothing is more frequent than to see women weep and tremble at the sight of a moving preacher, though he is placed quite out of their hearing; as in England we very frequently see people lulled asleep with solid and elaborate discourses of piety, who would be warmed and transported out of themselves by the bellowings and distortions of enthusiasm.

If nonsense, when accompanied with such an emotion of voice and body, has such an influence on men's minds, what might we not expect from many of those admirable discourses which are printed in our tongue, were they delivered with a becoming fervour, and with the most agreeable graces of voice and gesture?

We are told that the great Latin orator very much impaired his health by his *laterum contentio*, this vehemence of action, with which he used to deliver himself. The Greek orator was likewise so very famous for this particular in rhetoric, that one of his antagonists, whom he had banished from Athens, reading over the oration which had procured his banishment, and seeing his friends admire it, could not forbear asking them, if they were so much affected by the bare reading of it, how much more would they have been alarmed, had they heard him actually throwing out such a storm of eloquence [n]?

How cold and dead a figure in comparison of these two

great men, does an orator often make at the British bar, holding up his head with the most insipid serenity, and stroking the sides of a long wig that reaches down to his middle? The truth of it is, there is often nothing more ridiculous than the gestures of an English speaker. You see some of them running their hands into their pockets as far as ever they can thrust them, and others looking with great attention on a piece of paper that has nothing written in it; you may see many a smart rhetorician turning his hat in his hands, moulding it into several different cocks, examining sometimes the lining of it, and sometimes the button, during the whole course of his harangue. A deaf man would think he was cheapening a beaver, when perhaps he is talking of the fate of the British nation. I remember when I was a young man, and used to frequent Westminster-hall, there was a counsellor who never pleaded without a piece of pack-thread in his hand, which he used to twist about a thumb or a finger all the while he was speaking: the wags of those days used to call it the thread of his discourse, for he was not able to utter a word without it. One of his clients, who was more merry than wise, stole it from him one day in the midst of his pleading; but he had better have let it alone, for he lost his cause by his jest.

I have all along acknowledged myself to be a dumb man, and therefore may be thought a very improper person to give rules for oratory; but I believe every one will agree with me in this, that we ought either to lay aside all kinds of gesture, (which seems to be very suitable to the genius of our nation), or at least to make use of such only as are graceful and expressive.—O.

No. 435. *On Extravagances in Female Dress; hats, riding-coats; such fashions un-English.*

> Nec duo sunt, at forma duplex, nec fæmina dici
> Nec puer ut possint, neutrumque et utrumque videntur.
> OVID, Metam. iv. 378.

Most of the papers I give the public are written on subjects that never vary, but are for ever fixed and immutable. Of this kind are all my more serious essays and discourses; but

there is another sort of speculations, which I consider as occasional papers, that take their rise from the folly, extravagance, and caprice of the present age. For I look upon myself as one set to watch the manners and behaviour of my countrymen and contemporaries, and to mark down every absurd fashion, ridiculous custom, or affected form of speech that makes its appearance in the world, during the course of these my speculations. The petticoat no sooner began to swell, but I observed its motions. The party patches had not time to muster themselves before I detected them. I had intelligence of the coloured hood the very first time it appeared in a public assembly. I might here mention several other the like contingent subjects, upon which I have bestowed distinct papers. By this means I have so effectually quashed those irregularities which gave occasion to them, that I am afraid posterity will scarce have a sufficient idea of them to relish those discourses which were in no little vogue at the time when they were written. They will be apt to think that the fashions and customs I attacked were some fantastic conceits of my own, and that their great grandmothers could not be so whimsical as I have represented them. For this reason, when I think on the figure my several volumes of speculations will make about a hundred years hence, I consider them as so many pieces of old plate, where the weight will be regarded, but the fashion lost.

Among the several female extravagances I have already taken notice of, there is one which still keeps its ground, I mean that of the ladies who dress themselves in a hat and feather, a riding coat and a periwig, or at least tie up their hair in a bag or ribbon, in imitation of the smart part of the opposite sex. As in my yesterday's paper[1] I gave an account of the mixture of the two sexes in one commonwealth, I shall here take notice of this mixture of two sexes in one person. I have already shewn my dislike of this immodest custom more than once; but, in contempt of every thing I have hitherto said, I am informed that the highways about this great city are still very much infested with these female cavaliers.

I remember, when I was at my friend Sir Roger de Coverley's about this time twelvemonth, an equestrian lady of this order

[1] No. 434, omitted from this selection.

appeared upon the plains which lay at a distance from his house. I was at that time walking in the fields with my old friend; and as his tenants ran out on every side to see so strange a sight, Sir Roger asked one of them who came by us what it was? To which the country fellow replied, ''Tis a gentlewoman, saving your worship's presence, in a coat and hat.' This produced a great deal of mirth at the knight's house, where we had a story at the same time of another of his tenants who, meeting this gentleman-like lady on the high-way, was asked by her whether that was Coverley Hall? The honest man seeing only the male part of the querist, replied, 'Yes, Sir'; but upon the second question, whether Sir Roger de Coverley was a married man, having dropped his eye upon the petticoat, he changed his note into 'No, Madam.'

Had one of these hermaphrodites appeared in Juvenal's days, with what an indignation should we have seen her described by that excellent satirist! He would have represented her in a riding habit, as a greater monster than the Centaur. He would have called for sacrifices or purifying waters, to expiate the appearance of such a prodigy. He would have invoked the shades of Portia or Lucretia, to see into what the Roman ladies had transformed themselves.

For my own part, I am for treating the sex with greater tenderness, and have all along made use of the most gentle methods to bring them off from any little extravagance into which they are sometimes unwarily fallen: I think it however absolutely necessary to keep up the partition between the two sexes, and to take notice of the smallest encroachments which the one makes upon the other. I hope therefore that I shall not hear any more complaints on this subject. I am sure my she-disciples who peruse these my daily lectures have profited but little by them, if they are capable of giving into such an amphibious dress. This I should not have mentioned, had I not lately met one of these my female readers in Hyde Park, who looked upon me with a masculine assurance, and cocked her hat full in my face.

For my part, I have one general key to the behaviour of the fair sex; and when I see them singular in any part of their dress, I conclude it is not without some evil intention; and therefore question not but the design of this strange fashion is to smite

more effectually their male beholders. Now to set them right in this particular, I would fain have them consider with themselves whether we are not more likely to be struck by a figure entirely female, than with such an one as we may see every day in our glasses: or, if they please, let them reflect upon their own hearts, and think how they would be affected should they meet a man on horseback, in his breeches and jack boots, and at the same time dressed up in a commode and a night-raile[n].

I must observe that this fashion was first of all brought to us from France, a country which has infected all the nations of Europe with its levity. I speak not this in derogation of a whole people, having more than once found fault with those general reflexions which strike at kingdoms or commonwealths in the gross: a piece of cruelty, which an ingenious writer of our own compares to that of Caligula, who wished the Roman people had all but one neck, that he might behead them at a blow. I shall therefore only remark that, as liveliness and assurance are in a peculiar manner the qualifications of the French nation, the same habits and customs will not give the same offence to that people, which they produce among those of our own country. Modesty is our distinguishing character, as vivacity is theirs: and when this our national virtue appears in that female beauty, for which our British ladies are celebrated above all others in the universe, it makes up the most amiable object that the eye of man can possibly behold.—C.

No. 457. *On Whispered News and Scandal; Peter Hush and Lady Blast.*

Multa et præclara minantis.
HOR. Sat. ii. 3. 9.

I shall this day lay before my reader a letter written by the same hand with that of last Friday[1], which contained proposals for a printed newspaper that should take in the whole circle of the penny-post.

'SIR,

'The kind reception you gave my last Friday's letter, in which

[1] No. 452, omitted from this selection.

I broached my subject of a newspaper, encourages me to lay before you two or three more; for, you must know, Sir, that we look upon you to be the Lowndes[11] of the learned world, and cannot think any scheme practicable or rational before you have approved of it, though all the money we raise by it is on our own funds, and for our private use.

'I have often thought that a News-letter of whispers, written every post, and sent about the kingdom after the same manner as that of Mr. Dyer, Mr. Dawkes, or any other epistolary historian, might be highly gratifying to the public, as well as beneficial to the author. By whispers I mean those pieces of news which are communicated as secrets, and which bring a double pleasure to the hearer; first, as they are private history, and, in the next place, as they have always in them a dash of scandal. These are the two chief qualifications in an article of news, which recommend it in a more than ordinary manner to the ears of the curious. Sickness of persons in high posts, twilight visits paid and received by ministers of state, clandestine courtships and marriages, secret amours, losses at play, applications for places, with their respective successes or repulses, are the materials in which I intend chiefly to deal. I have two persons that are each of them the representative of a species, who are to furnish me with those whispers which I intend to convey to my correspondents. The first of these is Peter Hush, descended from the ancient family of the Hushes: the other is the old Lady Blast, who has a very numerous tribe of daughters in the two great cities of London and Westminster. Peter Hush has a whispering hole in most of the great coffeehouses about town. If you are alone with him in a wide room, he carries you up into a corner of it, and speaks in your ear. I have seen Peter seat himself in a company of seven or eight persons, whom he never saw before in his life; and, after having looked about to see there was no one that overheard him, has communicated to them in a low voice, and under the seal of secrecy, the death of a great man in the country, who was perhaps a fox-hunting the very moment this account was given of him. If, upon your entering into a coffeehouse, you see a circle of heads bending over the table, and lying close by one another, it is ten to one but my friend Peter is among them. I have known Peter publishing the whisper of the day by eight

o'clock in the morning at Garraway's, by twelve at Will's, and before two at the Smyrna. When Peter has thus effectually launched a secret, I have been very well pleased to hear people whispering it to one another at second hand, and spreading it about as their own; for you must know, Sir, the great incentive to whispering is the ambition which every one has of being thought in the secret, and being looked upon as a man who has access to greater people than one would imagine. After having given you this account of Peter Hush, I proceed to that virtuous lady, the old Lady Blast, who is to communicate to me the private transactions of the crimp table, with all the *arcana* of the fair sex. The Lady Blast, you must understand, has such a particular malignity in her whisper, that it blights like an easterly wind, and withers every reputation that it breathes upon. She has a particular knack at making private weddings, and last winter married above five women of quality to their footmen. Her whisper can blast the character of an innocent young woman, or fill a healthful young fellow with a variety of distempers. She can turn a visit into an intrigue, and a distant salute into an assignation. She can beggar the wealthy, and degrade the noble. In short, she can whisper men base or foolish, jealous or ill-natured, or, if occasion requires, can tell you the slips of their great grandmothers, and traduce the memory of honest coachmen that have been in their graves these hundred years. By these and the like helps, I question not but I shall furnish out a very handsome news-letter. If you approve my project, I shall begin to whisper by the next post, and question not but every one of my customers will be very pleased with me, when he considers that every piece of news I send him is a word in his ear, and lets him into a secret.

'Having given you a sketch of this project, I shall, in the next place, suggest to you another for a monthly pamphlet, which I shall likewise submit to your Spectatorial wisdom. I need not tell you, Sir, that there are several authors in France, Germany, and Holland, as well as in our own country, who publish every month what they call "An account of the works of the learned," in which they give us an abstract of all such books as are printed in Europe. Now, Sir, it is my design to publish every month, "An account of the works of the unlearned." Several late productions of my own countrymen, who many of them make an

eminent figure in the illiterate world, encourage me in this undertaking. I may, in this work, possibly make a review of several pieces which have appeared in the foreign Accounts above-mentioned, though they ought not to have been taken notice of in works which bear such a title. I may likewise take into consideration such pieces as appear from time to time under the names of those gentlemen who compliment one another in public assemblies, by the title of "learned gentlemen." Our party authors will also afford me a great variety of subjects, not to mention editors, commentators, and others, who are often men of no learning, or, what is as bad, of no knowledge. I shall not enlarge upon this hint; but, if you think any thing can be made of it, I shall set about it with all the pains and application that so useful a work deserves.

'I am ever,

C. 'Most worthy, Sir, &c.'

No. 481. *Coffee-house Debates; the quarrel between Count Rechteren and M. Mesnager.*

Uti non
Compositus melius cum Bitho Bacchius: in jus
Acres procurrunt.

HOR. Sat. i. 7. 19.

It is something pleasant enough to consider the different notions which different persons have of the same thing. If men of low condition very often set a value on things which are not prized by those who are in an higher station of life, there are many things these esteem which are of no value among persons of an inferior rank. Common people are, in particular, very much astonished when they hear of those solemn contests and debates which are made among the great upon the punctilios of a public ceremony; and wonder to hear that any business of consequence should be retarded by those little circumstances, which they represent to themselves as trifling and insignificant. I am mightily pleased with a porter's decision in one of Mr. Southern's plays[n], which is founded upon that fine distress of a virtuous woman's marrying a second husband while her first was yet living. The first husband, who was supposed to have been dead, returning to his house after a long absence, raises

a noble perplexity for the tragic part of the play. In the mean while, the nurse and the porter conferring upon the difficulties that would ensue in such a case, honest Sampson thinks the matter may be easily decided, and solves it very judiciously by the old proverb, that, if his first master be still living, *The man must have his mare again.* There is nothing in my time which has so much surprised and confounded the greatest part of my honest countrymen, as the present controversy between Count Rechteren and Monsieur Mesnager[n], which employs the wise heads of so many nations, and holds all the affairs of Europe in suspense.

Upon my going into a coffee-house yesterday, and lending an ear to the next table, which was encompassed with a circle of inferior politicians, one of them, after having read over the news very attentively, broke out into the following remarks. 'I am afraid,' says he, 'this unhappy rupture between the footmen at Utrecht will retard the peace of Christendom. I wish the Pope may not be at the bottom of it. His Holiness has a very good hand at fomenting a division, as the poor Swiss Cantons have lately experienced to their cost. If Monsieur What d'ye call him's domestics will not come to an accommodation, I do not know how the quarrel can be ended but by a religious war.'

'Why truly,' says a wiseacre that sat by him, 'were I as the king of France, I would scorn to take part with the footmen of either side; here's all the business of Europe stands still, because Monsieur Mesnager's man has had his head broke. If Count Rectrum had given them a pot of ale after it, all would have been well, without any of this bustle; but they say he is a warm man, and does not care to be made mouths at.'

Upon this, one that had held his tongue hitherto, began to exert himself; declaring that he was very well pleased the plenipotentiaries of our Christian princes took this matter into their serious consideration; for that lacqueys were never so saucy and pragmatical as they are now-a-days, and that he should be glad to see them taken down in the treaty of peace, if it might be done without prejudice to the public affairs.

One who sat at the other end of the table, and seemed to be in the interests of the French king, told them that they did not take the matter right, for that his most Christian majesty did not resent this matter because it was an injury done to Monsieur Mesnager's footmen; for, says he, what are Monsieur Mesnager's

footmen to him? but because it was done to his subjects. 'Now,' says he, 'let me tell you, it would look very odd for a subject of France to have a bloody nose, and his sovereign not to take notice of it. He is obliged in honour to defend his people against hostilities; and if the Dutch will be so insolent to a crowned head, as in any wise to cuff or kick those who are under his protection, I think he is in the right to call them to an account for it.'

This distinction set the controversy upon a new foot, and seemed to be very well approved by most that heard it, till a little warm fellow, who declared himself a friend to the house of Austria, fell most unmercifully upon his Gallic majesty, as encouraging his subjects to make mouths at their betters, and afterwards screening them from the punishment that was due to their insolence. To which he added, that the French nation was so addicted to grimace, that if there was not a stop put to it at the general congress, there would be no walking the streets for them in a time of peace, especially if they continued masters of the West Indies. The little man proceeded with a great deal of warmth, declaring that, if the allies were of his mind, he would oblige the French king to burn his galleys, and tolerate the Protestant religion in his dominions, before he would sheath his sword. He concluded with calling Monsieur Mesnager an insignificant prig.

The dispute was now growing very warm, and one does not know where it would have ended, had not a young man about one-and-twenty, who seems to have been brought up with an eye to the law, taken the debate into his hand, and given it as his opinion, that neither Count Rechteren nor Monsieur Mesnager had behaved themselves right in this affair. 'Count Rechteren,' says he, 'should have made affidavit that his servant had been affronted, and then Monsieur Mesnager would have done him justice by taking away their liveries from them, or some other way that he might have thought the most proper; for let me tell you, if a man makes a mouth at me, I am not to knock the teeth out of it for his pains. Then again, as for Monsieur Mesnager, upon his servants being beaten, why, he might have had his action of assault and battery. But as the case now stands, if you will have my opinion, I think they ought to bring it to referees.'

I heard a great deal more of this conference, but I must confess with little edification; for all I could learn at last from these honest gentlemen was, that the matter in debate was of too high a nature for such heads as theirs, or mine, to comprehend.—O.

No. 536. *Knotting recommended to idle young men; Letter on 'Shoeing-horns.'*

O vere Phrygiæ, neque enim Phryges!
VIRG. Æn. ix. 617.

As I was the other day standing in my bookseller's shop, a pretty young thing, about eighteen years of age, stept out of her coach, and brushing by me, beckoned the man of the shop to the further end of his counter, where she whispered something to him with an attentive look, and at the same time presented him with a letter: after which, pressing the end of her fan upon his hand, she delivered the remaining part of her message, and withdrew. I observed, in the midst of her discourse, that she flushed, and cast an eye upon me over her shoulder, having been informed by my bookseller that I was the man of the short face whom she had so often read of. Upon her passing by me, the pretty blooming creature smiled in my face, and dropt me a curtsey. She scarce gave me time to return her salute, before she quitted the shop with an easy scuttle, and stepped again into her coach, giving the footmen directions to drive where they were bid. Upon her departure my bookseller gave me a letter superscribed, 'To the ingenious Spectator,' which the young lady had desired him to deliver into my own hands, and to tell me that the speedy publication of it would not only oblige herself, but a whole tea-table of my friends. I opened it therefore, with a resolution to publish it, whatever it should contain, and am sure, if any of my male readers will be so severely critical as not to like it, they would have been as well pleased with it as myself, had they seen the face of the pretty scribe.

'London, Nov. 1712.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'You are always ready to receive any useful hint or proposal, and such, I believe, you will think one that may put you in

a way to employ the most idle part of the kingdom; I mean that part of mankind who are known by the name of women's men or beaus, &c. Mr. Spectator, you are sensible these pretty gentlemen are not made for any manly employments, and for want of business are often as much in the vapours as the ladies. Now what I propose is this, that since knotting is again in fashion, which has been found a very pretty amusement, that you would recommend it to these gentlemen as something that may make them useful to the ladies they admire. And, since 'tis not inconsistent with any game or other diversion, for it may be done in the play-house, in their coaches, at the tea-table, and in short, in all places where they come for the sake of the ladies (except at church; be pleased to forbid it there to prevent mistakes), it will be easily complied with. 'Tis besides an employment that allows, as we see by the fair sex, of many graces, which will make the beaus more readily come into it; it shews a white hand and diamond ring to great advantage; it leaves the eyes at full liberty to be employed as before, as also the thoughts, and the tongue. In short, it seems in every respect so proper, that 'tis needless to urge it farther, by speaking of the satisfaction these male knotters will find, when they see their work mixed up in a fringe, and worn by the fair lady for whom and with whom it was done. Truly, Mr. Spectator, I cannot but be pleased I have hit upon something that these gentlemen are capable of; for 'tis sad so considerable a part of the kingdom (I mean for numbers) should be of no manner of use. I shall not trouble you farther at this time, but only to say, that I am always your reader, and generally your admirer, C. B.

'P. S.—The sooner these fine gentlemen are set to work the better; there being at this time several fine fringes that only stay for more hands.'

I shall in the next place present my reader with the description of a set of men who are common enough in the world, though I do not remember that I have yet taken notice of them, as they are drawn in the following letter.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'Since you have lately, to so good purpose, enlarged upon conjugal love, it is to be hoped you'll discourage every practice that

rather proceeds from a regard to interest than to happiness. Now you cannot but observe, that most of our fine young ladies readily fall in with the direction of the graver sort, to retain in their service, by some small encouragement, as great a number as they can of supernumerary and insignificant fellows, which they use like whifflers[n], and commonly call Shoeing-horns. These are never designed to know the length of the foot, but only, when a good offer comes, to whet and spur him up to the point. Nay, 'tis the opinion of that grave lady, Madam Matchwell, that 'tis absolutely convenient for every prudent family to have several of these implements about the house, to clap on as occasion serves, and that every spark ought to produce a certificate of his being a shoeing-horn, before he be admitted as a shoe. A certain lady, whom I could name if it was necessary, has at present more shoeing-horns of all sizes, countries, and colours, in her service than ever she had new shoes in her life. I have known a woman make use of a shoeing-horn for several years, and finding him unsuccessful in that function, convert him at length into a shoe. I am mistaken if your friend Mr. William Honeycomb was not a cast shoeing-horn before his late marriage. As for myself, I must frankly declare to you, that I have been an arrant shoeing-horn for above these twenty years. I served my first mistress in that capacity above five of the number, before she was shod. I confess, though she had many who made their applications to her, I always thought myself the best shoe in her shop, and it was not till a month before her marriage that I discovered what I was. This had like to have broke my heart, and raised such suspicions in me, that I told the next I made love to, upon receiving some unkind usage from her, that I began to look upon myself as no more than her shoeing-horn. Upon which my dear, who was a coquette in her nature, told me I was hypochondriacal, and that I might as well look upon myself to be an egg or a pipkin. But in a very short time after she gave me to know that I was not mistaken in myself. It would be tedious to recount to you the life of an unfortunate shoeing-horn, or I might entertain you with a very long and melancholy relation of my sufferings. Upon the whole, I think, Sir, it would very well become a man in your post to determine in what cases a woman may be allowed with honour to make

use of a shoeing-horn, as also to declare whether a maid on this side five-and-twenty, or a widow who has not been three years in that state, may be granted such a privilege, with other difficulties which will naturally occur to you upon that subject.

'I am Sir, with the most profound veneration,

O. 'Yours, &c.'

No. 557. *On Polite Conversation; letter of the Ambassador of Bantam.*

Quippe domum timet ambiguam, Tyriosque bilingues.
VIRG. Æn. i. 665.

'There is nothing,' says Plato, 'so delightful as the hearing or speaking of truth.' For this reason there is no conversation so agreeable as that of the man of integrity, who hears without any intention to betray, and speaks without any intention to deceive.

Among all the accounts which are given of Cato, I do not remember one that more redounds to his honour, than the following passage related by Plutarch. As an advocate was pleading the cause of his client before one of the prætors, he could only produce a single witness in a point where the law required the testimony of two persons; upon which the advocate insisted on the integrity of that person whom he had produced: but the prætor told him that where the law required two witnesses he would not accept of one, though it were Cato himself. Such a speech from a person who sat at the head of a court of justice, while Cato was still living, shews us, more than a thousand examples, the high reputation this great man had gained among his contemporaries upon the account of his sincerity.

When such an inflexible integrity is a little softened and qualified by the rules of conversation and good breeding, there is not a more shining virtue in the whole catalogue of social duties. A man, however, ought to take great care not to polish himself out of his veracity, nor to refine his behaviour to the prejudice of his virtue.

This subject is exquisitely treated in the most elegant sermon of the great British preacher[n]. I shall beg leave to transcribe out of it two or three sentences, as a proper introduction to a very curious letter, which I shall make the chief entertainment of this speculation.

'The old English plainness and sincerity, that generous in-

tegrity of nature, and honesty of disposition, which always argues true greatness of mind, and is usually accompanied with undaunted courage and resolution, is in a great measure lost among us.

'The dialect of conversation is now-a-days so swelled with vanity and compliment, and so surfeited (as I may say) of expressions of kindness and respect, that if a man that lived an age or two ago should return into the world again, he would really want a dictionary to help him to understand his own language, and to know the true intrinsic value of the phrase in fashion; and would hardly, at first, believe, at what a low rate the highest strains and expressions of kindness imaginable do commonly pass in current payment: and when he should come to understand it, it would be a great while before he could bring himself, with a good countenance and a good conscience, to converse with men upon equal terms, and in their own way.'

I have by me a letter which I look upon as a great curiosity, and which may serve as an exemplification to the foregoing passage, cited out of this most excellent prelate. It is said to have been written in King Charles II's reign by the ambassador of Bantam, a little after his arrival in England[n].

'MASTER.

'The people where I now am have tongues further from their hearts than from London to Bantam, and thou knowest the inhabitants of one of these places do not know what is done in the other. They call thee and thy subjects barbarians, because we speak what we mean; and account themselves a civilised people, because they speak one thing and mean another: truth they call barbarity, and falsehood politeness. Upon my first landing, one who was sent from the king of this place to meet me, told me, That he was extremely sorry for the storm I had met with just before my arrival. I was troubled to hear him grieve and afflict himself upon my account; but in less than a quarter of an hour he smiled, and was as merry as if nothing had happened. Another who came with him, told me, by my interpreter, He should be glad to do me any service that lay in his power. Upon which I desired him to carry one of my portmantuas for me; but instead of serving me according to his promise, he laughed, and bid another do it. I lodged, the first week, at the house of one who desired me to think

myself at home, and to consider his house as my own. Accordingly I the next morning began to knock down one of the walls of it, in order to let in the fresh air, and had packed up some of the household goods, of which I intended to have made thee a present; but the false varlet no sooner saw me falling to work, but he sent word to desire me to give over, for that he would have no such doings in his house. I had not been long in this nation, before I was told by one, for whom I had asked a certain favour from the chief of the king's servants, whom they here call the Lord Treasurer, that I had "eternally obliged him." I was so surprised at this gratitude, that I could not forbear saying, "What service is there which one man can do for another, that can oblige him to all eternity!" However, I only asked him for my reward, that he would lend me his eldest daughter during my stay in this country; but I quickly found that he was as treacherous as the rest of his countrymen.

'At my first going to court, one of the great men almost put me out of countenance, by asking ten thousand pardons of me for only treading by accident upon my toe. They call this kind of lie a compliment; for when they are civil to a great man, they tell him untruths, for which thou wouldst order any of thy officers of state to receive a hundred blows upon his foot. I do not know how I shall negotiate any thing with this people, since there is so little credit to be given to them. When I go to see the king's scribe, I am generally told that he is not at home, though perhaps I saw him go into his house almost the very moment before. Thou wouldst fancy that the whole nation are physicians, for the first question they always ask me, is, How I do: I have this question put to me above a hundred times a day. Nay, they are not only inquisitive after my health, but wish it in a more solemn manner, with a full glass in their hands, every time I sit with them at table, though at the same time they would persuade me to drink their liquors in such quantities as I have found by experience will make me sick. They often pretend to pray for thy health also in the same manner; but I have more reason to expect it from the goodness of thy constitution, than the sincerity of their wishes. May thy slave escape in safety from this double-tongued race of men, and live to lay himself once more at thy feet in thy royal city of Bantam.'

No. 567. *On the Potency of Mystery and Innuendo; Letter composed on this model.*

Inceptus clamor frustratur hiantes.
VIRG. *Æn.* vi. 493.

I have received private advice from some of my correspondents, that if I would give my paper a general run I should take care to season it with scandal. I have indeed observed of late, that few writings sell which are not filled with great names and illustrious titles. The reader generally casts his eye upon a new book, and if he finds several letters separated from one another by a dash, he buys it up, and peruses it with great satisfaction. An *M* and an *b*, a *T* and an *r*, with a short line between them, has sold many an insipid pamphlet. Nay, I have known a whole edition go off by virtue of two or three well written, *&c--'s*.

A sprinkling of the words 'faction,' 'Frenchman,' 'Papist,' 'plunderer,' and the like significant terms, in an Italic character, have also a very good effect upon the eye of the purchaser; not to mention 'scribbler,' 'liar,' 'rogue,' 'rascal,' 'knave,' and 'villain,' without which it is impossible to carry on a modern controversy.

Our party-writers are so sensible of the secret virtue of an innuendo to recommend their productions, that of late they never mention the Q—n or P ——t at length, though they speak of them with honour, and with that deference which is due to them from every private person. It gives a secret satisfaction to a peruser of these mysterious works, that he is able to decypher them without help, and by the strength of his own natural parts to fill up a blank space, or make out a word that has only the first or last letter to it.

Some of our authors indeed, when they would be more satirical than ordinary, omit only the vowels of a great man's name, and fall most unmercifully upon all the consonants. This way of writing was first of all introduced by T-m Br-wn[n], of facetious memory, who, after having gutted a proper name of all its intermediate vowels, used to plant it in his works, and make as free with it as he pleased, without any danger of the statute.

That I may imitate these celebrated authors, and publish a paper which shall be more taking than ordinary, I have here drawn up a very curious libel, in which a reader of penetration

will find a great deal of concealed satire, and, if he be acquainted with the present posture of affairs, will easily discover the meaning of it.

'If there are four persons in the nation who endeavour to bring all things into confusion, and ruin their native country, I think every honest Engl-shm-n ought to be upon his guard. That there are such, every one will agree with me who hears me name ****, with his first friend and favourite ****, not to mention ****, nor ****. These people may cry ch-rch, ch-rch, as long as they please, but to use a homely proverb, The proof of the p-dd-ng is in the eating. This I am sure of, that if a certain prince should concur with a certain prelate, (and we have Monsieur Z———n's word for it,) our posterity would be in a sweet p-ckle. Must the British nation suffer forsooth, because my Lady Q-p-t-s has been disobliged? Or is it reasonable that our English fleet, which used to be the terror of the ocean, should lie wind-bound for the sake of a ———? I love to speak out and declare my mind clearly, when I am talking for the good of my country. I will not make my court to an ill man, though he were a B———y or a T———t. Nay, I would not stick to call so wretched a politician, a traitor, an enemy to his country, and a bl-nd-rb-ss,' &c. &c.

The remaining part of this political treatise, which is written after the manner of the most celebrated authors in Great Britain, I may communicate to the public at a more convenient season. In the mean while I shall leave this with my curious reader, as some ingenious writers do their enigmas, and if any sagacious person can fairly unriddle it I will print his explanation, and, if he pleases, acquaint the world with his name.

I hope this short essay will convince my readers, it is not for want of abilities that I avoid state-tracts, and that if I would apply my mind to it, I might in a little time be as great a master of the political scratch as any of the most eminent writers of the age. I shall only add, that in order to outshine all the modern race of Syncopists, and thoroughly content my English readers, I intend shortly to publish a Spectator that shall not have a single vowel in it.

No. 568. *Coffee-house Discussion on the Mysterious Letter.*

Dum recitas, incipit esse tuus.
MART. Epig. 39.

I was yesterday in a coffee-house not far from the Royal Exchange, where I observed three persons in close conference over a pipe of tobacco; upon which, having filled one for my own use, I lighted it at the little wax-candle that stood before them: and after having thrown in two or three whiffs amongst them, sat down and made one of the company. I need not tell my reader, that lighting a man's pipe at the same candle is looked upon among brother-smokers as an overture to conversation and friendship. As we here laid our heads together in a very amicable manner, being intrenched under a cloud of our own raising, I took up the last Spectator, and casting my eye over it, 'The Spectator,' says I, 'is very witty to-day;' upon which a lusty lethargic old gentleman, who sat at the upper end of the table, having gradually blown out of his mouth a great deal of smoke, which he had been collecting for some time before; 'Ay,' says he, 'more witty than wise, I am afraid.' His neighbour who sat at his right hand immediately coloured, and, being an angry politician, laid down his pipe with so much wrath that he broke it in the middle, and by that means furnished me with a tobacco-stopper. I took it up very sedately, and looking him full in the face, made use of it from time to time all the while he was speaking: 'This fellow,' says he, 'can't for his life keep out of politics. Do you see how he abuses four great men here?' I fixed my eye very attentively on the paper, and asked him if he meant those who were represented by asterisks. 'Asterisks,' says he, 'do you call them? they are all of them stars. He might as well have put garters to them. Then pray do but mind the two or three next lines: ch-rch and p-dd-ng in the same sentence! our clergy are very much beholden to him.' Upon this the third gentleman, who was of a mild disposition, and, as I found, a Whig in his heart, desired him not to be too severe upon the Spectator neither: 'For,' says he, 'you find he is very cautious of giving offence, and has therefore put two dashes into his pudding.' 'A fig for his dash,' says the angry politician. 'In his next sentence he gives a plain innuendo, that our posterity will be in a sweet p-ckle. What does the fool

mean by his pickle? Why does he not write it at length, if he means honestly?' 'I have read over the whole sentence,' says I; 'but I look upon the parenthesis in the belly of it to be the most dangerous part, and as full of insinuations as it can hold. But who,' says I, 'is my Lady Q-p-t-s?' 'Ay, answer that if you can, Sir,' says the furious statesman to the poor Whig that sat over against him. But without giving him time to reply, 'I do assure you,' says he, 'were I my Lady Q-p-t-s, I would sue him for *scandalum magnatum*. What is the world come to? Must every body be allowed to———?' He had by this time filled a new pipe, and applying it to his lips, when we expected the last words of his sentence, put us off with a whiff of tobacco; which he redoubled with so much rage and trepidation that he almost stifled the whole company. After a short pause, I owned that I thought the Spectator had gone too far in writing so many letters of my Lady Q-p-t-s's name: 'But however,' says I, 'he has made a little amends for it in his next sentence, where he leaves a blank space without so much as a consonant to direct us. I mean,' says I, 'after those words, "the fleet that used to be the terror of the ocean, should be wind-bound for the sake of a ———"; after which ensues a chasm, that in my opinion looks modest enough.' 'Sir,' says my antagonist, 'you may easily know his meaning by his gaping; I suppose he designs his chasm, as you call it, for an hole to creep out at; but I believe it will hardly serve his turn. Who can endure to see the great officers of state, the B———ys and T———ts treated after so scurrilous a manner?' 'I can't imagine,' says I, 'who they are the Spectator means.' 'No?' says he,—'your humble servant, Sir!' Upon which he flung himself back in his chair after a contemptuous manner, and smiled upon the old lethargic gentleman on his left hand, who, I found, was his great admirer. The Whig however had begun to conceive a good will towards me, and, seeing my pipe out, very generously offered me the use of his box; but I declined it with great civility, being obliged to meet a friend about that time in another quarter of the city.

At my leaving the coffee-house, I could not forbear reflecting with myself upon that gross tribe of fools who may be termed the over-wise, and upon the difficulty of writing any thing in this censorious age, which a weak head may not construe into private satire and personal reflexion.

A man who has a good nose at an innuendo, smells treason and sedition in the most innocent words that can be put together, and never sees a vice or folly stigmatized, but finds out one or other of his acquaintance pointed at by the writer. I remember an empty pragmatical fellow in the country who, upon reading over *The Whole Duty of Man*[n], had written the names of several persons in the village at the side of every sin which is mentioned by that excellent author; so that he had converted one of the best books in the world into a libel against the squire, churchwardens, overseers of the poor, and all other the most considerable persons in the parish. This book, with these extraordinary marginal notes, fell accidentally into the hands of one who had never seen it before: upon which there arose a current report that somebody had written a book against the squire, and the whole parish. The minister of the place having, at that time, a controversy with some of his congregation upon the account of his tythes, was under some suspicion of being the author, until the good man set his people right, by showing them that the satirical passages might be applied to several others of two or three neighbouring villages, and that the book was writ against all the sinners in England.

VI.

CRITICAL PAPERS.

§ 1. ON WIT, HUMOUR, AND TASTE.

No. 35[1]. *On True and False Humour.*

Risu inepto res ineptior nulla est.—MART.

Among all kinds of Writing, there is none in which Authors are more apt to miscarry than in Works of Humour, as there is none in which they are more ambitious to excell. It is not an Imagination that teems with Monsters, an Head that is filled with extravagant Conceptions, which is capable of furnishing the World with Diversions of this nature; and yet if we look into the Productions of several Writers, who set up for Men of Humour, what wild irregular Fancies, what unnatural Distortions of Thought, do we meet with? If they speak Nonsense, they believe they are talking Humour; and when they have drawn together a scheme of absurd, inconsistent Idea's, they are not able to read it over to themselves without laughing. These poor Gentlemen endeavour to gain themselves the Reputation of Wits and Humourists, by such monstrous Conceits as almost qualify them for *Bedlam;* not considering that Humour should always lye under the Check of Reason, and that it requires the Direction of the nicest Judgment, by so much the more as it indulges itself in the most boundless Freedoms. There is a kind of Nature that is to be observed in this sort of Compositions, as well as in all other, and a certain regularity of thought that must discover the Writer to be a Man of Sense, at the same time that he appears altogether given up to Caprice: For my part, when I read the delirious Mirth of an unskilful

[1] As we announced at the end of the Introduction, this number is printed exactly as it was issued in the original sheet, under date April 10th. 1711.

Author, I cannot be so barbarous as to divert myself with it, but am rather apt to pity the Man, than to laugh at any thing he writes.

The deceased Mr. *Shadwell*, who had himself a great deal of the Talent, which I am treating of, represents an empty Rake, in one of his Plays[n], as very much surprized to hear one say that breaking of Windows was not Humour; and I question not but several *English* Readers will be as much startled to hear me affirm, that many of those raving incoherent Pieces, which are often spread among us, under odd chymerical Titles, are rather the Offsprings of a Distempered Brain, than Works of Humour.

It is indeed much easier to describe what is not Humour, than what is; and very difficult to define it otherwise than as *Cowley* has done Wit[n], by Negatives. Were I to give my own Notions of it, I would deliver them after *Plato's* manner, in a kind of Allegory, and by supposing Humour to be a Person, deduce to him all his Qualifications, according to the following Genealogy. TRUTH was the Founder of the Family, and the Father of GOOD SENSE. GOOD SENSE was the Father of WIT, who married a Lady of a Collateral Line called MIRTH, by whom he had Issue HUMOUR. HUMOUR therefore being the youngest of this Illustrious Family, and descended from Parents of such different Dispositions, is very various and unequal in his Temper; sometimes you see him putting on grave Looks and a solemn Habit, sometimes airy in his Behaviour and fantastick in his Dress: Insomuch that at different times he appears as serious as a Judge, and as jocular as a *Merry-Andrew*. But as he has a great deal of the Mother in his Constitution, whatever Mood he is in, he never fails to make his Company laugh.

But since there are several Impostors abroad, who take upon them the Name of this young Gentleman, and would willingly pass for him in the World; to the end that well-meaning Persons may not be imposed upon by Counterfeits, I would desire my Readers, when they meet with any of these Pretenders, to look into his Parentage, and to examine him strictly, whether or no he be remotely allied to TRUTH, and lineally descended from GOOD SENSE? if not, they may conclude him a Counterfeit. They may likewise distinguish him by a loud and excessive Laughter, in which he seldom gets his Company to join with him. For as TRUE HUMOUR generally looks serious, whilst every Body laughs that is

about him; FALSE HUMOUR is always laughing, whilst every Body about him looks serious. I shall only add, if he has not in him a Mixture of both Parents, that is, if he would pass for the Offspring of WIT without MIRTH, or MIRTH without WIT, you may conclude him to be altogether Spurious, and a Cheat.

The Impostor of whom I am speaking, descends Originally from FALSEHOOD, who was the mother of NONSENSE, who was brought to Bed of a Son called FRENZY, who Married one of the Daughters of FOLLY, commonly known by the Name of LAUGHTER, on whom he begot that Monstrous Infant of which I have been here speaking. I shall set down at length the Genealogical Table of FALSE HUMOUR, and, at the same time, place under it the Genealogy of TRUE HUMOUR, that the Reader may at one View behold their different Pedigrees and Relations.

FALSEHOOD.
NONSENSE.
FRENZY.—LAUGHTER.
FALSE HUMOUR.

TRUTH.
GOOD SENSE.
WIT.——MIRTH.
HUMOUR.

I might extend the Allegory, by mentioning several of the Children of FALSE HUMOUR, who are more in Number than the Sands of the Sea, and might in particular enumerate the many Sons and Daughters which he has begot in this Island. But as this would be a very invidious Task, I shall only observe in general, that FALSE HUMOUR differs from the TRUE, as a Monkey does from a Man.

First of all, He is exceedingly given to little Apish Tricks and Buffooneries.

Secondly, He so much delights in Mimickry, that it is all one to him whether he exposes by it Vice and Folly, Luxury and Avarice; or, on the contrary, Virtue and Wisdom, Pain and Poverty.

Thirdly, He is wonderfully unlucky, insomuch that he will bite the Hand that feeds him, and endeavour to ridicule both Friends and Foes indifferently. For having but small Talents, he must be merry where he *can*, not where he *should*.

Fourthly, Being intirely void of Reason, he pursues no Point

either of Morality or Instruction, but is Ludicrous only for the sake of being so.

Fifthly, Being incapable of having anything but Mock-Representations, his Ridicule is always Personal, and aimed at the Vicious Man, or the Writer; not at the Vice, or at the Writing.

I have here only pointed at the whole Species of False Humourists, but as one of my principal Designs in this Paper is to beat down that malignant Spirit, which discovers itself in the Writings of the present Age, I shall not scruple, for the future, to single out any of the small Wits, that infest the World with such Compositions as are ill-natured, immoral and absurd. This is the only Exception which I shall make to the General Rule I have prescribed myself, of *attacking Multitudes*. Since every honest Man ought to look upon himself as in a Natural State of War with the Libeller and Lampooner, and to annoy them where ever they fall in his way, this is but retaliating upon them and treating them as they treat others.

Compleat Setts of this Paper, for the Month of March, are to be sold by Mr. Graves in St. James's Street; Mr. Lillie, Perfumer, the Corner of Beaufort Buildings; Mr. Sawyer at the Temple Gate, Mr. Knapton in St. Paul's Churchyard, Mr. Round in Exchange Ally, and Mrs. Baldwin in Warwick-Lane.

[Several advertisements follow; one of them is—]

Just Published, and Printed very Correctly, with a neat Elzever Letter, in 12mo, for the Pocket,

Paradise Lost, a Poem in twelve Books, written by Mr. John Milton. The Ninth Edition, adorned with Sculptures. Printed for Jacob Tonson, at Shakespear's Head, over against Catherine Street, in the Strand.

LONDON: Printed for *Sam. Buckley*, at the *Dolphin* in Little-Britain; and sold by *A. Baldwin* in *Warwick-Lane*; where Advertisements are taken in; as also by *Charles Lillie*, Perfumer, at the Corner of *Beaufort Buildings* in the *Strand*.

C.

No. 58. *On True and False Wit; pictorial poems; their bad taste.*

Ut pictura poesis erit[n].—HOR. Ars. Poet, 361.

Nothing is so much admired, and so little understood, as wit.

No author that I know of has written professedly upon it; and as for those who make any mention of it, they only treat on the subject as it has accidentally fallen in their way, and that too in little short reflexions, or in general declamatory flourishes, without entering into the bottom of the matter. I hope therefore I shall perform an acceptable work to my countrymen, if I treat at large upon this subject; which I shall endeavour to do in a manner suitable to it, that I may not incur the censure which a famous critic bestows upon one who had written a treatise upon *the Sublime* in a low grovelling style[n]. I intend to lay aside a whole week for this undertaking, that the scheme of my thoughts may not be broken and interrupted; and I dare promise myself, if my readers will give me a week's attention, that this great city will be very much changed for the better by next Saturday night. I shall endeavour to make what I say intelligible to ordinary capacities; but if my readers meet with any paper that in some parts of it may be a little out of their reach, I would not have them discouraged, for they may assure themselves the next shall be much clearer.

As the great and only end of these my speculations is to banish vice and ignorance out of the territories of Great Britain, I shall endeavour as much as possible to establish among us a taste of polite writing. It is with this view that I have endeavoured to set my readers right in several points relating to operas and tragedies[n]; and shall from time to time impart my notions of comedy, as I think they may tend to its refinement and perfection. I find by my bookseller that these papers of criticism, with that upon humour, have met with a more kind reception than indeed I could have hoped for from such subjects; for which reason I shall enter upon my present undertaking with greater chearfulness.

In this, and one or two following papers, I shall trace out the history of false wit, and distinguish the several kinds of it as they have prevailed in different ages of the world. This I think the more necessary at present, because I observed there were attempts on foot last winter to revive some of those antiquated modes of wit that have been long exploded out of the commonwealth of letters. There were several satires and panegyrics handed about in acrostic, by which means some of the most arrant undisputed blockheads about the town began to entertain

ambitious thoughts, and to set up for polite authors. I shall therefore describe at length those many arts of false wit, in which a writer does not shew himself a man of a beautiful genius, but of great industry.

The first species of false wit which I have met with is very venerable for its antiquity, and has produced several pieces which have lived very near as long as the Iliad itself: I mean those short poems printed among the minor Greek poets, which resemble the figure of an egg, a pair of wings, an axe, a shepherd's pipe, and an altar [n].

As for the first, it is a little oval poem, and may not improperly be called a scholar's egg. I would endeavour to hatch it, or, in more intelligible language, to translate it into English, did not I find the interpretation of it very difficult; for the author seems to have been more intent upon the figure of his poem, than upon the sense of it.

The pair of wings consist of twelve verses, or rather feathers, every verse decreasing gradually in its measure according to its situation in the wing. The subject of it, as in the rest of the poems which follow, bears some remote affinity with the figure; for it describes a god of love, who is always painted with wings.

The axe, methinks, would have been a good figure for a lampoon, had the edge of it consisted of the most satirical parts of the work; but as it is in the original, I take it to have been nothing else but the posy of an axe which was consecrated to Minerva, and was thought to have been the same that Epeus made use of in the building of the Trojan horse: which is a hint I shall leave to the consideration of the critics. I am apt to think that the posy was written originally upon the axe like those which our modern cutlers inscribe upon their knives; and that therefore the posy still remains in its ancient shape, though the axe itself is lost.

The shepherd's pipe may be said to be full of music, for it is composed of nine different kinds of verses, which by their several lengths resemble the nine stops of the old musical instrument, that is likewise the subject of the poem.

The altar is inscribed with the epitaph of Troilus the son of Hecuba; which, by the way, makes me believe, that these false pieces of wit are much more ancient than the authors to whom they are generally ascribed; at least I will never be persuaded

that so fine a writer as Theocritus could have been the author of any such simple works.

It was impossible for a man to succeed in these performances who was not a kind of painter, or at least a designer: he was first of all to draw the outline of the subject which he intended to write upon, and afterwards conform the description to the figure of his subject. The poetry was to contract or dilate itself according to the mould in which it was cast. In a word, the verses were to be cramped or extended to the dimensions of the frame that was prepared for them; and to undergo the fate of those persons whom the tyrant Procrustes used to lodge in his iron bed; if they were too short, he stretched them on a rack, and if they were too long, chopped off a part of their legs, till they fitted the couch which he had prepared for them.

Mr. Dryden hints at this obsolete kind of wit in one of the following verses in his *Mac Flecnoe*[n], which an English reader cannot understand, who does not know that there are those little poems above mentioned in the shape of wings and altars.

> Chuse for thy command
> Some peaceful province in acrostic land;
> There may'st thou wings display, and altars raise,
> And torture one poor word a thousand ways.

This fashion of false wit was revived by several poets of the last age, and in particular may be met with among Mr. Herbert's poems; and, if I am not mistaken, in the translation of Du Bartas[n]. I do not remember any other kind of work among the moderns which more resembles the performances I have mentioned, than that famous picture of King Charles I, which has the whole book of Psalms written in the lines of the face and the hair of the head[n]. When I was last at Oxford, I perused one of the whiskers; and was reading the other, but could not go so far in it as I would have done, by reason of the impatience of my friends and fellow-travellers, who all of them pressed to see such a piece of curiosity. I have since heard, that there is now an eminent writing-master in town, who has transcribed all the Old Testament in a full-bottomed periwig: and if the fashion should introduce the thick kind of wigs which were in vogue some few years ago, he promises to add two or three supernumerary locks that shall contain all the Apocrypha. He designed this wig originally for King William, having disposed of

the two books of Kings in the two forks of the foretop; but, that glorious monarch dying before the wig was finished, there is a space left in it for the face of any one who has a mind to purchase it.

But to return to our ancient poems in picture: I would humbly propose, for the benefit of our modern smatterers in poetry, that they would imitate their brethren among the ancients in those ingenious devices. I have communicated this thought to a young poetical lover of my acquaintance, who intends to present his mistress with a copy of verses made in the shape of her fan; and, if he tells me true, has already finished the three first sticks of it. He has likewise promised me to get the measure of his mistress's marriage-finger, with a design to make a posy in the fashion of a ring, which shall exactly fit it. It is so very easy to enlarge upon a good hint, that I do not question but my ingenious readers will apply what I have said to many other particulars; and that we shall see the town filled in a very little time with poetical tippets, handkerchiefs, snuff-boxes, and the like female ornaments. I shall therefore conclude with a word of advice to those admirable English authors who call themselves Pindaric writers[n], that they would apply themselves to this kind of wit without loss of time, as being provided better than any other poets with verses of all sizes and dimensions.—C.

No. 59. *The subject of Wit and Whim further treated; the Lipogrammatists; Rebuses.*

Operose nihil agunt.—SENECA.

There is nothing more certain than that every man would be a wit if he could; and notwithstanding pedants of a pretended depth and solidity are apt to decry the writings of a polite author, as flash and froth, they all of them shew upon occasion that they would spare no pains to arrive at the character of those whom they seem to despise. For this reason we often find them endeavouring at works of fancy, which cost them infinite pangs in the production. The truth of it is, a man had better be a galley-slave than a wit, were one to gain that title by those elaborate trifles

which have been the inventions of such authors as were often masters of great learning, but no genius.

In my last paper I mentioned some of those false wits among the ancients, and in this shall give the reader two or three other species of them, that flourished in the same early ages of the world. The first I shall produce are the Lipogrammatists, or letter-droppers, of antiquity, that would take an exception, without any reason, against some particular letter in the alphabet, so as not to admit it once into a whole poem. One Tryphiodorus[n] was a great master in this kind of writing. He composed an Odyssey, or epic poem on the adventures of Ulysses, consisting of four and twenty books, having entirely banished the letter *A* from his first book, which was called *Alpha* (as *Lucus a non lucendo*), because there was not an *Alpha* in it. His second book was inscribed *Beta*, for the same reason. In short, the poet excluded the whole four and twenty letters in their turns, and shewed them, one after another, that he could do his business without them.

It must have been very pleasant to have seen this poet avoiding the reprobate letter, as much as another would a false quantity, and making his escape from it through the several Greek dialects, when he was pressed with it in any particular syllable. For the most apt and elegant word in the whole language was rejected, like a diamond with a flaw in it, if it appeared blemished with a wrong letter. I shall only observe upon this head, that if the work I have here mentioned had been now extant, the Odyssey of Tryphiodorus, in all probability, would have been oftener quoted by our learned pedants than the Odyssey of Homer. What a perpetual fund would it have been of obsolete words and phrases, unusual barbarisms and rusticities, absurd spellings and compli-cated dialects! I make no question but it would have been looked upon as one of the most valuable treasuries of the Greek tongue.

I find likewise among the ancients that ingenious kind of conceit, which the moderns distinguish by the name of a Rebus, that does not sink a letter, but a whole word, by substituting a picture in its place[n]. When Cæsar was one of the masters of the Roman mint, he placed the figure of an elephant upon the reverse of the public money; the word Cæsar signifying an elephant in the Punic language. This was artificially contrived by Cæsar, because it was not lawful for a private man to stamp

his own figure upon the coin of the commonwealth. Cicero, who was so called from the founder of his family, that was marked on the nose with a little wen like a vetch, (which is Cicer in Latin), instead of Marcus Tullius Cicero, ordered the words Marcus Tullius, with the figure of a vetch at the end of them, to be inscribed on a public monument. This was done probably to shew that he was neither ashamed of his name or family, notwithstanding the envy of his competitors had often reproached him with both. In the same manner we read of a famous building that was marked in several parts of it with the figures of a frog and a lizard; those words in Greek having been the names of the architects, who by the laws of their country were never permitted to inscribe their own names upon their works. For the same reason it is thought, that the forelock of the horse in the antique equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius, represents at a distance the shape of an owl, to intimate the country of the statuary, who in all probability was an Athenian. This kind of wit was very much in vogue among our own countrymen about an age or two ago, who did not practise it for any oblique reason, as the ancients above mentioned, but purely for the sake of being witty. Among innumerable instances that may be given of this nature, I shall produce the device of one Mr. Newberry, as I find it mentioned by our learned Cambden in his remains. Mr. Newberry, to represent his name by a picture, hung up at his door the sign of a yew tree, that had several berries upon it, and in the midst of them a great golden N hung upon a bough of the tree, which by the help of a little false spelling made up the word N-ew-berry.

I shall conclude this topic with a Rebus, which has been lately hewn out in free-stone, and erected over two of the portals of Blenheim house, being the figure of a monstrous lion tearing to pieces a little cock. For the better understanding of which device, I must acquaint my English reader, that a cock has the misfortune to be called in Latin by the same word that signifies a Frenchman, as a lion is an emblem of the English nation. Such a device, in so noble a pile of buildings, looks like a pun in an heroic poem; and I am very sorry the truly ingenious architect would suffer the statuary to blemish his excellent plan with so poor a conceit: but I hope what I have said will gain quarter for the cock, and deliver him out of the lion's paw.

I find likewise in ancient times the conceit of making an echo

talk sensibly, and give rational answers. If this could be excusable in any writer, it would be in Ovid, where he introduces the echo as a nymph, because she was worn away into nothing but a voice[n]. The learned Erasmus, though a man of wit and genius, has composed a dialogue[n] upon this silly kind of device, and made use of an Echo, who seems to have been a very extraordinary linguist, for she answers the person she talks with in Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, according as she found the syllables which she was to repeat in any of those learned languages. Hudibras, in ridicule of this false kind of wit, has described Bruin bewailing the loss of his bear to a solitary Echo, who is of great use to the poet in several distichs, as she does not only repeat after him, but helps out his verse, and furnishes him with rhymes[n].

He rag'd, and kept as heavy a coil as
Stout Hercules for loss of Hylas:
Forcing the valleys to repeat
The accents of his sad regret;
He beat his breast, and tore his hair,
For loss of his dear crony bear,
That Echo from the hollow ground
His doleful wailings did resound
More wistfully, by many times,
Than in small poets splay-foot rhymes,
That make her, in their rueful stories,
To answer to int'rogatories,
And most unconscionably depose
Things of which she nothing knows[1]:
And when she has said all she can say,
'Tis wrested to the lover's fancy.
Quoth he, O whither, wicked Bruin,
Art thou fled to my—Echo, Ruin?
I thought th'hadst scorn'd to budge a step
For fear; (quoth Echo) Marry guep.
Am not I here to take thy part?
Then what has quell'd thy stubborn heart?
Have these bones rattled, and this head
So often in thy quarrel bled?
Nor did I ever winch or grudge it,
For thy dear sake: (quoth she) Mum budget.
Think'st thou 'twill not be laid i' th' dish,
Thou turnd'st thy back? Quoth Echo, Pish.
To run from those th'hadst overcome
Thus cowardly? Quoth Echo, Mum.
But what a vengeance makes thee fly
From me too as thine enemy?

[1] 'To things, &c.' in the original.

Or if thou hadst not thought of me,
Nor what I have endured for thee,
Yet shame and honour might prevail
To keep thee thus from turning tail:
For who would grudge to spend his blood in
His honour's cause? Quoth she, A pudding. C.

No. 60. *False Wit; Anagrams, Acrostics, Bouts Rimés.*

Hoc est quod palles? Cur quis non prandeat, hoc est?
PERS. Sat. iii. 85.

Is it for this you gain those meagre looks,
And sacrifice your dinner to your books?

Several kinds of false wit that vanished in the refined ages of the world, discovered themselves again in the times of monkish ignorance.

As the monks were the masters of all that little learning which was then extant, and had their whole lives entirely disengaged from business, it is no wonder that several of them, who wanted genius for higher performances, employed many hours in the composition of such tricks in writing as required much time and little capacity. I have seen half the Æneid turned into Latin rhymes by one of the *beaux esprits* of that dark age[n]; who says, in his preface to it, that the Æneid wanted nothing but the sweets of rhyme to make it the most perfect work in its kind. I have likewise seen an hymn in hexameters, to the virgin Mary, which filled a whole book, though it consisted but of the eight following words:

Tot, tibi, sunt, virgo, dotes, quot, sidera, cælo.

Thou hast as many virtues, O virgin, as there are stars in heaven.

The poet rung the changes upon these eight several words, and by that means made his verses almost as numerous as the virtues and the stars which they celebrated. It is no wonder that men who had so much time upon their hands did not only restore all the antiquated pieces of false wit, but enriched the world with inventions of their own. It was to this age that we owe the production of anagrams[n], which is nothing else but a transmutation of one word into another, or the turning of the same set of letters into different words; which may change night into day, or black into white, if chance, who is the goddess that presides over these sorts of composition, shall so direct. I remember a witty author, in allusion to this kind of writing,

calls his rival, who (it seems) was distorted, and had his limbs set in places that did not properly belong to them, *The angaram of a man.*

When the anagrammatist takes a name to work upon, he considers it at first as a mine not broken up, which will not shew the treasure it contains till he shall have spent many hours in the search of it: for it is his business to find out one word that conceals itself in another, and to examine the letters in all the variety of stations in which they can possibly be ranged. I have heard of a gentleman, who, when this kind of wit was in fashion, endeavoured to gain his mistress's heart by it. She was one of the finest women of her age, and known by the name of the Lady Mary Boon. The lover not being able to make any thing of Mary, by certain liberties indulged to this kind of writing, converted it into Moll; and after having shut up himself for half a year, with indefatigable industry produced an anagram. Upon the presenting it to his mistress, who was a little vexed in her heart to see herself degraded into Moll Boon, she told him to his infinite surprise, that he had mistaken her sirname, for that it was not Boon, but Bohun.

Ibi omnis
Effusus labor.

The lover was thunderstruck with his misfortune; insomuch that in a little time after he lost his senses, which indeed had been very much impaired by that continual application he had given to his anagram.

The acrostic[n] was probably invented about the same time with the anagram, though it is impossible to decide whether the inventor of the one or the other were the greater blockhead. The *simple* acrostic is nothing but the name or title of a person or thing made out of the initial letters of several verses, and by that means written, after the manner of the Chinese, in a perpendicular line. But besides these, there are compound acrostics, when the principal letters stand two or three deep. I have seen some of them where the verses have not only been edged by a name at each extremity, but have had the same name running down like a seam through the middle of the poem.

There is another near relation of the anagrams and acrostics, which is commonly called a *chronogram.* This kind of wit appears very often on many modern medals, especially those of

Germany, when they represent in the inscription the year in which they were coined. Thus we see on a medal of Gustavus Adolphus the following words, CHRISTVS DUX ERGO TRIVMPHVS. If you take the pains to pick the figures out of the several words, and range them in their proper order, you will find they amount to MDCXVVVII, or 1627, the year in which the medal was stamped: for as some of the letters distinguish themselves from the rest, and overtop their fellows, they are to be considered in a double capacity, both as letters and as figures. Your laborious German wits will turn over a whole dictionary for one of these ingenious devices. A man would think they were searching after an apt classical term, but instead of that they are looking out a word that has an L, an M, or a D in it. When therefore we meet with any of these inscriptions, we are not so much to look in them for the thought, as for the year of the Lord.

The *Bouts Rimez* were the favourites of the French nation for a whole age together, and that at a time when it abounded in wit and learning. They were a list of words that rhyme to one another, drawn up by another hand, and given to a poet, who was to make a poem to the rhymes in the same order that they were placed upon the list: the more uncommon the rhymes were, the more extraordinary was the genius of the poet that could accommodate his verses to them. I do not know any greater instance of the decay of wit and learning among the French (which generally follows the declension of empire) than the endeavouring to restore this foolish kind of wit. If the reader will be at the trouble to see examples of it, let him look into the new *Mercure Galant*[n]; where the author every month gives a list of rhymes to be filled up by the ingenious, in order to be communicated to the public in the *Mercure* for the succeeding month. That for the month of November last, which now lies before me, is as follows.

— — — — — — — — — Lauriers
— — — — — — — — — Guerriers
— — — — — — — — — Musette
— — — — — — — — — Lisette

— — — — — — — — — Cesars
— — — — — — — — — Etendars
— — — — — — — — — Houlette
— — — — — — — — — Folette

One would be amazed to see so learned a man as Menage talking seriously on this kind of trifle in the following passage.

'Monsieur de la Chambre has told me, that he never knew what he was going to write when he took his pen into his hand; but that one sentence always produced another. For my own part, I never knew what I should write next when I was making verses. In the first place, I got all my rhymes together, and was afterwards perhaps three or four months in filling them up. I one day shewed Monsieur Gombaud a composition of this nature, in which, among others, I had made use of the four following rhymes, Amaryllis, Phillis, Marne, Arne, desiring him to give me his opinion of it. He told me immediately, that my verses were good for nothing. And upon my asking his reason, he said, because the rhymes are too common; and for that reason easy to be put into verse. Marry, says I, if it be so, I am very well rewarded for all the pains I have been at. But by Monsieur Gombaud's leave, notwithstanding the severity of the criticism, the verses were good.' *Vid.* MENAGIANA. Thus far the learned Menage [n], whom I have translated word for word.

The first occasion of these *Bouts Rimez* made them in some manner excusable, as they were tasks which the French ladies used to impose on their lovers. But when a grave author, like him above mentioned, tasked himself, could there be any thing more ridiculous? Or would not one be apt to believe that the author played booty, and did not make his list of rhymes till he had finished his poem?

I shall only add, that this piece of false wit has been finely ridiculed by Monsieur Sarasin, in a poem, intitled *La defaite des Bouts-Rimez*, The rout of the Bouts-Rimez [n].

I must subjoin to this last kind of wit the double rhymes, which are used in doggerel poetry, and generally applauded by ignorant readers. If the thought of the couplet in such compositions is good, the rhyme adds little to it; and if bad, it will not be in the power of the rhyme to recommend it. I am afraid that great numbers of those who admire the incomparable Hudibras, do it more on account of these doggerel rhymes, than of the parts that really deserve admiration. I am sure I have heard the

> Pulpit, drum ecclesiastic,
> Was beat with fist instead of a stick.

and

> There was an ancient sage philosopher
> Who had read Alexander Ross over,

more frequently quoted, than the finest pieces of wit in the whole poem.—C.

No. 61. *False Wit; Punning; renounced by modern writers; how to distinguish a witty saying from a pun.*

> Non equidem studeo, bullatis ut mihi nugis
> Pagina turgescat, dare pondus idonea fumo.
>
> PERS. Sat. v. 19.

> 'Tis not indeed my talent to engage
> In lofty trifles, or to swell my page
> With wind and noise.
>
> DRYDEN.

There is no kind of false wit which has been so recommended by the practice of all ages, as that which consists in a jingle of words, and is comprehended under the general name of *Punning*. It is indeed impossible to kill a weed which the soil has a natural disposition to produce. The seeds of punning are in the minds of all men; and though they may be subdued by reason, reflexion, and good sense, they will be very apt to shoot up in the greatest genius, that is not broken and cultivated by the rules of art. Imitation is natural to us, and when it does not raise the mind to poetry, painting, music, or other more noble arts, it often breaks out in puns and quibbles.

Aristotle, in the eleventh chapter of his book of Rhetoric, describes two or three kinds of puns, which he calls paragrams, among the beauties of good writing, and produces instances of them out of some of the greatest authors in the Greek tongue. Cicero has sprinkled several of his works with puns, and in his book where he lays down the rules of oratory, quotes abundance of sayings as pieces of wit, which also upon examination prove arrant puns. But the age in which the *pun* chiefly flourished, was the reign of King James the First. That learned monarch was himself a tolerable punster, and made very few bishops or privy counsellors that had not some time or other signalized themselves by a clinch, or a conundrum. It was therefore in this age that the pun appeared with pomp and

dignity. It had before been admitted into merry speeches and ludicrous compositions, but was now delivered with great gravity from the pulpit, or pronounced in the most solemn manner at the council-table. The greatest authors, in their most serious works, made frequent use of puns. The sermons of bishop Andrews, and the tragedies of Shakespear, are full of them. The sinner was punned into repentance by the former, as in the latter nothing is more usual than to see a hero weeping and quibbling for a dozen lines together.

I must add to these great authorities, which seem to have given a kind of sanction to this piece of false wit, that all the writers of rhetoric have treated of punning with very great respect, and divided the several kinds of it into hard names, that are reckoned among the figures of speech, and recommended as ornaments in discourse. I remember a country schoolmaster of my acquaintance told me once, that he had been in company with a gentleman whom he looked upon to be the greatest *paragrammatist* among the moderns. Upon inquiry, I found my learned friend had dined that day with Mr. Swan, the famous punster; and desiring him to give me some account of Mr. Swan's conversation, he told me that he generally talked in the *Paranomasia*, that he sometimes gave into the *Ploce*, but that in his humble opinion he shined most in the *Antanaclasis*[n].

I must not here omit, that a famous university of this land was formerly very much infested with puns; but whether or no this might not arise from the fens and marshes in which it was situated, and which are now drained, I must leave to the determination of more skilful naturalists.

After this short history of punning, one would wonder how it should be so entirely banished out of the learned world, as it is at present, especially since it had found a place in the writings of the most ancient polite authors. To account for this, we must consider, that the first race of authors, who were the great heroes in writing, were destitute of all rules and arts of criticism; and for that reason, though they excel later writers in greatness of genius, they fall short of them in accuracy and correctness. The moderns cannot reach their beauties, but can avoid their imperfections. When the world was furnished with these authors of the first eminence, there grew up another set of writers, who gained themselves a reputation by the remarks which they

made on the works of those who preceded them. It was one of the employments of these secondary authors to distinguish the several kinds of wit by terms of art, and to consider them as more or less perfect, according as they were founded in truth. It is no wonder therefore, that even such authors as Isocrates, Plato, and Cicero, should have such little blemishes as are not to be met with in authors of a much inferior character, who have written since those several blemishes were discovered. I do not find that there was a proper separation made between puns and true wit by any of the ancient authors, except Quintilian and Longinus. But when this distinction was once settled, it was very natural for all men of sense to agree in it. As for the revival of this false wit, it happened about the time of the revival of letters; but as soon as it was once detected, it immediately vanished and disappeared. At the same time there is no question, but as it has sunk in one age and rose in another, it will again recover itself in some distant period of time, as pedantry and ignorance shall prevail upon wit and sense. And, to speak the truth, I do very much apprehend, by some of the last winter's productions, which had their sets of admirers, that our posterity will in a few years degenerate into a race of punsters: at least a man may be very excusable for any apprehensions of this kind, that has seen Acrostics handed about the town with great secrecy and applause; to which I must also add a little epigram called the Witches' Prayer, that fell into verse when it was read either backward or forward, excepting only that it cursed one way and blessed the other. When one sees there are actually such pains-takers among our British wits, who can tell what it may end in? If we must lash one another, let it be with the manly strokes of wit and satire; for I am of the old philosopher's opinion, that if I must suffer from one or the other, I would rather it should be from the paw of a lion, than the hoof of an ass. I do not speak this out of any spirit of party. There is a most crying dulness on both sides. I have seen Tory acrostics and Whig anagrams, and do not quarrel with either of them, because they are Whigs or Tories, but because they are anagrams and acrostics.

But to return to punning: Having pursued the history of a pun, from its original to its downfall, I shall here define it to be a conceit arising from the use of two words that agree in the

sound, but differ in the sense. The only way therefore to try a piece of wit, is to translate it into a different language: if it bears the test, you may pronounce it true; but if it vanishes in the experiment, you may conclude it to have been a pun. In short, one may say of a pun, as the countryman described his nightingale, that it is *vox, et præterea nihil;* a sound, and nothing but a sound. On the contrary, one may represent true wit by the description which Aristenetus[n] makes of a fine woman; when she is *dressed,* she is beautiful; when she is *undressed,* she is beautiful: or, as Mercerus has translated it more emphatically, *Induitur, formosa est; exuitur, ipsa forma est.*—C.

No. 62. *Locke's definition of Wit; an account of Mixed Wit; illustrations from Cowley; quotation from Dryden.*

Scribendi recte sapere est et principium et fons.
HOR. Ars Poet. 309.

Mr. Locke[n] has an admirable reflexion upon the difference of wit and judgment, whereby he endeavours to shew the reason why they are not always the talents of the same person. His words are as follow: 'And hence, perhaps, may be given some reason of that common observation, that men who have a great deal of wit and prompt memories, have not always the clearest judgment, or deepest reason. For wit lying most in the assemblage of ideas, and putting those together with quickness and variety wherein can be found any resemblance or congruity, thereby to make up pleasant pictures and agreeable visions in the fancy,—judgment, on the contrary, lies quite on the other side, in separating carefully, one from another, ideas wherein can be found the least difference, thereby to avoid being misled by similitude, and by affinity to take one thing for another. This is a way of proceeding quite contrary to metaphor and allusion; wherein, for the most part, lies that entertainment and pleasantry of wit which strikes so lively on the fancy, and is therefore so acceptable to all people.'

This is, I think, the best and most philosophical account that I have ever met with of wit, which generally, though not always, consists in such a resemblance and congruity of ideas as this author mentions. I shall only add to it by way of explanation, that every resemblance of ideas is not that which we call wit,

unless it be such an one as gives *delight* and *surprise* to the reader: these two properties seem essential to wit, more particularly the last of them. In order therefore that the resemblance in the ideas be wit, it is necessary that the ideas should not lie too near one another in the nature of things; for where the likeness is obvious it gives no surprise. To compare one man's singing to that of another, or to represent the whiteness of any object by that of milk and snow, or the variety of its colours by those of the rainbow, cannot be called wit, unless, besides this obvious resemblance, there be some further congruity discovered in the two ideas that is capable of giving the reader some surprise. Thus when a poet tells us, the bosom of his mistress is as white as snow, there is no wit in the comparison; but when he adds, with a sigh, that it is as cold too, it then grows into wit. Every reader's memory may supply him with innumerable instances of the same nature. For this reason, the similitudes in heroic poets, who endeavour rather to fill the mind with great conceptions, than to divert it with such as are new and surprising, have seldom any thing in them that can be called wit. Mr. Locke's account of wit, with this short explanation, comprehends most of the species of wit, as metaphors, similitudes, allegories, ænigmas, mottoes, parables, fables, dreams, visions, dramatic writings, burlesque, and all the methods of allusion; as there are many other pieces of wit, (how remote soever they may appear at first sight from the foregoing description,) which upon examination will be found to agree with it.

As true wit generally consists in this resemblance and congruity of ideas, false wit chiefly consists in the resemblance and congruity, sometimes of single letters, as in anagrams, chronograms, lipograms, and acrostics: sometimes of syllables, as in echoes and doggerel rhymes: sometimes of words, as in puns and quibbles; and sometimes of whole sentences and poems, cast into the figures of eggs, axes, or altars: nay, some carry the notion of wit so far as to ascribe it even to external mimicry, and to look upon a man as an ingenious person, that can resemble the tone, posture, or face of another.

As true wit consists in the resemblance of ideas, and false wit in the resemblance of words, according to the foregoing instances, there is another kind of wit which consists partly in the resemblance of ideas, and partly in the resemblance of words,

which, for distinction sake, I shall call mixed wit. This kind of wit is that which abounds in Cowley, more than in any author that ever wrote. Mr. Waller has likewise a great deal of it. Mr. Dryden is very sparing of it. Milton had a genius much above it. Spencer is in the same class with Milton. The Italians, even in their epic poetry, are full of it. Monsieur Boileau, who formed himself upon the antient poets, has every where rejected it with scorn. If we look after mixed wit among the Greek writers, we shall find it no where but in the epigrammatists. There are indeed some strokes of it in the little poem ascribed to Musæus, which by that, as well as many other marks, betrays itself to be a modern composition. If we look into the Latin writers, we find none of this mixed wit in Virgil, Lucretius, or Catullus: very little in Horace, but a great deal of it in Ovid, and scarce any thing else in Martial.

Out of the innumerable branches of mixed wit, I shall chuse one instance which may be met with in all the writers of this class. The passion of love in its nature has been thought to resemble fire; for which reason the words *fire* and *flame* are made use of to signify love. The witty poets therefore have taken an advantage from the doubtful meaning of the word *fire*, to make an infinite number of witticisms. Cowley, observing the cold regard of his mistress's eyes, and at the same time their power of producing love in him, considers them as burning glasses made of ice; and finding himself able to live in the greatest extremities of love, concludes the torrid zone to be habitable. When his mistress has read his letter written in juice of lemon by holding it to the fire, he desires her to read it over a second time by love's flames. When she weeps, he wishes it were inward heat that distilled those drops from the limbec[n]. When she is absent, he is beyond eighty, that is, thirty degrees nearer the pole than when she is with him. His ambitious love is a fire that naturally mounts upwards; his happy love is the beams of heaven, and his unhappy love flames of hell. When it does not let him sleep, it is a flame that sends up no smoke: when it is opposed to counsel and advice, it is a fire that rages the more by the wind's blowing upon it. Upon the dying of a tree in which he had cut his loves, he observes that his written flames had burnt up and withered the tree. When he resolves to give over his passion, he tells us that one burnt like him for ever dreads the fire. His heart

is an Ætna, that instead of Vulcan's shop incloses Cupid's forge in it. His endeavouring to drown his love in wine, is throwing oil upon the fire. He would insinuate to his mistress, that the fire of love, like that of the sun, (which produces so many living creatures), should not only warm, but beget. Love in another place cooks pleasure at his fire. Sometimes the poet's heart is frozen in every breast, and sometimes scorched in every eye. Sometimes he is drowned in tears, and burnt in love, like a ship set on fire in the middle of the sea[n].

The reader may observe, in every one of these instances, that the poet mixes the qualities of fire with those of love; and in the same sentence speaking of it both as a passion and as a real fire, surprises the reader with those seeming resemblances or contradictions that make up all the wit in this kind of writing. Mixed wit therefore is a composition of pun and true wit, and is more or less perfect as the resemblance lies in the ideas or in the words. Its foundations are laid partly in falsehood and partly in truth: reason puts in her claim for one-half of it, and extravagance for the other. The only province therefore for this kind of wit, is epigram, or those little occasional poems that in their own nature are nothing else but a tissue of epigrams. I cannot conclude this head of mixed wit, without owning that the admirable poet out of whom I have taken the examples of it, had as much true wit as any author that ever writ; and indeed all other talents of an extraordinary genius.

It may be expected, since I am upon this subject, that I should take notice of Mr. Dryden's definition of wit, which, with all the deference that is due to the judgment of so great a man, is not so properly a definition of wit, as of good writing in general. 'Wit,' as he defines it, 'is a propriety of words and thoughts adapted to the subject[n].' If this be a true definition of wit, I am apt to think that Euclid was the greatest wit that ever set pen to paper: it is certain there never was a greater propriety of words and thoughts adapted to the subject, than what that author has made use of in his Elements. I shall only appeal to my reader, if this definition agrees with any notion he has of wit: if it be a true one, I am sure Mr. Dryden was not only a better poet, but a greater wit, than Mr. Cowley: and Virgil a much more facetious man than either Ovid or Martial.

Bouhours, whom I look upon to be the most penetrating of all

the French critics, has taken pains to shew that it is impossible for any thought to be beautiful which is not just, and has not its foundation in the nature of things: that the basis of all wit is truth; and that no thought can be valuable, of which good sense is not the ground-work[n]. Boileau has endeavoured to inculcate the same notion in several parts of his writings, both in prose and verse. This is that natural way of writing, that beautiful simplicity, which we so much admire in the compositions of the ancients; and which no body deviates from but those who want strength of genius to make a thought shine in its own natural beauties. Poets who want this strength of genius to give that majestic simplicity to nature, which we so much admire in the works of the ancients, are forced to hunt after foreign ornaments, and not to let any piece of wit of what kind soever escape them. I look upon these writers as Goths in poetry, who, like those in architecture, not being able to come up to the beautiful simplicity of the old Greeks and Romans, have endeavoured to supply its place with all the extravagancies of an irregular fancy[n]. Mr. Dryden makes a very handsome observation, on Ovid's writing a letter from Dido to Æneas, in the following words. 'Ovid' (says he, speaking of Virgil's fiction of Dido and Æneas) 'takes it up after him, even in the same age, and makes an ancient heroine of Virgil's new-created Dido; dictates a letter for her just before her death to the ungrateful fugitive; and, very unluckily for himself, is for measuring a sword with a man so much superior in force to him on the same subject. I think I may be judge of this, because I have translated both. The famous author of the Art of Love has nothing of his own; he borrows all from a greater master in his own profession, and, which is worse, improves nothing which he finds: nature fails him, and being forced to his old shift he has recourse to witticism. This passes indeed with his soft admirers, and gives him the preference to Virgil in their esteem.'

Were I not supported by so great an authority as that of Mr. Dryden, I should not venture to observe, that the taste of most of our English poets, as well as readers, is extremely Gothic. He quotes Monsieur Segrais[n] for a threefold distinction of the readers of poetry; in the first of which he comprehends the rabble of readers, whom he does not treat as such with regard to their quality, but to their numbers and the coarseness of their

taste. His words re as follow: 'Segrais has distinguished the readers of poetry, according to their capacity of judging, into three classes. [He might have said the same of writers too, if he had pleased.] In the lowest form he places those whom he calls *Les Petits Esprits*, such things as are our upper-gallery audience in a playhouse; who like nothing but the husk and rind of wit, prefer a quibble, a conceit, an epigram, before solid sense and elegant expression: these are mob-readers. If Virgil and Martial stood for parliament men, we know already who would carry it. But though they make the greatest appearance in the field, and cry the loudest, the best on't is, they are but a sort of French Huguenots, or Dutch boors, brought over in herds, but not naturalized; who have not lands of two pounds per annum in Parnassus, and therefore are not privileged to poll[n]. Their authors are of the same level, fit to represent them on a mountebank's stage, or to be masters of the ceremonies in a bear-garden: yet these are they who have the most admirers. But it often happens, to their mortification, that as their readers improve their stock of sense (as they may by reading better books, and by conversation with men of judgment) they soon forsake them.'

I must not dismiss this subject without observing, that as Mr. Locke, in the passage above mentioned, has discovered the most fruitful source of wit, so there is another of a quite contrary nature to it, which does likewise branch itself out into several kinds. For not only the *resemblance* but *opposition* of ideas does often produce wit; as I could shew in several little points, turns and antitheses, that I may possibly enlarge upon in some future speculation.—C.

No. 63. *Allegorical vision of the encounter of True and False Wit, and the discomfiture of the latter.*

> Humano capiti cervicem pictor equinam
> Jungere si velit, et varias inducere plumas,
> Undique collatis membris, ut turpiter atrum
> Desinat in piscem mulier formosa superne,
> Spectatum admissi risum teneatis amici?
> Credite, Pisones, isti tabulæ fore librum
> Persimilem, cujus, velut ægri somnia, vanæ
> Fingentur species. HOR. Ars Poet. i.

It is very hard for the mind to disengage itself from a subject

in which it has been long employed. The thoughts will be rising of themselves from time to time, though we give them no encouragement; as the tossings and fluctuations of the sea continue several hours after the winds are laid.

It is to this that I impute my last night's dream or vision, which formed into one continued allegory the several schemes of wit, whether false, mixed, or true, that have been the subject of my late papers.

Methought I was transported into a country that was filled with prodigies and inchantments, governed by the goddess of Falsehood, and entitled *The region of False Wit*. There was nothing in the fields, the woods, and the rivers, that appeared natural. Several of the trees blossomed in leaf-gold, some of them produced bone-lace, and some of them precious stones. The fountains bubbled in an opera tune, and were filled with stags, wild-boars, and mermaids, that lived among the waters; at the same time that dolphins and several kinds of fish played upon the banks, or took their pastime in the meadows. The birds had many of them golden beaks, and human voices. The flowers perfumed the air with smells of incense, ambergrease, and pulvillios[n]; and were so interwoven with one another, that they grew up in pieces of embroidery. The winds were filled with sighs and messages of distant lovers. As I was walking to and fro in this inchanted wilderness, I could not forbear breaking out into soliloquies upon the several wonders that lay before me, when, to my great surprise, I found there were artificial echos in every walk, that, by repetitions of certain words which I spoke, agreed with me, or contradicted me, in every thing I said. In the midst of my conversation with these invisible companions, I discovered in the centre of a very dark grove a monstrous fabric built after the Gothic manner, and covered with innumerable devices in that barbarous kind of sculpture. I immediately went up to it, and found it to be a kind of heathen temple consecrated to the god of Dulness. Upon my entrance I saw the deity of the place dressed in the habit of a monk, with a book in one hand, and a rattle in the other. Upon his right hand was Industry, with a lamp burning before her; and on his left Caprice, with a monkey sitting on her shoulder. Before his feet there stood an altar of a very odd make, which, as I afterwards found, was shaped in that manner to comply with the inscription that surrounded it

Upon the altar there lay several offerings of axes, wings, and eggs, cut in paper, and inscribed with verses. The temple was filled with votaries, who applied themselves to different diversions, as their fancies directed them. In one part of it I saw a regiment of Anagrams, who were continually in motion, turning to the right or to the left, facing about, doubling their ranks, shifting their stations, and throwing themselves into all the figures and counter-marches of the most changeable and perplexed exercise.

Not far from these was a body of Acrostics, made up of very disproportioned persons. It was disposed into three columns, the officers planting themselves in a line on the left hand of each column. The officers were all of them at least six foot high, and made three rows of very proper men; but the common soldiers, who filled up the spaces between the officers, were such dwarfs, cripples, and scarecrows, that one could hardly look upon them without laughing. There were behind the Acrostics two or three files of Chronograms, which differed only from the former, as their officers were equipped (like the figure of time) with an hour-glass in one hand, and a scythe in the other, and took their posts promiscuously among the private men whom they commanded.

In the body of the temple, and before the very face of the deity, methought I saw the phantom of Tryphiodorus, the lipogrammatist, engaged in a ball with four and twenty persons, who pursued him by turns through all the intricacies and labyrinths of a country-dance, without being able to overtake him.

Observing several to be very busy at the western end of the temple, I inquired into what they were doing, and found there was in that quarter the great magazine of Rebuses. These were several things of the most different nature tied up in bundles, and thrown upon one another in heaps like faggots. You might behold an anchor, a night-rail, and a hobby-horse bound up together. One of the workmen seeing me very much surprised, told me, there was an infinite deal of wit in several of those bundles, and that he would explain them to me if I pleased: I thanked him for his civility, but told him I was in very great haste at that time. As I was going out of the temple, I observed in one corner of it a cluster of men and women laughing very heartily, and diverting themselves at a game of Crambo. I

heard several double rhymes as I passed by them, which raised a great deal of mirth.

Not far from these was another set of merry people engaged at a diversion, in which the whole jest was to mistake one person for another. To give occasion for these ludicrous mistakes, they were divided into pairs, every pair being covered from head to foot with the same kind of dress, though perhaps there was not the least resemblance in their faces. By this means an old man was sometimes mistaken for a boy, a woman for a man, and a black-a-moor for an European, which very often produced great peals of laughter. These I guessed to be a party of Puns. But being very desirous to get out of this world of magic, which had almost turned my brain, I left the temple, and crossed over the fields that lay about it with all the speed I could make. I was not gone far before I heard the sound of trumpets and alarms, which seemed to proclaim the march of an enemy; and, as I afterwards found, was in reality what I apprehended it. There appeared at a great distance a very shining light, and in the midst of it a person of a most beautiful aspect; her name was Truth. On her right hand there marched a male deity, who bore several quivers on his shoulders, and grasped several arrows in his hand. His name was Wit. The approach of these two enemies filled all the territories of False Wit with an unspeakable consternation, insomuch that the goddess of those regions appeared in person upon her frontiers, with the several inferior deities, and the different bodies of forces which I had before seen in the temple, who were now drawn up in array, and prepared to give their foes a warm reception. As the march of the enemy was very slow, it gave time to the several inhabitants who bordered upon the regions of Falsehood to draw their forces into a body, with a design to stand upon their guard as neuters, and attend the issue of the combat.

I must here inform my reader, that the frontiers of the inchanted region which I have before described were inhabited by the species of Mixed Wit, who made a very odd appearance when they were mustered together in an army. There were men whose bodies were stuck full of darts, and women whose eyes were burning-glasses: men that had hearts of fire, and women that had breasts of snow. It would be endless to describe the several monsters of the like nature, that composed this great

army; which immediately fell asunder, and divided itself into two parts, the one half throwing themselves behind the banners of Truth, and the others behind those of Falsehood.

The goddess of Falsehood was of a gigantic stature, and advanced some paces before the front of her army; but as the dazzling light which flowed from Truth began to shine upon her, she faded insensibly; insomuch that in a little space she looked rather like an huge phantom than a real substance. At length, as the goddess of Truth approached still nearer to her, she fell away entirely, and vanished amidst the brightness of her presence; so that there did not remain the least trace or impression of her figure in the place where she had been seen.

As at the rising of the sun the constellations grow thin, and the stars go out one after another, till the whole hemisphere is extinguished, such was the vanishing of the goddess; and not only of the goddess herself, but of the whole army that attended her, which sympathised with their leader, and shrunk into nothing in proportion as the goddess disappeared. At the same time the whole temple sunk, the fish betook themselves to the streams, and the wild beasts to the woods, the fountains recovered their murmurs, the birds their voices, the trees their leaves, the flowers their scents, and the whole face of nature its true and genuine appearance. Though I still continued asleep, I fancied myself as it were awakened out of a dream, when I saw this region of prodigies restored to woods and rivers, fields and meadows.

Upon the removal of that wild scene of wonders, which had very much disturbed my imagination, I took a full survey of the persons of Wit and Truth; for indeed it was impossible to look upon the first without seeing the other at the same time. There was behind them a strong and compact body of figures. The genius of Heroic Poetry appeared with a sword in her hand, and a laurel on her head. Tragedy was crowned with cypress, and covered with robes dipped in blood. Satire had smiles in her look, and a dagger under her garment. Rhetoric was known by her thunderbolt, and Comedy by her mask. After several other figures, Epigram marched up in the rear, who had been posted there at the beginning of the expedition, that he might not revolt to the enemy, whom he was suspected to favour in his heart. I was very much awed and delighted with the appearance of the god of Wit; there was something so amiable and yet

so piercing in his looks, as inspired me at once with love and terror. As I was gazing on him, to my unspeakable joy, he took a quiver of arrows from his shoulder, in order to make me a present of it; but as I was reaching out my hand to receive it of him, I knocked it against a chair, and by that means awaked.—C.

No. 249. *On Laughter and Ridicule; difference between comedy and burlesque; quotation from Milton's L'Allegro.*

Γέλως ἂκαιρος ἐν βροτοῖς δεινόν κακόν.—Frag. Vet. Poet.

Mirth out of season is a grievous ill.

When I make choice of a subject that has not been treated of by others, I throw together my reflexions on it without any order or method, so that they may appear rather in the looseness and freedom of an essay, than in the regularity of a set discourse. It is after this manner that I shall consider laughter and ridicule in my present paper.

Man is the merriest species of the creation; all above and below him are serious. He sees things in a different light from other beings, and finds his mirth arising from objects, that perhaps cause something like pity or displeasure in higher natures. Laughter is indeed a very good counterpoise to the spleen; and it seems but reasonable that we should be capable of receiving joy from what is no real good to us, since we can receive grief from what is no real evil.

I have, in my forty-seventh paper[1], raised a speculation on the notion of a modern philosopher[n], who describes the first motive of laughter to be a secret comparison which we make between ourselves and the persons we laugh at; or, in other words, that satisfaction which we receive from the opinion of some pre-eminence in ourselves, when we see the absurdities of another, or when we reflect on any past absurdities of our own. This seems to hold in most cases, and we may observe that the vainest part of mankind are the most addicted to this passion.

I have read a sermon of a conventual in the church of Rome on those words of the wise man, *I said of laughter, it is mad; and of mirth, what does it?* upon which he laid it down as a point of

[1] Omitted from this selection.

doctrine, that laughter was the effect of original sin, and that Adam could not laugh before the fall.

Laughter, while it lasts, slackens and unbraces the mind, weakens the faculties, and causes a kind of remissness and dissolution in all the powers of the soul: and thus far it may be looked upon as a weakness in the composition of human nature. But if we consider the frequent reliefs we receive from it, and how often it breaks the gloom which is apt to depress the mind, and damp our spirits, with transient unexpected gleams of joy, one would take care not to grow too wise for so great a pleasure of life.

The talent of turning men into ridicule, and exposing to laughter those one converses with, is the qualification of little ungenerous tempers. A young man with this cast of mind cuts himself off from all manner of improvement. Every one has his flaws and weaknesses; nay, the greatest blemishes are often found in the most shining characters; but what an absurd thing is it to pass over all the valuable parts of a man, and fix our attention on his infirmities? to observe his imperfections more than his virtues? and to make use of him for the sport of others, rather than for our own improvement?

We therefore very often find, that persons the most accomplished in ridicule are those who are very shrewd at hitting a blot, without exerting anything masterly in themselves. As there are many eminent critics who never writ a good line, there are many admirable buffoons that animadvert upon every single defect in another, without ever discovering the least beauty of their own. By this means, these unlucky little wits often gain reputation in the esteem of vulgar minds, and raise themselves above persons of much more laudable characters.

If the talent of ridicule were employed to laugh men out of vice and folly, it might be of some use to the world; but, instead of this, we find that it is generally made use of to laugh men out of virtue and good sense, by attacking everything that is solemn and serious, decent and praise-worthy, in human life.

We may observe that in the first ages of the world, when the great souls and master-pieces of human nature were produced, men shined by a noble simplicity of behaviour, and were strangers to those little embellishments which are so fashionable in our present conversation. And it is very remarkable, that, notwith-

standing we fall short at present of the ancients in poetry, painting, oratory, history, architecture, and all the noble arts and sciences which depend more upon genius than experience, we exceed them as much in doggerel, humour, burlesque, and all the trivial arts of ridicule. We meet with more raillery among the moderns, but more good sense among the ancients.

The two great branches of ridicule in writing are comedy and burlesque. The first ridicules persons by drawing them in their proper characters, the other by drawing them quite unlike themselves. Burlesque is therefore of two kinds; the first represents mean persons in the accoutrements of heroes, the other describes great persons acting and speaking like the basest among the people. Don Quixote is an instance of the first, and Lucian's gods of the second. It is a dispute among the critics, whether burlesque poetry runs best in heroic verse, like that of the Dispensary, or in doggerel, like that of Hudibras. I think, where the low character is to be raised, the heroic is the proper measure; but when an hero is to be pulled down and degraded, it is done best in doggerel.

If Hudibras had been set out with as much wit and humour in heroic verse as he is in doggerel, he would have made a much more agreeable figure than he does[n]; though the generality of his readers are so wonderfully pleased with the double rhymes, that I do not expect many will be of my opinion in this particular.

I shall conclude this essay upon laughter with observing, that the metaphor of laughing, applied to fields and meadows when they are in flower, or to trees when they are in blossom, runs through all languages; which I have not observed of any other metaphor, excepting that of fire and burning when they are applied to love. This shews that we naturally regard laughter as what is in itself both amiable and beautiful. For this reason likewise Venus has gained the title of *Φιλομμείδης*, the laughter-loving dame, as Waller has translated it[n], and is represented by Horace as the goddess who delights in laughter. Milton, in a joyous assembly of imaginary persons, has given us a very poetical figure of laughter. His whole band of mirth is so finely described, that I shall set down the passage at length[n].

> But come thou goddess, fair and free,
> In heav'n yclep'd Euphrosyne,

And by men, heart-easing mirth,
Whom lovely Venus at a birth,
With two sister graces more,
To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore:
Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful jollity,
Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek:
Sport that wrinkled care derides,
And laughter holding both his sides.
Come, and trip it as you go,
On the light fantastic toe,
And in thy right hand lead with thee
The mountain nymph, sweet liberty;
And if I give thee honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreproved pleasures free.

C.

No. 409. *On Taste; what it is, and how it may be improved; a Gothic taste to be eschewed.*

Musæo contingere cuncta lepore.—LUCR. i. 933.

Gratian[n] very often recommends *the fine taste* as the utmost perfection of an accomplished man. As this word arises very often in conversation, I shall endeavour to give some account of it, and to lay down rules how we may know whether we are possessed of it, and how we may acquire that fine taste of writing which is so much talked of among the polite world.

Most languages make use of this metaphor to express that faculty of the mind which distinguishes all the most concealed faults and nicest perfections in writing. We may be sure this metaphor would not have been so general in all tongues, had there not been a very great conformity between that mental taste which is the subject of this paper, and that sensitive taste which gives us a relish for every different flavour that affects the palate. Accordingly we find there are as many degrees of refinement in the intellectual faculty, as in the sense which is marked out by this common denomination.

I knew a person who possessed the one in so great a perfection, that, after having tasted ten different kinds of tea, he would distinguish, without seeing the colour of it, the particular

sort which was offered him; and not only so, but any two sorts of them that were mixed together in an equal proportion; nay, he has carried the experiment so far, as, upon tasting the composition of three different sorts, to name the parcels from whence the three several ingredients were taken. A man of a fine taste in writing will discern after the same manner, not only the general beauties and imperfections of an author, but discover the several ways of thinking and expressing himself which diversify him from all other authors, with the several foreign infusions of thought and language, and the particular authors from whom they were borrowed.

After having thus far explained what is generally meant by a fine taste in writing, and shewn the propriety of the metaphor which is used on this occasion, I think I may define it to be, *that faculty of the soul, which discerns the beauties of an author with pleasure, and the imperfections with dislike.* If a man would know whether he is possessed of this faculty, I would have him read over the celebrated works of antiquity, which have stood the test of so many different ages and countries, or those works among the moderns which have the sanction of the politer part of our contemporaries. If, upon the perusal of such writings, he does not find himself delighted in an extraordinary manner, or if, upon reading the admired passages in such authors, he finds a coldness and indifference in his thoughts, he ought to conclude, not (as is too usual among tasteless readers) that the author wants those perfections which have been admired in him, but that he himself wants the faculty of discovering them.

He should, in the second place, be very careful to observe, whether he tastes the distinguishing perfections, or, if I may be allowed to call them so, the specific qualities of the author whom he peruses; whether he is particularly pleased with Livy for his manner of telling a story; with Sallust, for his entering into those internal principles of action which arise from the characters and manners of the persons he describes; or with Tacitus, for his displaying those outward motives of safety and interest, which give birth to the whole series of transactions which he relates.

He may likewise consider how differently he is affected by the same thought which presents itself in a great writer, from what he is when he finds it delivered by a person of an ordinary genius. For there is as much difference in apprehending a

thought clothed in Cicero's language, and that of a common author, as in seeing an object by the light of a taper, or by the light of the sun.

It is very difficult to lay down rules for the acquirement of such a taste as that I am here speaking of. The faculty must in some degree be born with us, and it very often happens that those who have other qualities in perfection are wholly void of this. One of the most eminent mathematicians of the age has assured me, that the greatest pleasure he took in reading Virgil, was in examining Æneas's voyage by the map; as I question not but many a modern compiler of history would be delighted with little more in that divine author, than in the bare matters of fact.

But notwithstanding this faculty must in some measure be born with us, there are several methods for cultivating and improving it, and without which it will be very uncertain, and of very little use to the person that possesses it. The most natural method for this purpose is to be conversant among the writings of the most polite authors. A man who has any relish for fine writing either discovers new beauties, or receives stronger impressions from the masterly strokes of a great author every time he peruses him; besides that he naturally wears himself into the same manner of speaking and thinking.

Conversation with men of a polite genius is another method for improving our natural taste. It is impossible for a man of the greatest parts to consider anything in its whole extent, and in all its variety of lights. Every man, besides those general observations which are to be made upon an author, forms several reflexions that are peculiar to his own manner of thinking; so that conversation will naturally furnish us with hints which we did not attend to, and make us enjoy other men's parts and reflexions as well as our own. This is the best reason I can give for the observation which several have made, that men of great genius in the same way of writing seldom rise up singly, but at certain periods of time appear together, and in a body, as they did at Rome in the reign of Augustus, and in Greece about the age of Socrates. I cannot think that Corneille, Racine, Moliere, Boileau, la Fontaine, Bruyere, Bossu, or the Daciers, would have written so well as they have done, had they not been friends and contemporaries.

It is likewise necessary for a man who would form to himself a finished taste of good writing to be well versed in the works of the best critics, both ancient and modern. I must confess that I could wish there were authors of this kind, who, besides the mechanical rules, which a man of very little taste may discourse upon, would enter into the very spirit and soul of fine writing, and shew us the several sources of that pleasure which rises in the mind upon the perusal of a noble work. Thus, although in poetry it be absolutely necessary that the unities of time, place, and action, with other points of the same nature, should be thoroughly explained and understood,—there is still something more essential to the art, something that elevates and astonishes the fancy, and gives a greatness of mind to the reader, which few of the critics besides Longinus have considered.

Our general taste in England is for epigram, turns of wit, and forced conceits, which have no manner of influence either for the bettering or enlarging the mind of him who reads them, and have been carefully avoided by the greatest writers both among the ancients and moderns. I have endeavoured in several of my speculations to banish this Gothic taste which has taken possession among us. I entertained the town, for a week together, with an essay upon wit[1]; in which I endeavoured to detect several of those false kinds which have been admired in the different ages of the world, and at the same time to show wherein the nature of true wit consists. I afterwards gave an instance of the great force which lies in a natural simplicity of thought to affect the mind of the reader, from such vulgar pieces as have little else besides this single qualification to recommend them. I have likewise examined the works of the greatest poet which our nation, or, perhaps, any other, has produced; and particularized most of those rational and manly beauties which give a value to that divine work[n]. I shall next Saturday enter upon an essay *on the pleasures of imagination*, which, though it shall consider that subject at large, will perhaps suggest to the reader what it is that gives a beauty to many passages of the finest writers both in prose and verse. As an undertaking of this nature is entirely new, I question not but it will be received with candour.—O.

[1] See Nos. 58–63, page 319.

§ 2. ON THE STAGE.

No. 5. *The Opera; Handel's Rinaldo and Armida; ridiculous language of the libretto.*

Spectatum admissi risum teneatis?—Hor. Ars Poet. 5.

An opera may be allowed to be extravagantly lavish in its decorations, as its only design is to gratify the senses, and keep up an indolent attention in the audience. Common sense however requires, that there should be nothing in the scenes and machines which may appear childish and absurd. How would the wits of King Charles's time have laughed to have seen Nicolini exposed to a tempest in robes of ermine, and sailing in an open boat upon a sea of paste-board? What a field of raillery would they have been let into, had they been entertained with painted dragons spitting wild fire, enchanted chariots drawn by Flanders mares, and real cascades in artificial landskips? A little skill in criticism would inform us, that shadows and realities ought not to be mixed together in the same piece; and that the scenes which are designed as the representations of nature, should be filled with resemblances, and not with the things themselves. If one would represent a wide champaign country filled with herds and flocks, it would be ridiculous to draw the country only upon the scenes, and to crowd several parts of the stage with sheep and oxen. This is joining together inconsistencies, and making the decoration partly real, and partly *imaginary*. I would recommend what I have said here to the directors, as well as to the admirers of our modern opera.

As I was walking in the streets about a fortnight ago, I saw an ordinary fellow carrying a cage full of little birds upon his shoulder; and, as I was wondering with myself what use he would put them to, he was met very luckily by an acquaintance, who had the same curiosity. Upon his asking him what he had upon his shoulder, he told him that he had been buying sparrows for the opera. 'Sparrows for the opera,' says his friend, licking his lips, 'what, are they to be roasted?' 'No, no,' says the other, 'they are to enter towards the end of the first act, and to fly about the stage.'

This strange dialogue awakened my curiosity so far, that I

immediately bought the opera, by which means I perceived that the sparrows were to act the part of singing birds in a delightful grove; though, upon a nearer inquiry, I found the sparrows put the same trick upon the audience that Sir Martin Mar-all[n] practised upon his mistress; for though they flew in sight, the music proceeded from a concert of flageolets and bird-calls which were planted behind the scenes. At the same time I made this discovery, I found by the discourse of the actors that there were great designs on foot for the improvement of the opera; that it had been proposed to break down a part of the wall, and to surprise the audience with a party of an hundred horse, and that there was actually a project of bringing the New-river into the house, to be employed in jetteaus and water-works. This project, as I have since heard, is postponed till the summer season, when it is thought the coolness that proceeds from fountains and cascades will be more acceptable and refreshing to people of quality. In the mean time, to find out a more agreeable entertainment for the winter season, the opera of Rinaldo is filled with thunder and lightning, illuminations and fire-works, which the audience may look upon without catching cold, and indeed without much danger of being burnt; for there are several engines filled with water, and ready to play at a minute's warning, in case any such accident should happen. However, as I have a very great friendship for the owner of this theatre, I hope that he has been wise enough to insure his house before he would let this opera be acted in it.

It is no wonder that those scenes should be very surprising, which were contrived by two poets of different nations, and raised by two magicians of different sexes. Armida, as we are told in the argument, was an Amazonian enchantress, and poor Signior Cassani, as we learn from the persons represented, a Christian conjuror (Mago Christiano). I must confess I am very much puzzled to find how an Amazon should be versed in the black art, or how a good Christian, for such is the part of the magician, should deal with the devil.

To consider the poets after the conjurers, I shall give you a taste of the Italian from the first lines of his preface. *Eccoti, benigno lettore, un parto di poche sere, che se ben nato di notte, non è però aborto di tenebre, ma si farà conoscere figlio d' Apollo con qualche raggio di Parnasso.—Behold, gentle reader, the birth of a few*

evenings, which, though it be the offspring of the night, is not the abortive of darkness, but will make itself known to be the son of Apollo, with a certain ray of Parnassus. He afterwards proceeds to call Mynheer Handel[n] the Orpheus of our age, and to acquaint us, in the same sublimity of style, that he composed this opera in a fortnight. Such are the wits, to whose tastes we so ambitiously conform ourselves. The truth of it is, the finest writers among the modern Italians express themselves in such a florid form of words, and such tedious circumlocutions, as are used by none but pedants in our own country: and at the same time fill their writings with such poor imaginations and conceits, as our youths are ashamed of before they have been two years at the university. Some may be apt to think, that it is the difference of genius which produces this difference in the works of the two nations; but, to shew there is nothing in this, if we look into the writings of the old Italians, such as Cicero and Virgil, we shall find that the English writers, in their way of thinking and expressing themselves, resemble those authors much more than the modern Italians pretend to do. And as for the poet himself, from whom the dreams of this opera are taken, I must entirely agree with Monsieur Boileau, that one verse in Virgil is worth all the clinquant or tinsel of Tasso.

But to return to the sparrows; there have been so many flights of them let loose in this opera, that it is feared the house will never get rid of them; and that in other plays they may make their entrance in very wrong and improper scenes, so as to be seen flying in a lady's bed-chamber, or perching upon a king's throne; besides the inconveniences which the heads of the audience may sometimes suffer from them. I am credibly informed, that there was once a design of casting into an opera the story of Whittington and his cat, and that in order to it, there had been got together a great quantity of mice; but Mr. Rich, the proprietor of the play-house, very prudently considered that it would be impossible for the cat to kill them all, and that consequently the princes of the stage might be as much infested with mice, as the prince of the island was before the cat's arrival upon it; for which reason he would not permit it to be acted in his house. And, indeed, I cannot blame him; for, as he said very well upon that occasion, I do not hear that any of the performers in our opera pretend to equal the famous

Pied piper, who made all the mice of a great town in Germany follow his music, and by that means cleared the place of those little noxious animals.

Before I dismiss this paper, I must inform my reader, that I hear there is a treaty on foot with London and Wise, who will be appointed gardeners of the play-house, to furnish the opera of Rinaldo and Armida with an orange-grove; and that the next time it is acted, the singing birds will be personated by tomtits: the undertakers being resolved to spare neither pains nor money for the gratification of the audience.—C.

No. 13. *Signor Nicolini's combat with a lion; history of several stage lions; Nicolini a great master of action.*

Dic mihi, si fueris tu leo, qualis eris?—MART.

Were you a lion, how would you behave?

There is nothing that of late years has afforded matter of greater amusement to the town than Signior Nicolini's[n] combat with a lion in the Haymarket, which has been very often exhibited to the general satisfaction of most of the nobility and gentry in the kingdom of Great Britain. Upon the first rumour of this intended combat it was confidently affirmed and is still believed by many in both galleries, that there would be a tame lion sent from the Tower every opera night, in order to be killed by Hydaspes; this report, though altogether groundless, so universally prevailed in the upper regions of the play-house, that some of the most refined politicians in those parts of the audience gave it out in a whisper, that the lion was a cousin-german of the tiger who made his appearance in king William's days, and that the stage would be supplied with lions at the public expence, during the whole session. Many likewise were the conjectures of the treatment which this lion was to meet with from the hands of Signior Nicolini; some supposed that he was to subdue him in recitativo, as Orpheus used to serve the wild beasts in his time, and afterwards to knock him on the head; some fancied that the lion would not pretend to lay his paws upon the hero, by reason of the received opinion, that a lion will not hurt a virgin: several, who pretended to have seen the opera in Italy, had informed their friends, that the lion was to act a part in

High-Dutch, and roar twice or thrice to a thorough-base, before he fell at the feet of Hydaspes[n]. To clear up a matter that was so variously reported, I have made it my business to examine whether this pretended lion is really the savage he appears to be, or only a counterfeit.

But before I communicate my discoveries I must acquaint the reader, that upon my walking behind the scenes last winter, as I was thinking on something else, I accidentally justled against a monstrous animal that extremely startled me; and upon my nearer survey of it, appeared to be a lion rampant. The lion, seeing me very much surprised, told me, in a gentle voice, that I might come by him if I pleased: 'for,' says he, 'I do not intend to hurt anybody.' I thanked him very kindly and passed by him: and, in a little time after, saw him leap upon the stage, and act his part with very great applause. It has been observed by several, that the lion has changed his manner of acting twice or thrice since his first appearance; which will not seem strange, when I acquaint my reader that the lion has been changed upon the audience three several times. The first lion was a candle-snuffer, who being a fellow of a testy, choleric temper, overdid his part, and would not suffer himself to be killed so easily as he ought to have done; besides, it was observed of him, that he grew more surly every time he came out of the lion; and having dropt some words in ordinary conversation, as if he had not fought his best, and that he suffered himself to be thrown upon his back in the scuffle, and that he would wrestle with Mr. Nicolini for what he pleased, out of his lion's skin, it was thought proper to discard him: and it is verily believed to this day, that had he been brought upon the stage another time, he would certainly have done mischief. Besides, it was objected against the first lion, that he reared himself so high upon his hinder paws, and walked in so erect a posture, that he looked more like an old man than a lion.

The second lion was a tailor by trade, who belonged to the play-house, and had the character of a mild and peaceable man in his profession. If the former was too furious, this was too sheepish, for his part; insomuch that after a short modest walk upon the stage, he would fall at the first touch of Hydaspes, without grappling with him, and giving him an opportunity of shewing his variety of Italian trips: it is said indeed, that

he once gave him a rip in his flesh-colour doublet; but this was only to make work for himself, in his private character of a tailor. I must not omit that it was this second lion who treated me with so much humanity behind the scenes.

The acting lion at present is, as I am informed, a country gentleman who does it for his diversion, but desires his name may be concealed. He says very handsomely, in his own excuse, that he does not act for gain, that he indulges an innocent pleasure in it; and that it is better to pass away an evening in this manner, than in gaming and drinking; but at the same time says, with a very agreeable raillery upon himself, that if his name should be known, the ill-natured world might call him, *The ass in the lion's skin.* This gentleman's temper is made out of such a happy mixture of the mild and the choleric, that he outdoes both his predecessors, and has drawn together greater audiences than have been known in the memory of man.

I must not conclude my narrative without taking notice of a groundless report that has been raised, to a gentleman's disadvantage of whom I must declare myself an admirer; namely, that Signior Nicolini and the lion have been seen sitting peaceably by one another and smoking a pipe together behind the scenes; by which their common enemies would insinuate, that it is but a sham combat which they represent upon the stage; but, upon inquiry I find, that if any such correspondence has passed between them, it was not till the combat was over, when the lion was to be looked upon as dead, according to the received rules of the drama. Besides, this is what is practised every day in Westminster-hall, where nothing is more usual than to see a couple of lawyers, who have been tearing each other to pieces in the court, embracing one another as soon as they are out of it.

I would not be thought, in any part of this relation, to reflect upon Signior Nicolini, who in acting this part only complies with the wretched taste of his audience; he knows very well that the lion has many more admirers than himself; as they say of the famous equestrian statue on the Pont-Neuf at Paris, that more people go to see the horse than the king[n] who sits upon it. On the contrary, it gives me a just indignation to see a person whose action gives new majesty to kings, resolution to heroes, and softness to lovers, thus sinking from the greatness of his be-

haviour, and degraded into the character of the London Prentice[n]. I have often wished that our tragedians would copy after this great master in action. Could they make the same use of their arms and legs, and inform their faces with as significant looks and passions, how glorious would an English tragedy appear with that action, which is capable of giving a dignity to the forced thoughts, cold conceits, and unnatural expressions of an Italian opera! In the mean time, I have related this combat of the lion, to shew what are at present the reigning entertainments of the politer part of Great Britain.

Audiences have often been reproached by writers for the coarseness of their taste: but our present grievance does not seem to be the want of a good taste, but of common sense.—C.

No. 18. *History of the Italian Opera in England; the prevailing fondness for it unreasonable and extravagant.*

> Equitis quoque jam migravit ab aure voluptas
> Omnis ad incertos oculos et gaudia vana.
> HOR. Ep. ii. 1. 187.
>
> But even our knights from wit and genius fly
> To pageant shows, that charm the wandering eye.
> FRANCIS.

It is my design in this paper to deliver down to posterity a faithful account of the Italian opera, and of the gradual progress which it has made upon the English stage[n]; for there is no question but our great grand-children will be very curious to know the reason why their forefathers used to sit together like an audience of foreigners in their own country, and to hear whole plays acted before them in a tongue which they did not understand.

Arsinoe[n] was the first opera that gave us a taste of Italian music. The great success this opera met with produced some attempts of forming pieces upon Italian plans, which should give a more natural and reasonable entertainment than what can be met with in the elaborate trifles of that nation. This alarmed the poetasters and fiddlers of the town, who were used to deal in a more ordinary kind of ware; and therefore laid down an established rule, which is received as such to this day, *That nothing is capable of being well set to music, that is not nonsense.*

This maxim was no sooner received, but we immediately

fell to translating the Italian operas; and as there was no great danger of hurting the sense of those extraordinary pieces, our authors would often make words of their own which were entirely foreign to the meaning of the passages they pretended to translate; their chief care being to make the numbers of the English verse answer to those of the Italian, that both of them might go to the same tune. Thus the famous song in Camilla [n],

Barbara, 'si, t'intendo, etc.

Barbarous woman, yes, I know your meaning;

which expresses the resentments of an angry lover, was translated into that English lamentation,

Frail are a lover's hopes, etc.

And it was pleasant enough to see the most refined persons of the British nation dying away and languishing to notes that were filled with a spirit of rage and indignation. It happened also very frequently, where the sense was rightly translated, the necessary transposition of words, which were drawn out of the phrase of one tongue into that of another, made the music appear very absurd in one tongue, that was very natural in the other. I remember an Italian verse that ran thus word for word,

And turn'd my rage into pity;

which the English for rhyme's sake translated,

And into pity turn'd my rage.

By this means the soft notes that were adapted to pity in the Italian fell upon the word *rage* in the English; and the angry sounds that were turned to rage in the original were made to express *pity* in the translation. It oftentimes happened likewise, that the finest notes in the air fell upon the most insignificant words in the sentence. I have known the word *and* pursued through the whole gamut, have been entertained with many a melodious *the*, and have heard the most beautiful graces, quavers, and divisions bestowed upon *then*, *for*, and *from*; to the eternal honour of our English particles.

The next step to our refinement was the introducing of Italian actors into our opera; who sung their parts in their own language, at the same time that our countrymen performed theirs in our native tongue. The King or hero of the play generally spoke in Italian, and his slaves answered him in English;

the lover frequently made his court, and gained the heart of his princess, in a language which she did not understand. One would have thought it very difficult to have carried on dialogues after this manner, without an interpreter between the persons that conversed together; but this was the state of the English stage for about three years.

At length the audience grew tired of understanding half the opera; and therefore to ease themselves entirely of the fatigue of thinking, have so ordered it at present, that the whole opera is performed in an unknown tongue. We no longer understand the language of our own stage, insomuch that I have often been afraid, when I have seen our Italian performers chattering in the vehemence of action, that they have been calling us names, and abusing us among themselves; but I hope, since we do put such an entire confidence in them, they will not talk against us before our faces, though they may do it with the same safety as if it were behind our backs[n]. In the mean time, I cannot forbear thinking how naturally an historian who writes two or three hundred years hence, and does not know the taste of his wise forefathers, will make the following reflexion, 'In the beginning of the eighteenth century the Italian tongue was so well understood in England that operas were acted on the public stage in that language.'

One scarce knows how to be serious in the confutation of an absurdity that shows itself at the first sight. It does not want any great measure of sense to see the ridicule of this monstrous practice: but what makes it the more astonishing, it is not the taste of the rabble, but of persons of the greatest politeness, which has established it.

If the Italians have a genius for music above the English, the English have a genius for other performances of a much higher nature, and capable of giving the mind a much nobler entertainment. Would one think it was possible (at a time when an author[n] lived that was able to write the Phædra and Hippolitus) for a people to be so stupidly fond of the Italian opera, as scarce to give a third day's hearing to that admirable tragedy? Music is certainly a very agreeable entertainment; but if it would take the entire possession of our ears, if it would make us incapable of hearing sense, if it would exclude arts that have a much greater tendency to the refinement of human nature,—

I must confess I would allow it no better quarter than Plato has done, who banishes it out of his commonwealth.

At present, our notions of music are so very uncertain, that we do not know what it is we like; only, in general, we are transported with any thing that is not English; so it be of a foreign growth, let it be Italian, French, or High-Dutch, it is the same thing. In short, our English music is quite rooted out, and nothing yet planted in its stead[n].

When a royal palace is burnt to the ground, every man is at liberty to present his plan for a new one; and though it be but indifferently put together, it may furnish several hints that may be of use to a good architect. I shall take the same liberty in a following paper, of giving my opinion upon the subject of music; which I shall lay down only in a problematical manner, to be considered by those who are masters in the art.—C.

No. 29. *The recitative part of operatic music; Purcell; Lully.*

Sermo lingua concinnus utraque
Suavior, ut Chio nota si commista Falerni est.
HOR. Sat. i. 10. 23.

There is nothing that has more startled our English audience than the Italian recitativo at its first entrance upon the stage. People were wonderfully surprised to hear generals singing the word of command, and ladies delivering messages in music. Our countrymen could not forbear laughing when they heard a lover chanting out a billet-doux, and even the superscription of a letter set to a tune. The famous blunder in an old play of 'Enter a king and two fiddlers, solus,' was now no longer an absurdity; when it was impossible for a hero in a desert, or a princess in her closet, to speak any thing unaccompanied with musical instruments.

But however this Italian method of acting in recitativo might appear at first hearing, I cannot but think it much more just than that which prevailed in our English opera before this innovation; the transition from an air to recitative music being more natural, than the passing from a song to plain and ordinary speaking, which was the common method in Purcell's operas[n].

The only fault I find in our present practice is, the making use of the Italian recitativo with English words.

To go to the bottom of this matter, I must observe that the tone, or (as the French call it) the accent of every nation in their ordinary speech, is altogether different from that of every other people; as we may see even in the Welsh and Scotch, who border so near upon us. By the tone or accent, I do not mean the pronunciation of each particular word, but the sound of the whole sentence. Thus it is very common for an English gentleman, when he hears a French tragedy, to complain that the actors all of them speak in a tone; and therefore he very wisely prefers his own countrymen, not considering that a foreigner complains of the same tone in an English actor.

For this reason, the recitative music in every language should be as different as the tone or accent of each language; for otherwise, what may properly express a passion in one language will not do it in another. Every one who has been long in Italy knows very well, that the cadences in recitativo bear a remote affinity to the tone of their voices in ordinary conversation, or, to speak more properly, are only the accents of their language made more musical and tuneful.

Thus the notes of interrogation or admiration in the Italian music, (if one may so call them,) which resemble their accents in discourse on such occasions, are not unlike the ordinary tones of an English voice when we are angry; insomuch that I have often seen our audiences extremely mistaken as to what has been doing upon the stage, and expecting to see the hero knock down his messenger, when he has been asking him a question; or fancying that he quarrels with his friend, when he only bids him good morrow.

For this reason the Italian artists cannot agree with our English musicians in admiring Purcell's compositions, and thinking his tunes so wonderfully adapted to his words; because both nations do not always express the same passions by the same sounds.

I am therefore humbly of opinion, that an English composer should not follow the Italian recitative too servilely, but make use of many gentle deviations from it, in compliance with his own native language. He may copy out of it all the lulling softness and *dying falls* (as Shakespear calls them)[n], but should still remember that he ought to accommodate himself to an English audience; and by humouring the tone of our voices in ordinary

conversation, have the same regard to the accent of his own language, as those persons had to theirs whom he professes to imitate. It is observed that several of the singing birds of our own country learn to sweeten their voices, and mellow the harshness of their natural notes, by practising under those that come from warmer climates. In the same manner I would allow the Italian opera to lend our English music as much as may grace and soften it, but never entirely to annihilate and destroy it. Let the infusion be as strong as you please, but still let the subject-matter of it be English.

A composer should fit his music to the genius of the people, and consider that the delicacy of hearing and taste of harmony has been formed upon those sounds which every country abounds with; in short, that music is of a relative nature, and what is harmony to one ear may be dissonance to another.

The same observations which I have made upon the recitative part of music, may be applied to all our songs and airs in general.

Signior Baptist Lully acted like a man of sense in this particular. He found the French music extremely defective, and very often barbarous: however, knowing the genius of the people, the humour of their language, and the prejudiced ears he had to deal with, he did not pretend to extirpate the French music, and plant the Italian in its stead; but only to cultivate and civilize it with innumerable graces and modulations which he borrowed from the Italian[n]. By this means the French music is now perfect in its kind; and when you say it is not so good as the Italian, you only mean that it does not please you so well, for there is scarce a Frenchman who would not wonder to hear you give the Italian such a preference. The music of the French is indeed very properly adapted to their pronunciation and accent, as their whole opera wonderfully favours the genius of such a gay airy people. The chorus in which that opera abounds gives the parterre[n] frequent opportunities of joining in consort with the stage. This inclination of the audience to sing along with the actors so prevails with them, that I have sometimes known the performer on the stage do no more in a celebrated song than the clerk of a parish-church, who serves only to raise the psalm, and is afterwards drowned in the music of the congregation. Every actor that comes on the stage is a beau. The queens and heroines are so painted, that they appear as

ruddy and cherry-cheeked as milk-maids. The shepherds are all embroidered, and acquit themselves in a ball better than our English dancing-masters. I have seen a couple of rivers appear in red stockings; and Alpheus, instead of having his head covered with sedge and bullrushes, making love in a fair full-bottomed periwig and a plume of feathers, but with a voice so full of shakes and quavers, that I should have thought the murmurs of a country brook the much more agreeable music.

I remember the last opera I saw in that merry nation was the rape of Proserpine, where Pluto, to make the more tempting figure, puts himself in a French equipage, and brings Ascalaphus along with him as his *valet de chambre*. This is what we call folly and impertinence, but what the French look upon as gay and polite.

I shall add no more to what I have here offered, than that music, architecture, and painting, as well as poetry and oratory, are to deduce their laws and rules from the general sense and taste of mankind, and not from the principles of those arts themselves; or, in other words, the taste is not to conform to the art, but the art to the taste. Music is not designed to please only chromatic ears, but all that are capable of distinguishing harsh from disagreeable notes. A man of an ordinary ear is a judge whether a passion is expressed in proper sounds, and whether the melody of those sounds be more or less pleasing.—C.

No. 40. *English tragedians; rules of tragic art; absurdity of tragi-comedy; rants.*

Ac ne forte putes, me, quæ facere ipse recusem,
Cum recte tractant alii, laudare maligne:
Ille per extentum funem mihi posse videtur
Ire poeta, meum qui pectus inaniter angit,
Irritat, mulcet, falsis terroribus implet,
Ut magus, et modo me Thebis, modo ponit Athenis.
HOR. Epist. ii. 1. 208.

Yet lest you think I rally more than teach,
Or praise malignly arts I cannot reach,
Let me for once presume t' instruct the times,
To know the poet from the man of rhymes.
'Tis he, who gives my breast a thousand pains,
Can make me feel each passion that he feigns;

Enrage, compose, with more than magic art,
With pity, and with terror, tear my heart;
And snatch me o'er the earth, or through the air,
To Thebes, to Athens, when he will, and where.
POPE.

The English writers of tragedy are possessed with a notion, that when they represent a virtuous or innocent person in distress, they ought not to leave him till they have delivered him out of his troubles, or made him triumph over his enemies. This error they have been led into by a ridiculous doctrine in modern criticism, that they are obliged to an equal distribution of rewards and punishments, and an impartial execution of poetical justice. Who were the first that established this rule, I know not; but I am sure it has no foundation in nature, in reason, or in the practice of the ancients. We find that good and evil happen alike to all men on this side the grave; and as the principal design of tragedy is to raise commiseration and terror in the minds of the audience, we shall defeat this great end, if we always make virtue and innocence happy and successful. Whatever crosses and disappointments a good man suffers in the body of the tragedy, they will make but small impression on our minds, when we know that in the last act he is to arrive at the end of his wishes and desires. When we see him engaged in the depth of his afflictions, we are apt to comfort ourselves, because we are sure he will find his way out of them, and that his grief, how great soever it may be at present, will soon terminate in gladness. For this reason the ancient writers of tragedy treated men in their plays, as they are dealt with in the world, by making virtue sometimes happy and sometimes miserable, as they found it in the fable which they made choice of, or as it might affect their audience in the most agreeable manner. Aristotle considers the tragedies that were written in either of these kinds, and observes, that those which ended unhappily had always pleased the people, and carried away the prize in the public disputes of the stage from those that ended happily[n]. Terror and commiseration leave a pleasing anguish in the mind; and fix the audience in such a serious composure of thought, as is much more lasting and delightful than any little transient starts of joy and satisfaction. Accordingly, we find that more of our English tragedies have succeeded, in which the favourites of the audience sink under their calamities, than those

in which they recover themselves out of them. The best plays of this kind are, *The Orphan, Venice Preserved, Alexander the Great, Theodosius, All for Love, Oedipus, Oroonoko*[n], *Othello*, &c. *King Lear* is an admirable tragedy of the same kind, as Shakespear wrote it; but as it is reformed according to the chimerical notion of poetical justice, in my humble opinion it has lost half its beauty. At the same time I must allow, that there are very noble tragedies, which have been framed upon the other plan, and have ended happily; as indeed most of the good tragedies which have been written since the starting of the above mentioned criticism have taken this turn: as the *Mourning Bride, Tamerlane, Ulysses, Phædra and Hippolitus*[n], with most of Mr. Dryden's. I must also allow, that many of Shakespeare's, and several of the celebrated tragedies of antiquity, are cast in the same form. I do not therefore dispute against this way of writing tragedies, but against the criticism that would establish this as the only method, and by that means would very much cramp the English tragedy, and perhaps give a wrong bent to the genius of our writers.

The tragi-comedy, which is the product of the English theatre[n], is one of the most monstrous inventions that ever entered into a poet's thoughts. An author might as well think of weaving the adventures of Æneas and Hudibras into one poem, as of writing such a motley piece of mirth and sorrow. But the absurdity of these performances is so very visible, that I shall not insist upon it.

The same objections which are made to tragi-comedy may in some measure be applied to all tragedies that have a double plot in them; which are likewise more frequent upon the English stage than upon any other; for though the grief of the audience, in such performances, be not changed into another passion, as in tragi-comedies, it is diverted upon another object, which weakens their concern for the principal action, and breaks the tide of sorrow by throwing it into different channels. This inconvenience however may in a great measure be cured, if not wholly removed, by the skilful choice of an under plot, which may bear such a near relation to the principal design, as to contribute towards the completion of it, and be concluded by the same catastrophe.

There is also another particular which may be reckoned among the blemishes, or rather the false beauties, of our English tragedy:

I mean those particular speeches which are commonly known by the name of *rants*. The warm and passionate parts of a tragedy are always the most taking with the audience; for which reason we often see the players pronouncing, in all the violence of action, several parts of the tragedy which the author writ with great temper, and designed that they should have been so acted. I have seen Powell[n] very often raise himself a loud clap by this artifice. The poets that were acquainted with this secret have given frequent occasion for such emotions in the actor, by adding vehemence to words where there was no passion, or inflaming a real passion into fustian. This hath filled the mouths of our heroes with bombast; and given them such sentiments as proceed rather from a swelling than a greatness of mind. Unnatural exclamations, curses, vows, blasphemies, a defiance of mankind, and an outraging of the gods, frequently pass upon the audience for towering thoughts, and have accordingly met with infinite applause.

I shall here add a remark, which I am afraid our tragic writers may make an ill use of. As our heroes are generally lovers, their swelling and blustering upon the stage very much recommends them to the fair part of their audience. The ladies are wonderfully pleased to see a man insulting kings, or affronting the gods, in one scene, and throwing himself at the feet of his mistress in another. Let him behave himself insolently towards the men, and abjectly towards the fair one, and it is ten to one but he proves a favourite of the boxes. Dryden and Lee, in several of their tragedies, have practised this secret with good success.

But to shew how a rant pleases beyond the most just and natural thought that is not pronounced with vehemence, I would desire the reader, when he sees the tragedy of *Oedipus*, to observe how quietly the hero is dismissed at the end of the third act[n], after having pronounced the following lines, in which the thought is very natural, and apt to move compassion:

> To you, good gods, I make my last appeal;
> Or clear my virtues, or my crimes reveal.
> If in the maze of fate I blindly run,
> And backward tread those paths I sought to shun,
> Impute my errors to your own decree;
> My hands are guilty, but my heart is free.

Let us then observe with what thunder-claps of applause he leaves

the stage, after the impieties and execrations at the end of the fourth act; and you will wonder to see an audience so cursed and so pleased at the same time.

O that, as oft I have at Athens seen

(Where by the way there was no stage till many years after Oedipus)

The stage arise, and the big clouds descend,
So now, in very deed, I might behold
This pond'rous globe, and all yon marble roof,
Meet like the hands of Jove, and crush mankind.
For all the elements, etc.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Having spoken of Mr. Powell, as sometimes raising himself applause from the ill taste of the audience; I must do him the justice to own, that he is excellently formed for a tragedian, and, when he pleases, deserves the admiration of the best judges; as I doubt not but he will in the Conquest of Mexico[n], *which is acted for his own benefit to-morrow night.*—C.

No. 44. *Tragic artifices; butchery frequent on the English stage; arguments against it; comic artifices.*

Tu, quid ego et populus mecum desideret, audi.
HOR. Ars Poet. 155.

Among the several artifices which are put in practice by the poets to fill the minds of an audience with terror, the first place is due to thunder and lightning, which are often made use of at the descending of a god, or the rising of a ghost, at the vanishing of a devil, or at the death of a tyrant. I have known a bell introduced into several tragedies with good effect; and have seen the whole assembly in a very great alarm all the while it has been ringing. But there is nothing which delights and terrifies our English theatre so much as a ghost, especially when he appears in a bloody shirt. A spectre has very often saved a play, though he has done nothing but stalked across the stage, or rose through a cleft of it, and sunk again without speaking one word. There may be a proper season for these several terrors; and when they only come in as aids and assistances to the poet, they are not only to be excused, but to be applauded. Thus the sounding of the clock, in *Venice Preserved*[n], makes the hearts of the whole

audience quake, and conveys a stronger terror to the mind than it is possible for words to do. The appearance of the ghost in Hamlet is a masterpiece in its kind, and wrought up with all the circumstances that can create either attention or horror. The mind of the reader is wonderfully prepared for his reception by the discourses that precede it; his dumb behaviour at his first entrance strikes the imagination very strongly; but every time he enters, he is still more terrifying. Who can read the speech with which young Hamlet accosts him without trembling?

Hor. Look, my Lord, it comes!
Ham. Angels and ministers of grace defend us!
Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd;
Bring with thee airs from heav'n, or blasts from hell;
Be thy intents wicked or charitable;
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,
That I will speak to thee. I'll call thee Hamlet,
King, Father, Royal Dane: Oh! answer me,
Let me not burst in ignorance; but tell
Why thy canonized bones, hearsed in death,
Have burst their cerements? Why the sepulchre,
Wherein we saw thee quietly inurn'd,
Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws,
To cast thee up again? What may this mean?
That thou, dead corse, again in complete steel
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous?

I do not therefore find fault with the artifices above mentioned, when they are introduced with skill, and accompanied by proportionable sentiments and expressions in the writing.

For the moving of pity our principal machine is the handkerchief; and indeed, in our common tragedies, we should not know very often that the persons are in distress by any thing they say, if they did not from time to time apply their handkerchiefs to their eyes. Far be it from me to think of banishing this instrument of sorrow from the stage; I know a tragedy could not subsist without it; all that I would contend for is, to keep it from being misapplied. In a word, I would have the actor's tongue sympathize with his eyes.

A disconsolate mother, with a child in her hand, has frequently drawn compassion from the audience, and has therefore gained a place in several tragedies. A modern writer, that observed how this had took in other plays, being resolved to double the distress, and melt his audience twice as much as those before

him had done, brought a princess upon the stage with a little boy in one hand, and a girl in the other. This too had a very good effect. A third poet, being resolved to outwrite all his predecessors, a few years ago introduced three children with great success: and, as I am informed, a young gentleman, who is fully determined to break the most obdurate hearts, has a tragedy by him, where the first person that appears upon the stage is an afflicted widow in her mourning weeds, with half a dozen fatherless children attending her, like those that usually hang about the figure of charity. Thus several incidents, that are beautiful in a good writer, become ridiculous by falling into the hands of a bad one.

But among all our methods of moving pity or terror, there is none so absurd and barbarous, and what more exposes us to the contempt and ridicule of our neighbours, than that dreadful butchering of one another, which is so very frequent upon the English stage. To delight in seeing men stabbed, poisoned, racked, or impaled, is certainly the sign of a cruel temper; and as this is often practised before the British audience, several French critics, who think these are grateful spectacles to us, take occasion from them to represent us as a people that delight in blood. It is indeed very odd to see our stage strewed with carcases in the last scene of a tragedy; and to observe in the wardrobe of the playhouse several daggers, poniards, wheels, bowls for poison, and many other instruments of death. Murders and executions are always transacted behind the scenes in the French theatre; which in general is very agreeable to the manners of a polite and civilized people: but as there are no exceptions to this rule on the French stage, it leads them into absurdities almost as ridiculous as that which falls under our present censure. I remember in the famous play[n] of Corneille, written upon the subject of the Horatii and Curiatii, the fierce young hero who had overcome the Curiatii one after another, (instead of being congratulated by his sister for his victory, being upbraided by her for having slain her lover), in the height of his passion and resentment kills her. If any thing could extenuate so brutal an action, it would be the doing of it on a sudden, before the sentiments of nature, reason, or manhood, could take place in him. However, to avoid *public bloodshed*, as soon as his passion is wrought to its height, he follows his sister the whole

length of the stage, and forbears killing her till they are both withdrawn behind the scenes. I must confess, had he murdered her before the audience, the indecency might have been greater; but as it is, it appears very unnatural, and looks like killing in cold blood. To give my opinion upon this case, the fact ought not to have been represented, but to have been told, if there was any occasion for it.

It may not be unacceptable to the reader to see how Sophocles has conducted a tragedy[n] under the like delicate circumstances. Orestes was in the same condition with Hamlet in Shakespeare, his mother having murdered his father, and taken possession of his kingdom in conspiracy with the adulterer. That young prince therefore, being determined to revenge his father's death upon those who filled his throne, conveys himself by a beautiful stratagem into his mother's apartment, with a resolution to kill her. But because such a spectacle would have been too shocking for the audience, this dreadful resolution is executed behind the scenes: the mother is heard calling out to her son for mercy, and the son answering her that she shewed no mercy to his father; after which she shrieks out that she is wounded, and by what follows we find that she is slain. I do not remember that in any of our plays there are speeches made behind the scenes, though there are other instances of this nature to be met with in those of the ancients: and I believe my reader will agree with me, that there is something infinitely more affecting in this dreadful dialogue between the mother and her son, behind the scenes, than could have been in anything transacted before the audience. Orestes immediately after meets the usurper at the entrance of his palace: and by a very happy thought of the poet, avoids killing him before the audience, by telling him that he should live some time in his present bitterness of soul before he would dispatch him, and by ordering him to retire into that part of the palace where he had slain his father, whose murder he would revenge in the very same place where it was committed. By this means the poet observes that decency which Horace afterwards established by a rule, of forbearing to commit parricides or unnatural murders before the audience.

> Nec coram populo natos Medea trucidet.
>
> Let not Medea draw her murth'ring knife,
> And spill her children's blood upon the stage.

The French have therefore refined too much upon Horace's rule, who never designed to banish all kinds of death from the stage, but only such as had too much horror in them, and which would have a better effect upon the audience when transacted behind the scenes. I would therefore recommend to my countrymen the practice of the ancient poets, who were very sparing of their public executions, and rather chose to perform them behind the scenes, if it could be done with as great an effect upon the audience. At the same time I must confess, that though the devoted persons of the tragedy were seldom slain before the audience, which has generally something ridiculous in it, their bodies were often produced after their death, which has always in it something melancholy or terrifying; so that the killing on the stage does not seem to have been avoided only as an indecency, but also as an improbability.

Nec pueros coram populo Medea trucidet:
Aut humana palam coquat exta nefarius Atreus;
Aut in avem Progne vertatur, Cadmus in anguem:
Quodcunque ostendis mihi sic, incredulus odi.
HOR. Ars Poet. 185.

Medea must not draw her murth'ring knife,
Nor Atreus there his horrid feast prepare.
Cadmus and Progne's metamorphosis,
(She to a swallow turn'd, he to a snake)
And whatsoever contradicts my sense,
I hate to see, I never can believe.
Ld. ROSCOMMON.

I have now gone through the several dramatic inventions which are made use of by the ignorant poets to supply the place of tragedy, and by the skilful to improve it; some of which I could wish entirely rejected, and the rest to be used with caution. It would be an endless task to consider comedy in the same light, and to mention the innumerable shifts that small wits put in practice to raise a laugh. Bullock in a short coat, and Norris in a long one[n], seldom fail of this effect. In ordinary comedies, a broad and a narrow brimmed hat are different characters. Sometimes the wit of the scene lies in a shoulder-belt, and sometimes in a pair of whiskers. A lover running about the stage, with his head peeping out of a barrel, was thought a very good jest in King Charles the Second's time, and invented by one of the first wits of that age. But because

ridicule is not so delicate as compassion, and because the objects that make us laugh are infinitely more numerous than those that make us weep, there is a much greater latitude for comic than tragic artifices, and by consequence a much greater indulgence to be allowed them.—C.

No. 235. *The Trunk-maker at the theatre; his applause always rapped out at the right place.*

Populares
Vincentem strepitus.
HOR. Ars Poet. 81.

There is nothing which lies more within the province of a Spectator than public shows and diversions: and as, among these, there are none which can pretend to vie with those elegant entertainments that are exhibited in our theatres, I think it particularly incumbent on me to take notice of every thing that is remarkable in such numerous and refined assemblies.

It is observed, that of late years there has been a certain person in the upper gallery of the play-house, who, when he is pleased with any thing that is acted upon the stage, expresses his approbation by a loud knock upon the benches or the wainscot, which may be heard over the whole theatre. This person is commonly known by the name of the trunk-maker in the upper-gallery. Whether it be that the blow he gives on these occasions resembles that which is often heard in the shops of such artisans, or that he was supposed to have been a real trunk-maker, who, after the finishing of his day's work, used to unbend his mind at these public diversions with his hammer in his hand, I cannot certainly tell. There are some, I know, who have been foolish enough to imagine it is a spirit which haunts the upper gallery, and from time to time makes those strange noises; and the rather because he is observed to be louder than ordinary every time the ghost of Hamlet appears. Others have reported that it is a dumb man, who has chosen this way of uttering himself when he is transported with any thing he sees or hears. Others will have it to be the play-house thunderer, that exerts himself after this manner in the upper gallery, when he has nothing to do upon the roof.

But having made it my business to get the best information I could in a matter of this moment, I find that the trunk-maker, as he is commonly called, is a large black man, whom no body knows. He generally leans forward on a huge oaken plant, with great attention to every thing that passes upon the stage. He is never seen to smile; but upon hearing any thing that pleases him, he takes up his staff with both hands and lays it upon the next piece of timber that stands in his way with exceeding vehemence; after which he composes himself in his former posture, till such time as something new sets him again at work.

It has been observed, his blow is so well timed, that the most judicious critic could never except against it. As soon as any shining thought is expressed in the poet, or any uncommon grace appears in the actor, he smites the bench or wainscot. If the audience does not concur with him, he smites a second time, and if the audience is not yet awaked, looks around him with great wrath, and repeats the blow a third time, which never fails to produce the clap. He sometimes lets the audience begin the clap of themselves, and at the conclusion of their applause ratifies it with a single thwack.

He is of so great use to the play-house, that it is said a former director of it, upon his not being able to pay his attendance by reason of sickness, kept one in pay to officiate for him till such time as he recovered; but the person so employed, though he laid about him with incredible violence, did it in such wrong places, that the audience soon found out that it was not their old friend the trunk-maker.

It has been remarked that he has not yet exerted himself with vigour this season. He sometimes plies at the opera: and upon Nicolini's first appearance, was said to have demolished three benches in the fury of his applause. He has broken half a dozen oaken plants upon Dogget[n], and seldom goes away from a tragedy of Shakespear without leaving the wainscot extremely shattered.

The players do not only connive at his obstreperous approbation, but very chearfully repair at their own cost whatever damages he makes. They had once a thought of erecting a kind of wooden anvil for his use, that should be made of a very sounding plank, in order to render his strokes more deep and

mellow; but as this might not have been distinguished from the music of a kettle-drum, the project was laid aside.

In the mean while, I cannot but take notice of the great use it is to an audience, that a person should thus preside over their heads like the director of a concert, in order to awaken their attention, and beat time to their applauses; or, to raise my simile, I have sometimes fancied the trunk-maker in the upper gallery to be like Virgil's ruler of the wind, seated upon the top of a mountain, who, when he struck his sceptre upon the side of it[n], roused an hurricane, and set the whole cavern in an uproar.

It is certain the trunk-maker has saved many a good play, and brought many a graceful actor into reputation, who would not otherwise have been taken notice of. It is very visible,—as the audience is not a little abashed, if they find themselves betrayed into a clap, when their friend in the upper gallery does not come into it, so the actors do not value themselves upon the clap, but regard it as a mere *brutum fulmen*, or empty noise, when it has not the sound of the oaken plant in it. I know it has been given out by those who are enemies to the trunk-maker, that he has sometimes been bribed to be in the interest of a bad poet or a vicious player; but this is a surmise which has no foundation; his strokes are always just, and his admonitions seasonable; he does not deal about his blows at random, but always hits the right nail upon the head. The inexpressible force wherewith he lays them on sufficiently shows the evidence and strength of his conviction. His zeal for a good author is indeed outrageous, and breaks down every fence and partition, every board and plank, that stands within the expression of his applause.

As I do not care for terminating my thoughts in barren speculations, or in reports of pure matter of fact, without drawing something from them for the advantage of my countrymen, I shall take the liberty to make an humble proposal, that whenever the trunk-maker shall depart this life, or whenever he shall have lost the spring of his arm by sickness, old age, infirmity, or the like, some able-bodied critic should be advanced to this post, and have a competent salary settled on him for life, to be furnished with bamboos for operas, crab-tree cudgels for comedies, and oaken plants for tragedy, at the public expence. And to the end

that this place should be always disposed of according to merit, I would have none preferred to it who has not given convincing proofs both of a sound judgment and a strong arm, and who could not, upon occasion, either knock down an ox, or write a comment upon Horace's Art of Poetry. In short, I would have him a due composition of Hercules and Apollo, and so rightly qualified for this important office, that the trunk-maker may not be missed by our posterity.—C.

No. 592. *Stage Properties; envious critics; greatness of Shakespeare.*

Studium sine divite vena.
HOR. Ars Poet. v. 409.

I look upon the play-house as a world within itself. They have lately furnished the middle region of it with a new set of meteors, in order to give the sublime to many modern tragedies. I was there last winter at the first rehearsal of the new thunder, which is much more deep and sonorous than any hitherto made use of[n]. They have a Salmoneus behind the scenes who plays it off with great success[n]. Their lightnings are made to flash more briskly than heretofore: their clouds are also better furbelowed, and more voluminous; not to mention a violent storm locked up in a great chest, that is designed for the *Tempest*. They are also provided with above a dozen showers of snow, which, as I am informed, are the plays of many unsuccessful poets artificially cut and shreaded for that use. Mr. Rymer's *Edgar* is to fall in snow at the next acting of *King Lear*, in order to heighten, or rather to alleviate, the distress of that unfortunate prince; and to serve by way of decoration to a piece which that great critic has written against[n].

I do not indeed wonder that the actors should be such professed enemies to those among our nation who are commonly known by the name of critics, since it is a rule among these gentlemen to fall upon a play, not because it is ill written, but because it takes. Several of them lay it down as a maxim, that whatever dramatic performance has a long run must of necessity be good for nothing; as though the first precept in poetry were, *not to please*. Whether this rule holds good or not, I shall leave to the determination of those who are better judges than myself;

if it does, I am sure it tends very much to the honour of those gentlemen who have established it; few of their pieces having been disgraced by a run of three days, and most of them being so exquisitely written that the town would never give them more than one night's hearing.

I have a great esteem for a true critic, such as Aristotle and Longinus among the Greeks, Horace and Quintilian among the Romans, Boileau and Dacier[n] among the French. But it is our misfortune, that some who set up for professed critics among us are so stupid, that they do not know how to put ten words together with elegance or common propriety, and withal so illiterate, that they have no taste of the learned languages, and therefore criticise upon old authors only at second hand. They judge of them by what others have written, and not by any notions they have of the authors themselves. The words unity, action, sentiment, and diction, pronounced with an air of authority, give them a figure among unlearned readers, who are apt to believe they are very deep, because they are unintelligible[n]. The ancient critics are full of the praises of their contemporaries; they discover beauties which escaped the observation of the vulgar, and very often find out reasons for palliating and excusing such little slips and oversights as were committed in the writings of eminent authors. On the contrary, most of the smatterers in criticism who appear among us make it their business to vilify and depreciate every new production that gains applause, to descry imaginary blemishes, and to prove by far-fetched arguments, that what pass for beauties in any celebrated piece are faults and errors. In short, the writings of these critics, compared with those of the ancients, are like the works of the sophists compared with those of the old philosophers.

Envy and cavil are the natural fruits of laziness and ignorance; which was probably the reason that in the Heathen mythology Momus[n] is said to be the son of Nox and Somnus, of darkness and sleep. Idle men, who have not been at the pains to accomplish or distinguish themselves, are very apt to detract from others; as ignorant men are very subject to decry those beauties in a celebrated work which they have not eyes to discover. Many of our sons of Momus, who dignify themselves by the name of critics, are the genuine descendants of those two illustrious ancestors. They are often led into those numerous

absurdities in which they daily instruct the people, by not considering that, first, There is sometimes a greater judgment shewn in deviating from the rules of art, than in adhering to them; and, secondly, That there is more beauty in the works of a great genius who is ignorant of all the rules of art, than in the works of a little genius, who not only knows but scrupulously observes them.

First, We may often take notice of men who are perfectly acquainted with all the rules of good writing, and notwithstanding chuse to depart from them on extraordinary occasions. I could give instances out of all the tragic writers of antiquity who have shewn their judgment in this particular, and purposely receded from an established rule of the drama, when it has made way for a much higher beauty than the observation of such a rule would have been. Those who have surveyed the noblest pieces of architecture and statuary, both ancient and modern, know very well that there are frequent deviations from art in the works of the greatest masters, which have produced a much nobler effect than a more accurate and exact way of proceeding could have done. This often arises from what the Italians call the *gusto grande* in these arts, which is what we call the sublime in writing.

In the next place, our critics do not seem sensible that there is more beauty in the works of a great genius who is ignorant of the rules of art, than in those of a little genius who knows and observes them. It is of these men of genius that Terence speaks, in opposition to the little artificial cavillers of his time;

> Quorum æmulari exoptat negligentiam
> Potius, quam istorum obscuram diligentiam [n].

A critic may have the same consolation in the ill success of his play, as Dr. South [n] tells us a physician has at the death of a patient, that he was killed *secundum artem*. Our inimitable Shakespear is a stumbling-block to the whole tribe of these rigid critics. Who would not rather read one of his plays, where there is not a single rule of the stage observed, than any production of a modern critic, where there is not one of them violated? Shakespear was indeed born with all the seeds of poetry, and may be compared to the stone in Pyrrhus's ring, which, as Pliny tells us, had the figure of Apollo and the nine muses in the veins of it, produced by the spontaneous hand of nature, without any help from art [n].

§ 3. ON LITERARY MATTERS.

No. 70. *On popular Poetry; the Ballad of Chevy Chase.*

Interdum vulgus rectum videt.
HOR. Epist. ii. 1. 63.

When I travelled, I took a particular delight in hearing the songs and fables that are come from father to son, and are most in vogue among the common people of the countries through which I passed; for it is impossible that any thing should be universally tasted and approved by a multitude, though they are only the rabble of a nation, which hath not in it some peculiar aptness to please and gratify the mind of man. Human nature is the same in all reasonable creatures; and whatever falls in with it will meet with admirers amongst readers of all qualities and conditions. Moliere, as we are told by Monsieur Boileau, used to read all his comedies to an old woman who was his housekeeper, as she sat with him at her work by the chimney-corner; and could foretell the success of his play in the theatre, from the reception it met at his fire-side: for he tells us that the audience always followed the old woman, and never failed to laugh in the same place.

I know nothing which more shews the essential and inherent perfection of simplicity of thought, above that which I call the Gothic manner in writing, than this, that the first pleases all kinds of palates, and the latter only such as have formed to themselves a wrong artificial taste upon little fanciful authors and writers of epigram. Homer, Virgil, or Milton, so far as the language of their poems is understood, will please a reader of plain common sense, who could neither relish nor comprehend an epigram of Martial, or a poem of Cowley: so, on the contrary, an ordinary song or ballad that is the delight of the common people cannot fail to please all such readers as are not unqualified for the entertainment by their affectation or ignorance; and the reason is plain, because the same paintings of nature which recommend it to the most ordinary reader will appear beautiful to the most refined.

The old song of Chevy-Chase is the favourite ballad of the common people of England, and Ben Jonson used to say he had

rather have been the author of it than of all his works. Sir Philip Sidney in his *Discourse of Poetry*[n] speaks of it in the following words. 'I never heard the old song of Piercy and Douglas, that I found not my heart more moved than with a trumpet; and yet it is sung but by some blind crowder with no rougher voice than rude stile; which being so evil apparelled in the dust and cobweb of that uncivil age, what would it work trimmed in the gorgeous eloquence of Pindar?' For my own part, I am so professed an admirer of this antiquated song, that I shall give my reader a critique upon it without any further apology for so doing.

The greatest modern critics have laid it down as a rule, that an heroic poem should be founded upon some important precept of morality, and adapted to the constitution of the country in which the poet writes. Homer and Virgil have formed their plans in this view. As Greece was a collection of many governments, who suffered very much among themselves, and gave the Persian emperor, who was their common enemy, many advantages over them by their mutual jealousies and animosities, Homer, in order to establish among them an union which was so necessary for their safety, grounds his poem upon the discords of the several Grecian princes who were engaged in a confederacy against an Asiatic prince, and the several advantages which the enemy gained by such their discords[n]. At the time the poem we are now treating of was written, the dissensions of the barons, who were then so many petty princes, ran very high, whether they quarrelled among themselves or with their neighbours, and produced unspeakable calamities to the country: the poet, to deter men from such unnatural contentions, describes a bloody battle and dreadful scene of death, occasioned by the mutual feuds which reigned in the families of an English and Scotch nobleman: that he designed this for the instruction of his poem, we may learn from his four last lines, in which, after the example of the modern tragedians, he draws from it a precept for the benefit of his readers:

> God save the King, and bless the land
> In plenty, joy, and peace;
> And grant henceforth that foul debate
> 'Twixt noblemen may cease[n].

The next point observed by the greatest heroic poets hath been, to celebrate persons and actions which do honour to their

country: thus Virgil's hero was the founder of Rome, Homer's a prince of Greece; and for this reason Valerius Flaccus and Statius, who were both Romans, might be justly derided for having chosen the expedition of the *Golden Fleece*, and the *Wars of Thebes*, for the subject of their epic writings[n].

The poet before us has not only found out an hero in his own country, but raises the reputation of it by several beautiful incidents. The English are the first who take the field, and the last who quit it. The English bring only fifteen hundred to the battle, the Scotch two thousand. The English keep the field with fifty-three; the Scotch retire with fifty-five; all the rest on each side being slain in the battle. But the most remarkable circumstance of this kind is, the different manner in which the Scotch and English kings receive the news of this fight, and of the great men's deaths who commanded in it.

This news was brought to Edinburgh,
Where Scotland's king did reign,
That brave Earl Douglas suddenly
Was with an arrow slain.

O heavy news! King James did say,
Scotland can witness be,
I have not any captain more
Of such account as he.

Like tidings to King Henry came
Within as short a space,
That Piercy of Northumberland
Was slain in Chevy-Chase.

Now God be with him, said our King,
Sith 'twill no better be,
I trust I have within my realm
Five hundred as good as he.

Yet shall not Scot nor Scotland say
But I will vengeance take,
And be revenged on them all
For brave Lord Piercy's sake.

This vow full well the King perform'd
After on Humble-down,
In one day fifty knights were slain,
With lords of great renown.

And of the rest of small account
Did many thousands die, etc.

At the same time that the poet shews a laudable partiality to his

countrymen, he represents the Scots after a manner not unbecoming so bold and brave a people.

Earl Douglas on a milk-white steed,
Most like a baron bold,
Rode foremost of the company,
Whose armour shone like gold.

His sentiments and actions are every way suitable to an hero. One of us two, says he, must die: I am an earl as well as yourself, so that you can have no pretence for refusing the combat: however, says he, it is pity, and indeed would be a sin, that so many innocent men should perish for our sakes, rather let you and I end our quarrel in single fight.

Ere thus I will outbraved be,
One of us two shall die;
I know thee well, an earl thou art,
Lord Piercy, so am I.

But trust me, Piercy, pity it were,
And great offence, to kill
Any of these our harmless men,
For they have done no ill.

Let thou and I the battle try,
And set our men aside;
Accurs'd be he, Lord Piercy said,
By whom this is deny'd.

When these brave men had distinguished themselves in the battle and in single combat with each other, in the midst of a generous parley, full of heroic sentiments, the Scotch earl falls; and with his dying words encourages his men to revenge his death, representing to them, as the most bitter circumstance of it, that his rival saw him fall.

With that there came an arrow keen
Out of an English bow,
Which struck Earl Douglas to the heart
A deep and deadly blow.

Who never spake more words than these,
Fight on my merry men all,
For why, my life is at an end,
Lord Piercy sees my fall.

Merry men, in the language of those times, is no more than a chearful word for companions and fellow-soldiers. A passage in the eleventh book of Virgil's Æneid is very much to be admired,

where Camilla in her last agonies, instead of weeping over the wound she had received, as one might have expected from a warrior of her sex, considers only (like the hero of whom we are now speaking) how the battle should be continued after her death.

Tum sic expirans, etc.

A gathering mist o'erclouds her chearful eyes;
And from her cheeks the rosy colour flies.
Then turns to her, whom of her female train
She trusted most, and thus she speaks with pain.
Acca, 'tis past! he swims before my sight,
Inexorable death; and claims his right.
Bear my last words to Turnus, fly with speed,
And bid him timely to my charge succeed:
Repel the Trojans, and the town relieve:
Farewell.——

DRYDEN.

Turnus did not die in so heroic a manner: though our poet seems to have had his eye upon Turnus's speech in the last verse,

Lord Piercy sees my fall.

Vicisti, et victum tendere palmas
Ausonii videre.

ÆN. xii. 936.

Earl Piercy's lamentation over his enemy is generous, beautiful, and passionate: I must only caution the reader not to let the simplicity of the style, which one may well pardon in so old a poet, prejudice him against the greatness of the thought.

Then leaving life, Earl Piercy took
The dead man by the hand,
And said, Earl Douglas, for thy life
Would I had lost my land.

O Christ! my very heart doth bleed
With sorrow for thy sake;
For sure a more renowned knight
Mischance did never take.

That beautiful line, *Taking the dead man by the hand*, will put the reader in mind of Æneas's behaviour towards Lausus, whom he himself had slain as he came to the rescue of his aged father.

At vero ut vultum vidit morientis, et ora,
Ora modis Anchisiades pallentia miris;
Ingemuit, miserans graviter, dextramque tetendit, etc.

ÆN. x. 822.

The pious prince beheld young Lausus dead;
He griev'd, he wept; then grasp'd his hand, and said,
Poor hapless youth! what praises can be paid
To worth so great!

DRYDEN.

I shall take another opportunity to consider the other parts of this old song.

No. 74. *Criticism of the Ballad of Chevy Chase continued; illustrations from Virgil and Horace.*

Pendent opera interrupta.—VIRG. Æn. iv. 88.

In my last Monday's paper I gave some general instances of those beautiful strokes which please the reader in the old song of Chevy-chase: I shall here, according to my promise, be more particular, and shew that the sentiments in that ballad are extremely natural and poetical, and full of the majestic simplicity we admire in the greatest of the ancient poets; for which reason I shall quote several passages of it, in which the thought is altogether the same with what we meet in several passages of the Æneid; not that I would infer from thence, that the poet (whoever he was) proposed to himself any imitation of those passages, but that he was directed to them in general by the same kind of poetical genius, and by the same copyings after nature.

Had this old song been filled with epigrammatical turns and points of wit, it might perhaps have pleased the wrong taste of some readers; but it would never have become the delight of the common people, nor have warmed the heart of Sir Philip Sidney like the sound of a trumpet; it is only nature that can have this effect, and please those tastes which are the most unprejudiced or the most refined. I must however beg leave to dissent from so great an authority as that of Sir Philip Sidney, in the judgment which he has passed as to the rude style and evil apparel of this antiquated song; for there are several parts in it where not only the thought, but the language is majestic, and the numbers sonorous; at least, the *apparel* is much more *gorgeous* than many of the poets made use of in Queen Elizabeth's time, as the reader will see in several of the following quotations[n].

What can be greater than either the thought or the expression in that stanza?

To drive the deer with hound and horn
Earl Piercy took his way;
The child may rue that is unborn
The hunting of that day.

This way of considering the misfortunes which this battle would bring upon posterity, not only on those who were born immediately after the battle, and lost their fathers in it, but on those also who perished in future battles, which took their rise from this quarrel of the two earls, is wonderfully beautiful, and conformable to the way of thinking among the ancient poets.

Audiet pugnas vitio parentum
Rara juventus.

HOR. Od. i. 2, 23.

What can be more sounding and poetical, or resemble more the majestic simplicity of the ancients, than the following stanzas?

The stout Earl of Northumberland
A vow to God did make,
His pleasure in the Scottish woods
Three summer's days to take.

With fifteen hundred bowmen bold,
All chosen men of might,
Who knew full well, in time of need,
To aim their shafts aright.

The hounds ran swiftly through the woods,
The nimble deer to take;
And with their cries the hills and dales
An echo shrill did make.

Vocat ingenti clamore Cithæron
Taygetique canes, domitrixque Epidaurus equorum:
Et vox assensu nemorum ingeminata remugit.

GEORG. iii. 43.

Lo, yonder doth Earl Douglas come,
His men in armour bright;
Full twenty hundred Scottish spears,
All marching in our sight.

All men of pleasant Tividale,
Fast by the river Tweed, etc.

The country of the Scotch warriors, described in these two last verses, has a fine romantic situation, and affords a couple of smooth words for verse. If the reader compares the foregoing

six lines of the song with the following Latin verses, he will see how much they are written in the spirit of Virgil.

Adversi campo apparent hastasque reductis
Protendunt longe dextris, et spicula vibrant;
Quique altum Præneste viri, quique arva Gabinæ
Junonis, gelidumque Anienem, et roscida rivis
Hernica saxa colunt:—qui rosea rura Velini,
Qui Tetricæ horrentes rupes, montemque Severum,
Casperiamque colunt, Forulosque et flumen Himellæ:
Qui Tiberim Fabarimque bibunt.

ÆN. xi. 605; vii. 682, 712.

But to proceed:

Earl Douglas on a milk-white steed,
Most like a baron bold,
Rode foremost of the company,
Whose armour shone like gold.

Turnus ut antevolans tardum præcesserat agmen, &c.
Vidisti, quo Turnus equo, quibus ibat in armis
Aureus.

Our English archers bent their bows,
Their hearts were good and true;
At the first flight of arrows sent,
Full threescore Scots they slew.

They closed full fast on ev'ry side,
No slackness there was found;
And many a gallant gentleman
Lay gasping on the ground.

With that there came an arrow keen
Out of an English bow,
Which struck Earl Douglas to the heart
A deep and deadly blow.

Æneas was wounded after the same manner by an unknown hand in the midst of a parley.

Has inter voces, media inter talia verba,
Ecce viro stridens alis allapsa sagitta est,
Incertum qua pulsa manu.

ÆN. xii. 318.

But of all the descriptive parts of this song, there are none more beautiful than the four following stanzas, which have a great force and spirit in them, and are filled with very natural circumstances. The thought in the third stanza was never touched by any other poet, and is such an one as would have shined in Homer or Virgil.

So thus did both these nobles die,
Whose courage none could stain:
An English archer then perceived
The noble Earl was slain.

He had a bow bent in his hand,
Made of a trusty tree,
An arrow of a cloth-yard long
Unto the head drew he.

Against Sir Hugh Montgomery
So right his shaft he set,
The gray goose wing that was thereon
In his heart-blood was wet[n].

This sight did last from break of day
Till setting of the sun;
For when they rung the ev'ning-bell,
The battle scarce was done.

One may observe likewise, that in the catalogue of the slain the author has followed the example of the greatest ancient poets, not only in giving a long list of the dead, but by diversifying it with little characters of particular persons.

And with Earl Douglas there was slain
Sir Hugh Montgomery,
Sir Charles Carrel, that from the field
One foot would never fly:

Sir Charles Murrel of Ratcliff too,
His sister's son was he:
Sir David Lamb, so well esteem'd,
Yet saved could not be.

The familiar sound in these names destroys the majesty of the description; for this reason I do not mention this part of the poem but to show the natural cast of thought which appears in it, as the two last verses look almost like a translation of Virgil.

Cadit et Ripheus, justissimus unus
Qui fuit in Teucris et servantissimus æqui,
Diis aliter visum est.

ÆN. ii. 426.

In the catalogue of the English who fell, Witherington's behaviour is in the same manner particularized very artfully, as the reader is prepared for it by that account which is given of him in the beginning of the battle; though I am satisfied that your

little buffoon readers (who have seen that passage ridiculed in Hudibras)[n] will not be able to take the beauty of it: for which reason I dare not so much as quote it.

Then stept a gallant squire forth,
Witherington was his name,
Who said, I would not have it told
To Henry our King for shame,

That e'er my captain fought on foot,
And I stood looking on.

We meet with the same heroic sentiments in Virgil.

Non pudet, O Rutuli, cunctis pro talibus unam
Objectare animam? numerone an viribus æqui
Non sumus? ÆN. xii. 229.

What can be more natural or more moving, than the circumstances in which he describes the behaviour of those women, who had lost their husbands on this fatal day?

Next day did many widows come,
Their husbands to bewail;
They wash'd their wounds in brinish tears,
But all would not prevail.

Their bodies bathed in purple blood,
They bore with them away:
They kiss'd them dead a thousand times,
When they were clad in clay.

Thus we see how the thoughts of this poem, which naturally arise from the subject, are always simple, and sometimes exquisitely noble; that the language is often very sounding; and that the whole is written with a true poetical spirit.

If this song had been written in the Gothic manner, which is the delight of all our little wits, whether writers or readers, it would not have hit the taste of so many ages, and have pleased the readers of all ranks and conditions. I shall only beg pardon for such a profusion of Latin quotations; which I should not have made use of, but that I feared my own judgment would have looked too singular on such a subject, had not I supported it by the practice and authority of Virgil.—C.

No. 165. *On the Introduction of French military terms into English; letter describing the battle of Blenheim.*

Si forte necesse est,
Fingere cinctutis non exaudita Cethegis
Continget: dabiturque licentia sumpta pudenter.
HOR. Ars Poet. 48.

I have often wished, that as in our constitution there are several persons whose business it is to watch over our laws our liberties and commerce, certain men might be set apart as superintendents of our language, to hinder any words of a foreign coin from passing among us; and in particular to prohibit any French phrases from being current in this kingdom, when those of our own stamp are altogether as valuable. The present war has so adulterated our tongue with strange words, that it would be impossible for one of our great grandfathers to know what his posterity have been doing, were he to read their exploits in a modern newspaper. Our warriors are very industrious in propagating the French language, at the same time that they are so gloriously successful in beating down their power. Our soldiers are men of strong heads for action, and perform such feats as they are not able to express. They want words in their own tongue to tell us what it is they achieve, and therefore send us over accounts of their performances in a jargon of phrases, which they learn among their conquered enemies. They ought however to be provided with secretaries, and assisted by our foreign ministers, to tell their story for them in plain English, and to let us know in our mother-tongue what it is our brave countrymen are about. The French would indeed be in the right to publish the news of the present war in English phrases, and make their campaigns unintelligible. Their people might flatter themselves that things are not so bad as they really are, were they thus palliated with foreign terms, and thrown into shades and obscurity: but the English cannot be too clear in their narrative of those actions, which have raised their country to a higher pitch of glory than it ever yet arrived at, and which will be still the more admired the better they are explained.

For my part, by that time a siege is carried on two or three days, I am altogether lost and bewildered in it, and meet with so many inexplicable difficulties, that I scarce know what side has

the better of it, till I am informed by the Tower guns that the place is surrendered. I do indeed make some allowance for this part of the war, fortifications having been foreign inventions, and upon that account abounding in foreign terms. But when we have won battles, which may be described in our own language, why are our papers filled with so many unintelligible exploits, and the French obliged to lend us a part of their tongue before we can know how they are conquered? They must be made accessary to their own disgrace, as the Britons were formerly so artificially wrought in the curtain of the Roman theatre, that they seemed to draw it up, in order to give the spectators an opportunity of seeing their own defeat celebrated upon the stage: for so Mr. Dryden has translated that verse in Virgil:

> Purpurea intexti tollunt aulæa Britanni.
> GEORG. iii. 25.
>
> Which interwoven Britons seem to raise,
> And shew the triumph that their shame displays.

The histories of all our former wars are transmitted to us in our vernacular idiom, to use the phrase of a great modern critic[n]. I do not find in any of our chronicles that Edward III. ever *reconnoitered* the enemy, though he often discovered the posture of the French, and as often vanquished them in battle. The Black Prince passed many a river without the help of *pontoons*, and filled a ditch with faggots as successfully as the generals of our times do it with *fascines*. Our commanders lose half their praise, and our people half their joy, by means of those hard words and dark expressions in which our newspapers do so much abound. I have seen many a prudent citizen, after having read every article, enquire of his next neighbour what news the mail had brought.

I remember, in that remarkable year, when our country was delivered from her greatest fears and apprehensions, and raised to the greatest height of gladness it had ever felt since it was a nation,—I mean the year of Blenheim,—I had the copy of a letter sent me out of the country, which was written from a young gentleman in the army to his father, a man of a good estate and plain sense: as the letter was very modishly chequered with this modern military eloquence, I shall present my reader with a copy of it.

'SIR,

'Upon the junction of the French and Bavarian armies, they took post behind a great morass, which they thought impracticable. Our general the next day sent a party of horse to reconnoitre them from a little hauteur, at about a quarter of an hour's distance from the army, who returned again to the camp unobserved through several defiles, in one of which they met with a party of French that had been marauding, and made them all prisoners at discretion. The day after, a drum arrived at our camp, with a message which he would communicate to none but the general; he was followed by a trumpet, who they say behaved himself very saucily, with a message from the duke of Bavaria. The next morning our army, being divided into two corps, made a movement towards the enemy; you will hear in the public prints how we treated them, with the other circumstances of that glorious day[n]. I had the good fortune to be in that regiment that pushed the *Gens d'Armes*. Several French battalions, who some say were a corps de réserve, made a show of resistance; but it only proved a gasconade, for upon our preparing to fill up a little fosse, in order to attack them, they beat the chamade, and sent us *charte blanche*. Their commandant, with a great many other general officers, and troops without number, are made prisoners of war, and will I believe give you a visit in England, the cartel not being yet settled. Not questioning but those particulars will be very welcome to you, I congratulate you upon them, and am your most dutiful son,' &c.

The father of the young gentleman upon the perusal of the letter found it contained great news, but could not guess what it was. He immediately communicated it to the curate of the parish, who upon the reading of it, being vexed to see any thing he could not understand, fell into a kind of a passion, and told him that his son had sent him a letter that was neither fish, flesh, nor good red-herring. 'I wish,' says he, 'the captain may be *compos mentis;* he talks of a saucy trumpet, and a drum that carries messages; then who is this *Charte Blanche?* He must either banter us, or he is out of his senses.' The father, who always looked upon the curate as a learned man, began to fret inwardly at his son's usage, and producing a letter which he had

written to him about three posts before, 'You see here,' says he, 'when he writes for money he knows how to speak intelligibly enough; there's no man in England can express himself clearer, when he wants a new furniture for his horse.' In short, the old man was so puzzled upon the point, that it might have fared ill with his son, had he not seen all the prints about three days after filled with the same terms of art, and that Charles only wrote like other men.—L.

No. 253. *Against Detraction: the author of the Essay on Criticism chargeable with this fault; critique on that poem.*

> Indignor quicquam reprehendi, non quia crasse
> Compositum illepideve putetur, sed quia nuper.
> HOR. Epist. i. 2. 75.
>
> I lose my patience, and I own it too,
> When works are censured, not as bad, but new.
> POPE.

There is nothing which more denotes a great mind, than the abhorrence of envy and detraction. This passion reigns more among bad poets than among any other set of men.

As there are none more ambitious of fame than those who are conversant in poetry, it is very natural for such as have not succeeded in it to depreciate the works of those who have. For since they cannot raise themselves to the reputation of their fellow writers, they must endeavour to sink it to their own pitch, if they would still keep themselves upon a level with them.

The greatest wits that ever were produced in one age lived together in so good an understanding, and celebrated one another with so much generosity, that each of them receives an additional lustre from his contemporaries, and is more famous for having lived with men of so extraordinary a genius, than if he had himself been the sole wonder of the age. I need not tell my reader that I here point at the reign of Augustus, and I believe he will be of my opinion, that neither Virgil nor Horace would have gained so great a reputation in the world, had they not been the friends and admirers of each other. Indeed all the great writers of that age, for whom singly we have so great an esteem, stand up together as vouchers for one another's reputation. But at the same time that Virgil was celebrated by Gallus, Propertius,

Horace, Varius, Tucca, and Ovid, we know that Bavius and Mævius were his declared foes and calumniators.

In our own country a man seldom sets up for a poet, without attacking the reputation of all his brothers in the art. The ignorance of the moderns, the scribblers of the age, the decay of poetry, are the topics of detraction, with which he makes his entrance into the world. But how much more noble is the fame that is built on candour and ingenuity, according to those beautiful lines of Sir John Denham, in his poem on Fletcher's works!

> But whither am I stray'd? I need not raise
> Trophies to thee from other men's dispraise:
> Nor is thy fame on lesser ruins built,
> Nor needs thy juster title the foul guilt
> Of Eastern kings, who, to secure their reign,
> Must have their brothers, sons, and kindred slain.

I am sorry to find that an author, who is very justly esteemed among the best judges, has admitted some strokes of this nature into a very fine poem; I mean *The Art of Criticism* [n], which was published some months since, and is a master-piece in its kind. The observations follow one another like those in Horace's Art of Poetry, without that methodical regularity which would have been requisite in a prose author. They are some of them uncommon, but such as the reader must assent to, when he sees them explained with that elegance and perspicuity in which they are delivered. As for those which are the most known and the most received, they are placed in so beautiful a light, and illustrated with such apt allusions, that they have in them all the graces of novelty, and make the reader who was before acquainted with them still more convinced of their truth and solidity. And here give me leave to mention what Monsieur Boileau has so very well enlarged upon in the preface to his works, that wit and fine writing do not consist so much in advancing things that are new, as in giving things that are known an agreeable turn. It is impossible for us, who live in the latter ages of the world, to make observations in criticism, morality, or in any art or science, which have not been touched upon by others. We have little else left us but to represent the common sense of mankind in more strong, more beautiful, or more uncommon lights. If a reader examines Horace's Art of Poetry, he will find but very few precepts in it which he may not meet

with in Aristotle, and which were not commonly known by all the poets of the Augustan age. His way of expressing and applying them, not his invention of them, is what we are chiefly to admire.

For this reason I think there is nothing in the world so tiresome as the works of those critics, who write in a positive dogmatic way, without either language, genius, or imagination. If the reader would see how the best of the Latin critics writ, he may find their manner very beautifully described in the characters of Horace, Petronius, Quintilian[n], and Longinus, as they are drawn in the essay of which I am now speaking.

Since I have mentioned Longinus, who in his reflexions has given us the same kind of *sublime* which he observes in the several passages that occasioned them, I cannot but take notice, that our English author has after the same manner exemplified several of his precepts in the very precepts themselves. I shall produce two or three instances of this kind. Speaking of the insipid smoothness which some readers are so much in love with, he has the following verses:

> These *equal syllables* alone require,
> Tho' oft the ear the *open vowels* tire,
> While *expletives* their feeble aid *do* join,
> And ten low words oft creep in one dull line.

The gaping of the vowels in the second line, the expletive *do* in the third, and the ten monosyllables in the fourth, give such a beauty to this passage, as would have been very much admired in an ancient poet. The reader may observe the following lines in the same view.

> A *needless Alexandrine* ends the song,
> That like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along[1].

And afterwards:

> 'Tis not enough no harshness gives offence,
> The *sound* must seem an *echo* to the *sense.*
> *Soft* is the strain when *Zephyr* gently blows,
> And the *smooth stream* in *smoother numbers* flows;

[1] 'About the ninth century Latin in France ceased to be spoken, and was succeeded by the romance tongue, a mixture of Frank and bad Latin. The second poem published in this tongue was called *The Romance of Alexander the Great*, composed by four authors, one of whom was Alexander of Paris, the most celebrated. Before this time all the romances were composed in verses of eight syllables, but in this piece the four authors used verses of twelve syllables. And this was the origin of the Alexandrine verses, either from the subject Alexander the Great, or from Alexander the French poet.' (Note in Tonson and Draper's ed. of 1766.)

But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
The *hoarse rough verse* should like the *torrent* roar.
When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
The line too *labours*, and the words move *slow;*
Not so, when swift Camilla scours the plain,
Flies o'er the unbending corn, and skims along the main[n].

The beautiful distich upon Ajax in the foregoing lines, puts me in mind of a description in Homer's Odyssey, which none of the critics have taken notice of. It is where Sisyphus is represented lifting his stone up the hill, which is no sooner carried to the top of it, but it immediately tumbles to the bottom. This double motion of the stone is admirably described in the numbers of these verses; as in the four first it is heaved up by several *spondees* intermixed with proper breathing-places, and at last trundles down in a continual line of *dactyls*.

Καὶ μὴν Σίσυφον εἰσεῖδον, κρατερ' ἄλγε' ἔχοντα,
Λᾶαν βαστάζοντα πελώριον ἀμφοτέρῃσιν.
Ἦτοι ὁ μὲν σκηριπτόμενος χερσίν τε ποσίν τε,
Λᾶαν ἄνω ὤθεσκε ποτὶ λόφον· ἀλλ' ὅτε μέλλοι
Ἄκρον ὑπερβαλέειν, τότ' ἀποστρέψασκε κραταιὶς
Αὖτις· ἔπειτα πέδονδε κυλίνδετο λᾶας ἀναιδής.

It would be endless to quote verses out of Virgil which have this particular kind of beauty in the numbers; but I may take an occasion in a future paper to shew several of them which have escaped the observation of others.

I cannot conclude this paper without taking notice that we have three poems in our tongue, which are of the same nature, and each of them a master-piece in its kind; the Essay on Translated Verse, the Essay on the Art of Poetry, and the Essay upon Criticism[n].—C.

VII.

TALES AND ALLEGORIES.

No. 56. *The Tale of Marraton.*

Felices errore suo.—Lucan i. 454.

* * * * * *

There is a tradition among the Americans, that one of their countrymen descended in a vision to the great repository of souls, or, as we call it here, to the other world; and that upon his return he gave his friends a distinct account of every thing he saw among those regions of the dead. A friend of mine, whom I have formerly mentioned, prevailed upon one of the interpreters of the Indian kings, to enquire of them, if possible, what tradition they have among them of this matter: which, as well as he could learn by those many questions which he asked them at several times, was in substance as follows.

The visionary, whose name was Marraton, after having travelled for a long space under an hollow mountain, arrived at length on the confines of this world of spirits, but could not enter it by reason of a thick forest made up of bushes, brambles, and pointed thorns, so perplexed and interwoven with one another, that it was impossible to find a passage through it. Whilst he was looking about for some track or pathway that might be worn in any part of it, he saw an huge lion couched under the side of it, who kept his eye upon him in the same posture as when he watches for his prey. The Indian immediately started back, whilst the lion rose with a spring, and leaped towards him. Being wholly destitute of all other weapons, he stooped down to take up a huge stone in his hand, but to his infinite surprise grasped nothing, and found the

supposed stone to be only the apparition of one. If he was disappointed on this side, he was as much pleased on the other, when he found the lion, which had seized on his left shoulder, had no power to hurt him, and was only the ghost of that ravenous creature which it appeared to be. He no sooner got rid of his impotent enemy, but he marched up to the wood, and after having surveyed it for some time, endeavoured to press into one part of it that was a little thinner than the rest; when again, to his great surprise, he found that the bushes made no resistance, but that he walked through briers and brambles with the same ease as through the open air, and, in short, that the whole wood was nothing else but a wood of shades. He immediately concluded that this huge thicket of thorns and brakes was designed as a kind of fence or quick-set hedge to the ghosts it inclosed; and that probably their soft substances might be torn by these subtle points and prickles, which were too weak to make any impressions in flesh and blood. With this he resolved to travel through this intricate wood; when by degrees he felt a gale of perfumes breathing upon him, that grew stronger and sweeter in proportion as he advanced. He had not proceeded much further when he observed the thorns and briers to end, and give place to a thousand beautiful green trees covered with blossoms of the finest scents and colours, that formed a wilderness of sweets, and were a kind of lining to those ragged scenes which he had before passed through. As he was coming out of this delightful part of the wood, and entering upon the plains it inclosed, he saw several horsemen rushing by him, and a little while after heard the cry of a pack of dogs. He had not listened long before he saw the apparition of a milk-white steed, with a young man on the back of it, advancing upon full stretch after the souls of about an hundred beagles that were hunting down the ghost of an hare, which ran away before them with an unspeakable swiftness. As the man on the milk-white steed came by him, he looked upon him very attentively, and found him to be the young prince Nicharagua, who died about half a year before, and, by reason of his great virtues, was at that time lamented over all the western parts of America.

He had no sooner got out of the wood, but he was entertained with such a landscape of flowery plains, green meadows, running streams, sunny hills, and shady vales, as were not to be repre-

sented by his own expressions, nor, as he said, by the conceptions of others. This happy region was peopled with innumerable swarms of spirits, who applied themselves to exercises and diversions according as their fancies led them. Some of them were tossing the figure of a quoit; others were pitching the shadow of a bar; others were breaking the apparition of a horse; and multitudes employing themselves upon ingenious handicrafts with the souls of *departed utensils*, for that is the name which in the Indian language they give their tools when they are burnt or broken. As he travelled through this delightful scene, he was very often tempted to pluck the flowers that rose every where about him in the greatest variety and profusion, having never seen several of them in his own country: but he quickly found that, though they were objects of his sight, they were not liable to his touch. He at length came to the side of a great river, and being a good fisherman himself, stood upon the banks of it some time to look upon an angler that had taken a great many shapes of fishes, which lay flouncing up and down by him.

I should have told my reader, that this Indian had formerly been married to one of the greatest beauties of his country, by whom he had several children. This couple were so famous for their love and constancy to one another, that the Indians to this day, when they give a married man joy of his wife, wish that they may live together like Marraton and Yaratilda. Marraton had not stood long by the fisherman when he saw the shadow of his beloved Yaratilda, who had for some time fixed her eye upon him, before he discovered her. Her arms were stretched out towards him; floods of tears ran down her eyes; her looks, her hands, her voice called him over to her; and at the same time seemed to tell him that the river was unpassable. Who can describe the passion, made up of joy, sorrow, love, desire, astonishment, that rose in the Indian upon the sight of his dear Yaratilda? He could express it by nothing but his tears, which ran like a river down his cheeks as he looked upon her. He had not stood in this posture long before he plunged into the stream that lay before him; and finding it to be nothing but the phantom of a river, walked on the bottom of it till he arose on the other side. At his approach Yaratilda flew into his arms, whilst Marraton wished himself disencumbered of that body, which kept her from his embraces. After many questions

and endearments on both sides, she conducted him to a bower which she had dressed with her own hands, with all the ornaments that could be met with in those blooming regions. She had made it gay beyond imagination, and was every day adding something new to it. As Marraton stood astonished at the unspeakable beauty of her habitation, and ravished with the fragrancy that came from every part of it, Yaratilda told him that she was preparing this bower for his reception, as well knowing that his piety to his god, and his faithful dealing towards men, would certainly bring him to that happy place whenever his life should be at an end. She then brought two of her children to him, who died some years before, and resided with her in the same delightful bower; advising him to breed up those others which were still with him in such a manner, that they might hereafter all of them meet together in this happy place.

The tradition tells us further, that he had afterwards a sight of those dismal habitations which are the portion of ill men after death; and mentions several molten seas of gold, in which were plunged the souls of barbarous Europeans, who put to the sword so many thousands of poor Indians for the sake of that precious metal[n]; but having already touched upon the chief points of this tradition, and exceeded the measure of my paper, I shall not give any further account of it.—C.

No. 123. *The Tale of Eudoxus and Leontine.*

* * * * * *

Eudoxus and Leontine began the world with small estates. They were both of them men of good sense and great virtue. They prosecuted their studies together in their earlier years, and entered into such a friendship as lasted to the end of their lives. Eudoxus, at his first setting out in the world, threw himself into a court, where by his natural endowments and his acquired abilities he made his way from one post to another, till at length he had raised a very considerable fortune. Leontine on the contrary sought all opportunities of improving his mind by study, conversation, and travel. He was not only acquainted with all the sciences, but with the most eminent professors of them throughout Europe. He knew perfectly well the interests of its princes,

with the customs and fashions of their courts, and could scarce meet with the name of an extraordinary person in the Gazette, whom he had not either talked to or seen. In short, he had so well mixed and digested his knowledge of men and books, that he made one of the most accomplished persons of his age. During the whole course of his studies and travels he kept up a punctual correspondence with Eudoxus, who often made himself acceptable to the principal men about court by the intelligence which he received from Leontine. When they were both turned of forty (an age in which, according to Mr. Cowley[n], *there is no dallying with life*) they determined, pursuant to the resolution they had taken in the beginning of their lives, to retire, and pass the remainder of their days in the country. In order to this, they both of them married much about the same time. Leontine, with his own and his wife's fortune, bought a farm of three hundred a year, which lay within the neighbourhood of his friend Eudoxus, who had purchased an estate of as many thousands. They were both of them fathers about the same time, Eudoxus having a son born to him, and Leontine a daughter; but to the unspeakable grief of the latter, his young wife (in whom all his happiness was wrapt up) died in a few days after the birth of her daughter. His affliction would have been insupportable, had not he been comforted by the daily visits and conversations of his friend. As they were one day talking together with their usual intimacy, Leontine, considering how incapable he was of giving his daughter a proper education in his own house, and Eudoxus reflecting on the ordinary behaviour of a son who knows himself to be the heir of a great estate, they both agreed upon an exchange of children, namely, that the boy should be bred up with Leontine as his son, and that the girl should live with Eudoxus as his daughter, till they were each of them arrived at years of discretion. The wife of Eudoxus, knowing that her son could not be so advantageously brought up as under the care of Leontine, and considering at the same time that he would be perpetually under her own eye, was by degrees prevailed upon to fall in with the project. She therefore took Leonilla, for that was the name of the girl, and educated her as her own daughter. The two friends on each side had wrought themselves to such an habitual tenderness for the children who were under their direction, that each of them had the real passion of a father, where

the title was but imaginary. Florio, the name of the young heir that lived with Leontine, though he had all the duty and affection imaginable for his supposed parent, was taught to rejoice at the sight of Eudoxus, who visited his friend very frequently, and was dictated[n] by his natural affection, as well as by the rules of prudence, to make himself esteemed and beloved by Florio. The boy was now old enough to know his supposed father's circumstances, and that therefore he was to make his way in the world by his own industry. This consideration grew stronger in him every day, and produced so good an effect, that he applied himself with more than ordinary attention to the pursuit of every thing which Leontine recommended to him. His natural abilities, which were very good, assisted by the directions of so excellent a counsellor, enabled him to make a quicker progress than ordinary through all the parts of his education. Before he was twenty years of age, having finished his studies and exercises with great applause, he was removed from the university to the Inns of Court, where there are very few that make themselves considerable proficients in the study of the place, who know they shall arrive at great estates without them. This was not Florio's case; he found that three hundred a-year was but a poor estate for Leontine and himself to live upon; so that he studied without intermission, till he gained a very good insight into the constitution and laws of his country.

I should have told my reader, that whilst Florio lived at the house of his foster-father, he was always an acceptable guest in the family of Eudoxus, where he became acquainted with Leonilla from her infancy. His acquaintance with her by degrees grew into love, which in a mind trained up in all the sentiments of honour and virtue became a very uneasy passion. He despaired of gaining an heiress of so great a fortune, and would rather have died than attempted it by any indirect methods. Leonilla, who was a woman of the greatest beauty, joined with the greatest modesty, entertained at the same time a secret passion for Florio, but conducted herself with so much prudence that she never gave him the least intimation of it. Florio was now engaged in all those arts and improvements that are proper to raise a man's private fortune, and give him a figure in his country, but secretly tormented with that passion, which burns with the greatest fury in a virtuous and noble heart, when he received a sudden sum-

mons from Leontine to repair to him in the country, the next day. For it seems Eudoxus was so filled with the report of his son's reputation, that he could no longer withhold making himself known to him. The morning after his arrival at the house of his supposed father, Leontine told him that Eudoxus had something of great importance to communicate to him; upon which the good man embraced him, and wept. Florio was no sooner arrived at the great house that stood in his neighbourhood, but Eudoxus took him by the hand, after the first salutes were over, and conducted him into his closet. He there opened to him the whole secret of his parentage and education, concluding after this manner: 'I have no other way left of acknowledging my gratitude to Leontine, than by marrying you to his daughter. He shall not lose the pleasure of being your father by the discovery I have made to you. Leonilla too shall still be my daughter; her filial piety, though misplaced, has been so exemplary, that it deserves the greatest reward I can confer upon it. You shall have the pleasure of seeing a great estate fall to you, which you would have lost the relish of, had you known yourself born to it. Continue only to deserve it in the same manner you did before you were possessed of it. I have left your mother in the next room. Her heart yearns towards you. She is making the same discoveries to Leonilla which I have made to yourself.' Florio was so overwhelmed with this profusion of happiness, that he was not able to make a reply, but threw himself down at his father's feet, and amidst a flood of tears kissed and embraced his knees, asking his blessing, and expressing in dumb show those sentiments of love, duty, and gratitude, that were too big for utterance. To conclude, the happy pair were married, and half Eudoxus's estate settled upon them. Leontine and Eudoxus passed the remainder of their lives together, and received in the dutiful and affectionate behaviour of Florio and Leonilla the just recompense, as well as the natural effects, of that care which they had bestowed upon them in their education.—L.

No. 159. *The Vision of Mirzah.*

Omnem, quæ nunc obducta tuenti
Mortales hebetat visus tibi, et humida circum
Caligat, nubem eripiam.—VIRG. Æn. 2. 64

When I was at Grand Cairo, I picked up several oriental

manuscripts, which I have still by me. Among others I met with one entitled *The Visions of Mirzah*, which I have read over with great pleasure. I intend to give it to the public when I have no other entertainment for them, and shall begin with the first vision, which I have translated word for word as follows.

'On the fifth day of the moon, which, according to the custom of my forefathers, I always kept holy, after having washed myself, and offered up my morning devotions, I ascended the high hills of Bagdat, in order to pass the rest of the day in meditation and prayer. As I was here airing myself on the tops of the mountains, I fell into a profound contemplation on the vanity of human life; and passing from one thought to another, 'Surely,' said I, 'man is but a shadow, and life a dream.' Whilst I was thus musing, I cast my eyes towards the summit of a rock that was not far from me, where I discovered one in the habit of a shepherd, with a little musical instrument in his hand. As I looked upon him, he applied it to his lips, and began to play upon it. The sound of it was exceeding sweet, and wrought into a variety of tunes that were inexpressibly melodious, and altogether different from any thing I had ever heard: they put me in mind of those heavenly airs that are played to the departed souls of good men upon their first arrival in Paradise, to wear out the impressions of the last agonies, and qualify them for the pleasures of that happy place. My heart melted away in secret raptures.

'I had been often told that the rock before me was the haunt of a genius, and that several had been entertained with music who had passed by it, but never heard that the musician had before made himself visible. When he had raised my thoughts by those transporting airs which he played, to taste the pleasures of his conversation, as I looked upon him like one astonished, he beckoned to me, and by the waving of his hand directed me to approach the place where he sat. I drew near with that reverence which is due to a superior nature; and as my heart was entirely subdued by the captivating strains I had heard, I fell down at his feet and wept. The genius smiled upon me with a look of compassion and affability that familiarized him to my imagination, and at once dispelled all the fears and apprehensions with which I approached him. He lifted me from the ground, and taking me by the hand, 'Mirzah,' said he, 'I have heard thee in thy soliloquies; follow me.'

'He then led me to the highest pinnacle of the rock, and placing me on the top of it, 'Cast thy eyes eastward,' said he, 'and tell me what thou seest.' 'I see,' said I, 'a huge valley, and a prodigious tide of water rolling through it.' 'The valley that thou seest,' said he, 'is the vale of misery, and the tide of water that thou seest is part of the great tide of eternity.' 'What is the reason,' said I, 'that the tide I see rises out of a thick mist at one end, and again loses itself in a thick mist at the other?' 'What thou seest,' said he, 'is that portion of eternity which is called time, measured out by the sun, and reaching from the beginning of the world to its consummation. Examine now,' said he, 'this sea that is thus bounded with darkness at both ends, and tell me what thou discoverest in it.' 'I see a bridge,' said I, 'standing in the midst of the tide.' 'That bridge thou seest,' said he, 'is human life: consider it attentively.' Upon a more leisurely survey of it, I found that it consisted of threescore and ten entire arches, with several broken arches, which, added to those that were entire, made up the number about an hundred. As I was counting the arches, the genius told me that this bridge consisted at first of a thousand arches; but that a great flood swept away the rest, and left the bridge in the ruinous condition I now beheld it. 'But tell me further,' said he, 'what thou discoverest on it.' 'I see multitudes of people passing over it,' said I, 'and a black cloud hanging on each end of it.' As I looked more attentively, I saw several of the passengers dropping through the bridge, into the great tide that flowed underneath it; and upon farther examination, perceived there were innumerable trap-doors that lay concealed in the bridge, which the passengers no sooner trod upon, but they fell through into the tide, and immediately disappeared. These hidden pit-falls were set very thick at the entrance of the bridge, so that throngs of people no sooner broke through the cloud, but many of them fell into them. They grew thinner towards the middle, but multiplied and lay closer together towards the end of the arches that were entire.

'There were indeed some persons, but their number was very small, that continued a kind of hobbling march on the broken arches, but fell through one after another, being quite tired and spent with so long a walk.

'I passed some time in the contemplation of this wonderful structure, and the great variety of objects which it presented.

My heart was filled with a deep melancholy to see several dropping unexpectedly in the midst of mirth and jollity, and catching at every thing that stood by them to save themselves. Some were looking up towards the heavens in a thoughtful posture, and in the midst of a speculation stumbled and fell out of sight. Multitudes were very busy in the pursuit of bubbles that glittered in their eyes and danced before them, but often, when they thought themselves within the reach of them, their footing failed, and down they sunk. In this confusion of objects, I observed some with scimitars in their hands, and others with pill-boxes[n], who ran to and fro upon the bridge, thrusting several persons on trap-doors which did not seem to lie in their way, and which they might have escaped had they not been thus forced upon them.

'The genius, seeing me indulge myself in this melancholy prospect, told me I had dwelt long enough upon it; 'Take thine eyes off the bridge,' said he, 'and tell me if thou yet seest anything thou dost not comprehend.' Upon looking up, 'What mean,' said I 'those great flights of birds that are perpetually hovering about the bridge, and settling upon it from time to time? I see vultures, harpies, ravens, cormorants, and among many other feathered creatures several little winged boys, that perch in great numbers upon the middle arches.' 'These,' said the genius, 'are envy, avarice, superstition, despair, love, with the like cares and passions that infest human life.'

'I here fetched a deep sigh; 'Alas,' said I, 'man was made in vain! how is he given away to misery and mortality! tortured in life, and swallowed up in death!' The genius, being moved with compassion towards me, bid me quit so uncomfortable a prospect. 'Look no more,' said he, 'on man in the first stage of his existence, in his setting out for eternity; but cast thine eye on that thick mist into which the tide bears the several generations of mortals that fall into it.' I directed my sight as I was ordered, and (whether or no the good genius strengthened it with a supernatural force, or dissipated part of the mist that was before too thick for the eye to penetrate) I saw the valley opening at the further end, and spreading forth into an immense ocean, that had a huge rock of adamant running through the midst of it, and dividing it into two equal parts. The clouds still rested on one half of it, insomuch that I could discover nothing in it:

but the other appeared to me a vast ocean planted with innumerable islands, that were covered with fruits and flowers, and interwoven with a thousand little shining seas that ran among them. I could see persons dressed in glorious habits, with garlands upon their heads, passing among the trees, lying down by the sides of the fountains, or resting on beds of flowers; and could hear a confused harmony of singing birds, falling waters, human voices, and musical instruments. Gladness grew in me upon the discovery of so delightful a scene. I wished for the wings of an eagle, that I might fly away to those happy seats; but the genius told me that there was no passage to them, except through the gates of death that I saw opening every moment upon the bridge. 'The islands,' said he, 'that lie so fresh and green before thee, and with which the whole face of the ocean appears spotted as far as thou canst see, are more in number than the sands on the sea-shore; there are myriads of islands behind those which thou here discoverest, reaching further than thine eye or even thine imagination can extend itself. These are the mansions of good men after death, who, according to the degree and kinds of virtue in which they excelled, are distributed among these several islands, which abound with pleasures of different kinds and degrees, suitable to the relishes and perfections of those who are settled in them; every island is a paradise accommodated to its respective inhabitants. Are not these, O Mirzah, habitations worth contending for? Does life appear miserable, that gives thee opportunities of earning such a reward? is death to be feared, that will convey thee to so happy an existence? Think not man was made in vain, who has such an eternity reserved for him.' I gazed with inexpressible pleasure on these happy islands. At length, said I, 'Shew me now, I beseech thee, the secrets that lie hid under those dark clouds which cover the ocean on the other side of the rock of adamant.' The genius making me no answer, I turned about to address him a second time, but I found that he had left me; I then turned again to the vision which I had been so long contemplating; but instead of the rolling tide, the arched bridge, and the happy islands, I saw nothing but the long hollow valley of Bagdat, with oxen, sheep, and camels grazing upon the sides of it.'—C.

The end of the first vision of Mirzah.

No. 164. *Theodosius and Constantia*[n].

> Illa, Quis et me, inquit, miseram, et te perdidit, Orpheu? ...
> Jamque vale: feror ingenti circumdata nocte,
> Invalidasque tibi tendens, heu! non tua, palmas.
> VIRG. Georg. iv. 494.

Constantia was a woman of extraordinary wit and beauty, but very unhappy in a father; who, having arrived at great riches by his own industry, took delight in nothing but his money. Theodosius was the younger son of a decayed family, of great parts and learning, improved by a genteel and virtuous education. When he was in the twentieth year of his age he became acquainted with Constantia, who had not then passed her fifteenth. As he lived but a few miles distant from her father's house, he had frequent opportunities of seeing her; and by the advantages of a good person and a pleasing conversation, made such an impression in her heart as it was impossible for time to efface. He was himself no less smitten with Constantia. A long acquaintance made them still discover new beauties in each other, and by degrees raised in them that mutual passion which had an influence on their following lives. It unfortunately happened, that in the midst of this intercourse of love and friendship between Theodosius and Constantia there broke out an irreparable quarrel between their parents, the one valuing himself too much upon his birth, and the other upon his possessions. The father of Constantia was so incensed at the father of Theodosius, that he contracted an unreasonable aversion towards his son, insomuch that he forbad him his house, and charged his daughter upon her duty never to see him more. In the mean time, to break off all communication between the two lovers, who, he knew, entertained secret hopes of some favourable opportunity that should bring them together, he found out a young gentleman of a good fortune and an agreeable person, whom he pitched upon as a husband for his daughter. He soon concerted this affair so well, that he told Constantia it was his design to marry her to such a gentleman, and that her wedding should be celebrated on such a day. Constantia, who was overawed with the authority of her father, and unable to object anything against so advantageous a match, received the proposal with a profound silence, which her father commended in her, as the most decent manner of a virgin's giving her consent to an overture of that

kind. The noise of this intended marriage soon reached Theodosius, who, after a long tumult of passions, which naturally rise in a lover's heart on such an occasion, writ the following letter to Constantia.

'The thought of my Constantia, which for some years has been my only happiness, is now become a greater torment to me than I am able to bear. Must I then live to see you another's? The streams, the fields and meadows where we have so often talked together, grow painful to me; life itself is become a burden. May you long be happy in the world, but forget that there was ever such a man in it as—THEODOSIUS.'

This letter was conveyed to Constantia that very evening, who fainted at the reading of it; and the next morning she was much more alarmed by two or three messengers, that came to her father's house one after another, to enquire if they had heard anything of Theodosius, who it seems had left his chamber about midnight, and could no where be found. The deep melancholy which had hung upon his mind some time before, made them apprehend the worst that could befall him. Constantia, who knew that nothing but the report of her marriage could have driven him to such extremities, was not to be comforted; she now accused herself for having so tamely given an ear to the proposal of a husband, and looked upon the new lover as the murderer of Theodosius; in short, she resolved to suffer the utmost effects of her father's displeasure, rather than comply with a marriage which appeared to her so full of guilt and horror. The father, seeing himself entirely rid of Theodosius, and likely to keep a considerable portion in his family, was not very much concerned at the obstinate refusal of his daughter; and did not find it very difficult to excuse himself upon that account to his intended son-in-law, who had all along regarded this alliance rather as a marriage of convenience than of love. Constantia had now no relief but in her devotions and exercises of religion, to which her afflictions had so entirely subjected her mind, that after some years had abated the violence of her sorrows, and settled her thoughts in a kind of tranquillity, she resolved to pass the remainder of her days in a convent. Her father was not displeased with a resolution which would save money in his family, and readily complied with his daughter's intentions. Accordingly, in the twenty-fifth year of her age, while her beauty

was yet in all its height and bloom, he carried her to a neighbouring city, in order to look out a sisterhood of nuns among whom to place his daughter. There was in this place a father of a convent who was very much renowned for his piety and exemplary life, and as it is usual in the Romish Church for those who are under any great affliction or trouble of mind, to apply themselves to the most eminent confessors for pardon and consolation, our beautiful votary took the opportunity of confessing herself to this celebrated father.

We must now return to Theodosius, who, the very morning that the above mentioned enquiries had been made after him, arrived at a religious house in the city where Constantia resided; and desiring that secrecy and concealment of the fathers of the convent which is very usual upon an extraordinary occasion, he made himself one of the order, with a private vow never to enquire after Constantia; whom he looked upon as given away to his rival upon the day on which, according to common fame, their marriage was to have been solemnized. Having in his youth made a good progress in learning, that he might dedicate himself more entirely to religion, he entered into holy orders, and in a few years became renowned for his sanctity of life and those pious sentiments which he inspired into all who conversed with him. It was this holy man to whom Constantia had determined to apply herself in confession, though neither she nor any other besides the prior of the convent knew any thing of his name and family. The gay, the amiable Theodosius had now taken upon him the name of Father Francis, and was so far concealed in a long beard, a shaven head, and a religious habit, that it was impossible to discover the man of the world in the venerable conventual.

As he was one morning shut up in his confessional, Constantia kneeling by him opened the state of her soul to him; and after having given him the history of a life full of innocence, she burst out in tears, and entered upon that part of her story in which he himself had so great a share. 'My behaviour,' says she, 'has, I fear, been the death of a man who had no other fault but that of loving me too much. Heaven only knows how dear he was to me whilst he lived, and how bitter the remembrance of him has been to me since his death.' She here paused, and lifted up her eyes that streamed with tears towards the father; who was

so moved with the sense of her sorrows, that he could only command his voice, which was broke with sighs and sobbings, so far as to bid her proceed. She followed his directions, and in a flood of tears poured out her heart before him. The father could not forbear weeping aloud, insomuch that in the agonies of his grief the seat shook under him. Constantia, who thought the good man was thus moved by his compassion towards her, and by the horror of her guilt, proceeded with the utmost contrition to acquaint him with that vow of virginity in which she was going to engage herself, as the proper atonement for her sins, and the only sacrifice she could make to the memory of Theodosius. The father, who by this time had pretty well composed himself, burst out again in tears upon hearing that name to which he had been so long disused, and upon receiving this instance of unparallelled fidelity from one, who, he thought, had several years since given herself up to the possession of another. Amidst the interruptions of his sorrow, seeing his penitent overwhelmed with grief, he was only able to bid her from time to time be comforted—to tell her that her sins were forgiven her—that her guilt was not so great as she apprehended—that she should not suffer herself to be afflicted above measure. After which he recovered himself enough to give her the absolution in form; directing her at the same time to repair to him again the next day, that he might encourage her in the pious resolutions she had taken, and give her suitable exhortations for her behaviour in it. Constantia retired, and the next morning renewed her applications. Theodosius, having manned his soul with proper thoughts and reflexions, exerted himself on this occasion in the best manner he could to animate his penitent in the course of life she was entering upon, and wear out of her mind those groundless fears and apprehensions which had taken possession of it; concluding with a promise to her, that he would from time to time continue his admonitions when she should have taken upon her the holy veil. 'The rules of our respective orders,' says he, 'will not permit that I should see you; but you may assure yourself not only of having a place in my prayers, but of receiving such frequent instructions as I can convey to you by letters. Go on chearfully in the glorious course you have undertaken, and you will quickly find such a peace and satisfaction in your mind, which is not in the power of the world to give.'

Constantia's heart was so elevated with the discourse of Father Francis, that the very next day she entered upon her vow. As soon as the solemnities of her reception were over, she retired, as it is usual, with the abbess into her own apartment.

The abbess had been informed the night before of all that had passed between her noviciate[n] and father Francis: from whom she now delivered to her the following letter.

'As the first-fruits of those joys and consolations which you may expect from the life you are now engaged in, I must acquaint you that Theodosius, whose death sits so heavy upon your thoughts, is still alive; and that the father to whom you have confessed yourself was once that Theodosius whom you so much lament. The love which we have had for one another will make us more happy in its disappointment than it could have done in its success. Providence has disposed of us for our advantage, though not according to our wishes. Consider your Theodosius still as dead, but assure yourself of one who will not cease to pray for you in 'FATHER FRANCIS.'

Constantia saw that the hand-writing agreed with the contents of the letter; and upon reflecting on the voice of the person, the behaviour, and above all the extreme sorrow of the father during her confession, she discovered Theodosius in every particular. After having wept with tears of joy, 'It is enough,' says she, 'Theodosius is still in being; I shall live with comfort and die in peace.'

The letters which the father sent her afterwards are yet extant in the nunnery where she resided; and are often read to the young religious, in order to inspire them with good resolutions and sentiments of virtue. It so happened, that after Constantia had lived about ten years in the cloister, a violent fever broke out in the place, which swept away great multitudes, and among others Theodosius. Upon his death-bed he sent his benediction in a very moving manner to Constantia; who at that time was herself so far gone in the same fatal distemper, that she lay delirious. Upon the interval which generally precedes death in sicknesses of this nature, the abbess, finding that the physicians had given her over, told her that Theodosius was just gone before her, and that he had sent her his benediction in his last moments. Constantia received it with pleasure; 'and now,' says she, 'if I do not ask any thing improper, let me be buried by

Theodosius. My vow reaches no further than the grave. What I ask is, I hope, no violation of it.' She died soon after, and was interred according to her request.

Their tombs are still to be seen, with a short Latin inscription over them to the following purpose:

Here lie the bodies of Father *Francis* and Sister *Constance. They were lovely in their lives, and in their death they were not divided.*—C.

No. 171. *The Passion of Jealousy illustrated by the story of Herod and Mariamne.*

Credula res amor est.—OVID Met. vii. 826.

* * * * * *

Mariamne [n] had all the charms that beauty, birth, wit, and youth could give a woman, and Herod all the love that such charms are able to raise in a warm and amorous disposition. In the midst of this his fondness for Mariamne, he put her brother to death, as he did her father not many years after. The barbarity of the action was represented to Mark Antony, who immediately summoned Herod into Egypt, to answer for the crime that was there laid to his charge. Herod attributed the summons to Antony's desire of Mariamne, whom therefore, before his departure, he gave into the custody of his uncle Joseph, with private orders to put her to death, if any such violence was offered to himself. This Joseph was much delighted with Mariamne's conversation, and endeavoured with all his art and rhetoric to set out the excess of Herod's passion for her; but when he still found her cold and incredulous, he inconsiderately told her, as a certain instance of her lord's affection, the private orders he had left behind him, which plainly shewed, according to Joseph's interpretation, that he could neither live nor die without her. This barbarous instance of a wild unreasonable passion quite put out, for a time, those little remains of affection she still had for her lord: her thoughts were so wholly taken up with the cruelty of his orders, that she could not consider the kindness that produced them, and therefore represented him in her imagination rather under the frightful idea of a murderer than a lover.

Herod was at length acquitted and dismissed by Mark Antony, when his soul was all in flames for his Mariamne; but before their meeting, he was not a little alarmed at the report he had heard of his uncle's conversation and familiarity with her in his absence. This therefore was the first discourse he entertained her with, in which she found it no easy matter to quiet his suspicions. But at last he appeared so well satisfied of her innocence, that from reproaches and wranglings he fell to tears and embraces. Both of them wept very tenderly at their reconciliation, and Herod poured out his whole soul to her in the warmest protestations of love and constancy; when amidst all his sighs and languishings she asked him, whether the private orders he left with his uncle Joseph were an instance of such an inflamed affection. The jealous king was immediately roused at so unexpected a question, and concluded his uncle must have been too familiar with her, before he would have discovered such a secret. In short, he put his uncle to death, and very difficultly prevailed upon himself to spare Mariamne.

After this he was forced on a second journey into Egypt, when he committed his lady to the care of Sohemus, with the same private orders he had before given his uncle, if any mischief befel himself. In the mean while Mariamne so won upon Sohemus by her presents and obliging conversation, that she drew all the secret from him with which Herod had entrusted him; so that after his return, when he flew to her with all the transports of joy and love, she received him coldly with sighs and tears, and all the marks of indifference and aversion. This reception so stirred up his indignation, that he had certainly slain her with his own hands, had not he feared he himself should have become the greater sufferer by it. It was not long after this, when he had another violent return of love upon him; Mariamne was therefore sent for to him, whom he endeavoured to soften and reconcile with all possible conjugal caresses and endearments; but she declined his embraces, and answered all his fondness with bitter invectives for the death of her father and her brother. This behaviour so incensed Herod, that he very hardly refrained from striking her; when in the heat of their quarrel there came in a witness, suborned by some of Mariamne's enemies, who accused her to the king of a design to poison him. Herod was now prepared to hear any thing in her prejudice, and immediately

ordered her servant to be stretched upon the rack; who in the extremities of his torture confessed that his mistress's aversion to the king arose from something Sohemus had told her; but as for any design of poisoning, he utterly disowned the least knowledge of it. This confession quickly proved fatal to Sohemus, who now lay under the same suspicions and sentence that Joseph had before him on the like occasion. Nor would Herod rest here: but accused her with great vehemence of a design upon his life, and by his authority with the judges had her publicly condemned and executed. Herod soon after her death grew melancholy and dejected, retiring from the public administration of affairs into a solitary forest, and there abandoning himself to all the black considerations which naturally arise from a passion made up of love, remorse, pity, and despair. He used to rave for his Mariamne, and to call upon her in his distracted fits; and in all probability would soon have followed her, had not his thoughts been seasonably called off from so sad an object by public storms, which at that time very nearly threatened him.—L.

No. 391. *The Fable of Menippus: Moral.*

* * * * * *

Menippus, the philosopher, was a second time taken up into heaven by Jupiter, when for his entertainment he lifted up a trap-door that was placed by his footstool. At its rising, there issued through it such a din of cries as astonished the philosopher. Upon his asking what they meant, Jupiter told him they were the prayers that were sent up to him from the earth. Menippus, amidst the confusion of voices, which was so great that nothing less than the ear of Jove could distinguish them, heard the words, 'riches,' 'honour,' and 'long life,' repeated to several different tones and languages. When the first hubbub of sounds was over, the trap-door being left open, the voices came up more separate and distinct. The first prayer was a very odd one; it came from Athens, and desired Jupiter to increase the wisdom and the beard of his humble supplicant. Menippus knew it by the voice to be the prayer of his friend Licander, the philosopher. This was succeeded by the petition of one who had just laden a ship, and promised Jupiter, if he took care of it, and returned it home

again full of riches, he would make him an offering of a silver cup. Jupiter thanked him for nothing; and bending down his ear more attentively than ordinary, heard a voice complaining to him of the cruelty of an Ephesian widow, and begging him to breed compassion in her heart: 'this,' says Jupiter, 'is a very honest fellow: I have received a great deal of incense from him; I will not be so cruel to him as not to hear his prayers.' He was then interrupted with a whole volly of vows, which were made for the health of a tyrannical prince by his subjects who prayed for him in his presence. Menippus was surprised, after having listened to prayers offered up with so much ardour and devotion, to hear low whispers from the same assembly, expostulating with Jove for suffering such a tyrant to live, and asking him how his thunder could lie idle? Jupiter was so offended at these prevaricating rascals, that he took down the first vows, and puffed away the last. The philosopher, seeing a great cloud mounting upwards, and making its way directly to the trap-door, inquired of Jupiter what it meant. 'This,' says Jupiter, 'is the smoke of a whole hecatomb that is offered me by the general of an army, who is very importunate with me to let him cut off an hundred thousand men that are drawn up in array against him: what does the impudent wretch think I see in him, to believe that I will make a sacrifice of so many mortals as good as himself, and all this to his glory, forsooth! But hark,' says Jupiter, 'there is a voice I never heard but in time of danger; it is a rogue that is shipwrecked in the Ionian sea. I saved him on a plank but three days ago, upon his promise to mend his manners; the scoundrel is not worth a groat, and yet has the impudence to offer me a temple, if I will keep him from sinking.——But yonder,' says he, 'is a special youth for you; he desires me to take his father, who keeps a great estate from him, out of the miseries of human life. The old fellow shall live till he makes his heart ake, I can tell him that for his pains.' This was followed by the soft voice of a pious lady, desiring Jupiter that she might appear amiable and charming in the sight of her emperor. As the philosopher was reflecting on this extraordinary petition, there blew a gentle wind through the trap-door, which he at first mistook for a gale of *zephyrs*, but afterwards found it to be a breeze of sighs: they smelt strong of flowers and incense, and were succeeded by most passionate complaints of

wounds and torments, fires and arrows, cruelty, despair and death. Menippus fancied that such lamentable cries arose from some general execution, or from wretches lying under the torture; but Jupiter told him that they came up from the isle of Paphos, and that he every day received complaints of the same nature from that whimsical tribe of mortals who are called lovers. 'I am so trifled with,' says he, 'by this generation of both sexes, and find it so impossible to please them, whether I grant or refuse their petitions, that I shall order a western wind for the future to intercept them in their passage, and blow them at random upon the earth. The last petition I heard [n] was from a very aged man of near an hundred years old, begging but for one year more of life, and then promising to die contented. This is the rarest old fellow,' says Jupiter. 'He has made this prayer to me for above twenty years together. When he was but fifty years old, he desired only that he might live to see his son settled in the world; I granted it. He then begged the same favour for his daughter, and afterwards that he might see the education of a grandson: when all this was brought about, he puts up a petition that he might live to finish a house he was building. In short, he is an unreasonable old cur, and never wants an excuse; I will hear no more of him.' Upon which he flung down the trap-door in a passion, and was resolved to give no more audiences that day.

Notwithstanding the levity of this fable, the moral of it very well deserves our attention, and is the same with that which has been inculcated by Socrates and Plato, not to mention Juvenal and Persius, who have each of them made the finest satire in their whole works upon this subject. The vanity of men's wishes, which are the natural prayers of the mind, as well as many of those secret devotions which they offer to the Supreme Being, are sufficiently exposed by it. Among other reasons for set forms of prayer, I have often thought it a very good one, that by this means the folly and extravagance of men's desires may be kept within due bounds, and not break out in absurd and ridiculous petitions on so great and solemn an occasion.—I.

No. 463. *Scales and Weights: a Vision.*

Omnia quæ sensu volvuntur vota diurno,
Pectore sopito reddit amica quies.
Venator defessa toro cum membra reponit,
Mens tamen ad sylvas et sua lustra redit:
Judicibus lites, aurigis somnia currus,
Vanaque nocturnis meta cavetur equis.
Me quoque musarum studium sub nocte silenti
Artibus assuetis sollicitare solet. CLAUD. In VI. Cons. Hon.

In sleep, when fancy is let loose to play,
Our dreams repeat the wishes of the day.
Though farther toil his tired limbs refuse,
The dreaming hunter still the chace pursues:
The judge a-bed dispenses still the laws,
And sleeps again o'er the unfinished cause:
The dozing racer hears his chariot roll,
Smacks the vain whip, and shuns the fancy'd goal.
Me too the muses, in the silent night,
With wonted chimes of jingling verse delight.

I was lately entertaining myself with comparing Homer's balance, in which Jupiter is represented as weighing the fates of Hector and Achilles, with a passage of Virgil, wherein that deity is introduced as weighing the fates of Turnus and Æneas[n]. I then considered how the same way of thinking prevailed in the eastern parts of the world, as in those noble passages of scripture, wherein we are told that the great king of Babylon, the day before his death, had been weighed in the balance and been found wanting. In other places of the holy writings, the Almighty is described as weighing the mountains in scales, making the weight for the winds, knowing the balancings of the clouds; and, in others, as weighing the actions of men, and laying their calamities together in a balance. Milton, as I have observed in a former paper, had an eye to several of those foregoing instances, in that beautiful description wherein he represents the archangel and the evil spirit as addressing themselves for the combat, but parted by the balance which appeared in the heavens, and weighed the consequences of such a battle.

Th' Eternal, to prevent such horrid fray,
Hung forth in heav'n his golden scales, yet seen
Betwixt Astrea and the Scorpion sign,
Wherein all things created first he weigh'd,
The pendulous round earth, with balanced air
In counterpoise, now ponders all events,

Battles and realms: in these he put two weights,
The sequel each of parting and of fight;
The latter quick up flew, and kick'd the beam:
Which *Gabriel* spying, thus bespake the fiend:

SATAN, I know thy strength, and thou know'st mine,
Neither our own, but giv'n: what folly then
To boast what arms can do? since thine no more
Than heav'n permits; nor mine, tho' doubled now
To trample thee as mire: for proof look up,
And read thy lot in yon celestial sign,
Where thou art weigh'd, and shewn how light, how weak,
If thou resist. The fiend look'd up, and knew
His mounted scale aloft; nor more; but fled
Murm'ring, and with him fled the shades of night[1].

These several amusing thoughts having taken possession of my mind some time before I went to sleep, and mingling themselves with my ordinary ideas, raised in my imagination a very odd kind of vision. I was, methought, replaced in my study, and seated in my elbow-chair, where I had indulged the foregoing speculations, with my lamp burning by me as usual. Whilst I was here meditating on several subjects of morality, and considering the nature of many virtues and vices, as materials for those discourses with which I daily entertain the public, I saw, methought, a pair of golden scales hanging by a chain of the same metal over the table that stood before me; when, on a sudden, there were great heaps of weights thrown down on each side of them. I found, upon examining these weights, they shewed the value of every thing that is in esteem among men. I made an essay of them by putting the weight of wisdom in one scale, and that of riches in another; upon which the latter, to shew its comparative lightness, immediately *flew up, and kick'd the beam.*

But, before I proceed, I must inform my reader, that these weights did not exert their natural gravity, till they were laid in the golden balance, insomuch that I could not guess which was light or heavy, whilst I held them in my hand. This I found by several instances; for, upon my laying a weight in one of the scales, which was inscribed by the word Eternity, though I threw in that of time, prosperity, affliction, wealth, poverty, interest, success, with many other weights, which in my hand seemed very

[1] *Par. Lost*, Book iv, *ad fin.*

ponderous, they were not able to stir the opposite balance, nor could they have prevailed, though assisted with the weight of the sun, the stars, and the earth.

Upon emptying the scales, I laid several titles and honours, with pomps, triumphs, and many weights of the like nature, in one of them, and seeing a little glittering weight lie by me, I threw it accidentally into the other scale, when, to my great surprise, it proved so exact a counterpoise, that it kept the balance in an equilibrium. This little glittering weight was inscribed upon the edges of it with the word Vanity. I found there were several other weights which were equally heavy, and exact counterpoises to one another; a few of them I tried, as avarice and poverty, riches and content, with some others.

There were likewise several weights that were of the same figure, and seemed to correspond with each other, but were entirely different when thrown into the scales; as religion and hypocrisy, pedantry and learning, wit and vivacity, superstition and devotion, gravity and wisdom, with many others.

I observed one particular weight lettered on both sides, and, upon applying myself to the reading of it I found on one side written, 'In the dialect of men,' and underneath it, *CALAMITIES;* on the other side was written, 'In the language of the gods,' and underneath *BLESSINGS.* I found the intrinsic value of this weight to be much greater than I imagined, for it overpowered health, wealth, good fortune, and many other weights, which were much more ponderous in my hand than the other.

There is a saying among the Scots, that 'An ounce of mother wit is worth a pound of clergy:' I was sensible of the truth of this saying, when I saw the difference between the weight of natural parts and that of learning. The observation which I made upon these two weights opened to me a new field of discoveries; for notwithstanding the weight of natural parts was much heavier than that of learning, I observed that it weighed an hundred times heavier than it did before, when I put learning into the same scale with it. I made the same observation upon faith and morality; for notwithstanding the latter out-weighed the former separately, it received a thousand times more additional weight from its conjunction with the former than what it had by itself. This odd phænomenon shewed itself in other particulars, as in wit and judgment, philosophy and religion,

justice and humanity, zeal and charity, depth of sense and perspicuity of style, with innumerable other particulars too long to be mentioned in this paper.

As a dream seldom fails of dashing seriousness with impertinence, mirth with gravity, methought I made several other experiments of a more ludicrous nature: by one of which I found that an English octavo was very often heavier than a French folio; and by another, that an old Greek or Latin author weighed down a whole library of moderns. Seeing one of my Spectators lying by me, I laid it into one of the scales, and flung a two-penny piece into the other: the reader will not inquire into the event, if he remembers the first trial which I have recorded in this paper[n]. I afterwards threw both the sexes into the balance; but, as it is not for my interest to disoblige either of them, I shall desire to be excused from telling the result of this experiment. Having an opportunity of this nature in my hands, I could not forbear throwing into one scale the principles of a Tory, and into the other those of a Whig; but, as I have all along declared this to be a neutral paper, I shall likewise desire to be silent under this head also, though, upon examining one of the weights, I saw the word *TEKEL* engraven on it in capital letters[n].

I made many other experiments, and, though I have not room for them all in this day's speculation, I may perhaps reserve them for another. I shall only add, that upon my awaking I was sorry to find my golden scales vanished, but resolved for the future to learn this lesson from them, Not to despise or value any things for their appearances, but to regulate my esteem and passions towards them according to their real and intrinsic value.—C.

No. 464. *The Story of Chremylus.*

Auream quisquis mediocritatem
Diligit, tutus caret obsoleti
Sordibus tecti, caret invidenda
Sobrius aula. HOR. Od. ii. 10, 5.

* * * * * *

Chremylus, who was an old and a good man, and withal exceeding poor, being desirous to leave some riches to his son,

consults the oracle of Apollo upon the subject. The oracle bid him follow the first man he should see upon his going out of the temple. The person he chanced to see was to appearance an old sordid blind man, but, upon his following him from place to place, he at last found, by his own confession, that he was Plutus the god of riches, and that he was just come out of the house of a miser. Plutus further told him, that when he was a boy he used to declare, that as soon as he came to age he would distribute wealth to none but virtuous and just men; upon which Jupiter, considering the pernicious consequences of such a resolution, took his sight away from him, and left him to stroll about the world in the blind condition wherein Chremylus beheld him. With much ado Chremylus prevailed upon him to go to his house; where he met an old woman in a tattered raiment, who had been his guest for many years, and whose name was Poverty. The old woman refusing to turn out so easily as he would have her, he threatened to banish her, not only from his own house, but out of all Greece, if she made any more words upon the matter. Poverty on this occasion pleads her cause very notably, and represents to her old landlord, that should she be driven out of the country, all their trades, arts, and sciences, would be driven out with her; and that, if every one was rich, they would never be supplied with those pomps, ornaments, and conveniences of life which make riches desirable. She likewise represented to him the several advantages which she bestowed upon her votaries, in regard to their shape, their health and their activity, by preserving them from gouts, dropsies, unwieldliness and intemperance; but whatever she had to say for herself, she was at last forced to troop off. Chremylus immediately considered how he might restore Plutus to his sight; and in order to it, conveyed him to the temple of Æsculapius, who was famous for cures and miracles of this nature. By this means the deity recovered his eyes, and began to make a right use of them, by enriching every one that was distinguished by piety towards the gods, and justice towards men; and at the same time by taking away his gifts from the impious and undeserving. This produces several merry incidents, till, in the very last act, Mercury descends with great complaints from the gods, that, since the good men were grown rich, they had received no sacrifices; which is confirmed by a priest of Jupiter, who enters with a remonstrance,

that since this late innovation he was reduced to a starving condition, and could not live upon his office. Chremylus, who, in the beginning of the play, was religious in his poverty, concludes it with a proposal which was relished by all the good men who were now grown rich, as well as himself, that they should carry Plutus in a solemn procession to the temple, and instal him in the place of Jupiter. This allegory instructed the Athenians in two points; first, as it vindicated the conduct of Providence in its ordinary distributions of wealth; and, in the next place, as it shewed the great tendency of riches to corrupt the morals of those who possessed them[n].—C.

No. 584. *The Loves of Hilpa.*

> Hic gelidi fontes, hic mollia prata, Lycori,
> Hic nemus, hic toto tecum consumerer ævo.
>
> VIRG. Ecl. x. 42.

Hilpa was one of the 150 daughters of Zilpah, of the race of Cohu, by whom some of the learned think is meant Cain. She was exceedingly beautiful, and when she was but a girl of threescore and ten years of age, received the addresses of several who made love to her. Among these were two brothers, Harpath and Shalum. Harpath, being the first-born, was master of that fruitful region which lies at the foot of mount Tirzah, in the southern parts of China. Shalum (which is to say, the planter, in the Chinese language) possessed all the neighbouring hills, and that great range of mountains which goes under the name of Tirzah. Harpath was of a haughty contemptuous spirit; Shalum was of a gentle disposition, beloved both by God and man.

It is said that, among the antediluvian women, the daughters of Cohu had their minds wholly set upon riches; for which reason the beautiful Hilpa preferred Harpath to Shalum, because of his numerous flocks and herds that covered all the low country which runs along the foot of mount Tirzah, and is watered by several fountains and streams breaking out of the sides of that mountain. Harpath made so quick a dispatch of his courtship, that he married Hilpa in the hundredth year of her age; and being of an insolent temper, laughed to scorn his brother Shalum for having pretended to the beautiful Hilpa, when he was master of nothing but a long chain of rocks and mountains. This so much

provoked Shalum, that he is said to have cursed his brother in the bitterness of his heart, and to have prayed that one of his mountains might fall upon his head if ever he came within the shadow of it.

From this time forward Harpath would never venture out of the vallies, but came to an untimely end in the 250th year of his age, being drowned in a river as he attempted to cross it. This river is called to this day, from his name who perished in it, the river Harpath, and what is very remarkable, issues out of one of those mountains which Shalum wished might fall upon his brother, when he cursed him in the bitterness of his heart.

Hilpa was in the 160th year of her age at the death of her husband, having brought him but 50 children before he was snatched away, as has been already related. Many of the antediluvians made love to the young widow, though no one was thought so likely to succeed in her affections as her first lover Shalum, who renewed his court to her about ten years after the death of Harpath; for it was not thought decent in those days that a widow should be seen by a man within ten years after the decease of her husband.

Shalum falling into a deep melancholy, and resolving to take away that objection which had been raised against him when he made his first addresses to Hilpa, began, immediately after her marriage with Harpath, to plant all that mountainous region which fell to his lot in the division of this country. He knew how to adapt every plant to its proper soil, and is thought to have inherited many traditional secrets of that art from the first man. This employment turned at length to his profit as well as his amusement; his mountains were in a few years shaded with young trees, that gradually shot up into groves, woods, and forests, intermixed with walks and lawns and gardens; insomuch that the whole region, from a naked and desolate prospect, began now to look like a second paradise. The pleasantness of the place, and the agreeable disposition of Shalum, who was reckoned one of the mildest and wisest of all who lived before the flood, drew into it multitudes of people, who were perpetually employed in the sinking of wells, the digging of trenches, and the hollowing of trees, for the better distribution of water through every part of this spacious plantation.

The habitations of Shalum looked every year more beautiful

in the eyes of Hilpa, who after the space of 70 autumns was wonderfully pleased with the distant prospect of Shalum's hills, which were then covered with innumerable tufts of trees, and gloomy scenes that gave a magnificence to the place, and converted it into one of the finest landscapes the eye of man could behold.

The Chinese record a letter which Shalum is said to have written to Hilpa in the eleventh year of her widowhood. I shall here translate it, without departing from that noble simplicity of sentiments and plainness of manners which appears in the original.

Shalum was at this time 180 years old, and Hilpa 170.

Shalum, master of mount Tirzah, to Hilpa, mistress of the vallies.

In the 788th year of the creation.

'What have I not suffered, O thou daughter of Zilpah, since thou gavest thyself away in marriage to my rival? I grew weary of the light of the sun, and have been ever since covering myself with woods and forests. These threescore and ten years have I bewailed the loss of thee on the top of mount Tirzah, and soothed my melancholy among a thousand gloomy shades of my own raising. My dwellings are at present as the garden of God; every part of them is filled with fruits and flowers and fountains. The whole mountain is perfumed for thy reception. Come up into it, O my beloved, and let us people this spot of the world with a beautiful race of mortals; let us multiply exceedingly among these delightful shades, and fill every quarter of them with sons and daughters. Remember, O thou daughter of Zilpah, that the age of man is but a thousand years; that beauty is but the admiration of a few centuries. It flourishes as a mountain oak, or as a cedar on the top of Tirzah, which in three or four hundred years will fade away, and never be thought of by posterity, unless a young wood springs from its roots. Think well on this, and remember thy neighbour in the mountains.'

Having here inserted this letter, which I look upon as the only antediluvian *billet doux* now extant, I shall in my next paper give the answer to it, and the sequel of this story.

No. 585. *The Sequel of the Story of Shalum and Hilpa.*

> Ipsi lætitia voces ad sidera jactant
> Intonsi montes: ipsæ jam carmina rupes,
> Ipsa sonant arbusta.
>
> VIRG. Ecl. v. 63.

The letter inserted in my last had so good an effect upon Hilpa, that she answered it in less than a twelvemonth, after the following manner.

Hilpa, mistress of the vallies, to Shalum, master of mount Tirzah,

In the year 789 of the creation.

'What have I to do with thee, O Shalum? Thou praisest Hilpa's beauty, but art thou not secretly enamoured with the verdure of her meadows? Art thou not more affected with the prospect of her green valleys, than thou wouldest be with the sight of her person? The lowings of my herds, and the bleatings of my flocks, make a pleasant echo in thy mountains, and sound sweetly in thy ears. What though I am delighted with the wavings of thy forests, and those breezes of perfumes which flow from the top of Tirzah: are these like the riches of the valley?

'I know thee, O Shalum; thou art more wise and happy than any of the sons of men. Thy dwellings are among the cedars; thou searchest out the diversity of soils, thou understandest the influences of the stars, and markest the change of seasons. Can a woman appear lovely in the eyes of such a one? Disquiet me not, O Shalum; let me alone that I may enjoy those goodly possessions which are fallen to my lot. Win me not by thy enticing words. May thy trees increase and multiply; mayest thou add wood to wood, and shade to shade; but tempt not Hilpa to destroy thy solitude, and make thy retirement populous.'

The Chinese say, that a little time afterwards she accepted of a treat in one of the neighbouring hills to which Shalum had invited her. This treat lasted for two years, and is said to have cost Shalum five hundred antelopes, two thousand ostriches, and a thousand tun of milk; but what most of all recommended it, was that variety of delicious fruits and pot-herbs, in which no person then living could any way equal Shalum.

He treated her in the bower which he had planted amidst the wood of nightingales. This wood was made up of such fruit trees and plants as are most agreeable to the several kinds of singing

birds; so that it had drawn into it all the music of the country, and was filled from one end of the year to the other with the most agreeable concert in season.

He showed her every day some beautiful and surprising scene in this new region of wood-lands; and as by this means he had all the opportunities he could wish for of opening his mind to her, he succeeded so well, that upon her departure she made him a kind of promise, and gave him her word to return him a positive answer in less than fifty years.

She had not been long among her own people in the vallies, when she received new overtures, and at the same time a most splendid visit from Mishpach, who was a mighty man of old, and had built a great city, which he called after his own name. Every house was made for at least a thousand years, nay, there were some that were leased out for three lives; so that the quantity of stone and timber consumed in this building is scarce to be imagined by those who live in the present age of the world. This great man entertained her with the voice of musical instruments which had been lately invented, and danced before her to the sound of the timbrel. He also presented her with several domestic utensils wrought in brass and iron, which had been newly found out for the conveniency of life. In the mean time Shalum grew very uneasy with himself, and was sorely displeased at Hilpa for the reception which she had given to Mishpach, insomuch that he never wrote to her or spoke of her during a whole revolution of Saturn; but finding that this intercourse went no further than a visit, he again renewed his addresses to her, who, during his long silence, is said very often to have cast a wishing eye upon mount Tirzah.

Her mind continued wavering about twenty years longer between Shalum and Mishpach; for though her inclinations favoured the former, her interest pleaded very powerfully for the other. While her heart was in this unsettled condition, the following accident happened, which determined her choice. A high tower of wood that stood in the city of Mishpach, having caught fire by a flash of lightening, in a few days reduced the whole town to ashes. Mishpach resolved to rebuild the place whatever it should cost him: and having already destroyed all the timber of the country, he was forced to have recourse to Shalum, whose forests were now two hundred years old. He purchased these woods

with so many herds of cattle and flocks of sheep, and with such a vast extent of fields and pastures, that Shalum was now grown more wealthy than Mishpach; and therefore appeared so charming in the eyes of Zilpah's daughter, that she no longer refused him in marriage. On the day in which he brought her up into the mountains he raised a most prodigious pile of cedar, and of every sweet-smelling wood, which reached above three hundred cubits in height: he also cast into the pile bundles of myrrh and sheaves of spikenard, enriching it with every spicy shrub, and making it fat with the gums of his plantations. This was the burnt-offering which Shalum offered in the day of his espousals: the smoke of it ascended up to heaven, and filled the whole country with incense and perfume.

VIII.

VARIA.

No. 50. *Indian Kings in England; Extracts from their Journal; Moral*[n].

Nunquam aliud natura, aliud sapientia dixit.
Juv. Sat. xiv. 321.

When the four Indian kings[n] were in this country about a twelvemonth ago, I often mixed with the rabble, and followed them a whole day together, being wonderfully struck with the sight of every thing that is new or uncommon. I have, since their departure, employed a friend to make many inquiries of their landlord the upholsterer relating to their manners and conversation, as also concerning the remarks which they made in this country: for, next to the forming a right notion of such strangers, I should be desirous of learning what ideas they have conceived of us.

The upholsterer, finding my friend very inquisitive about these his lodgers, brought him some time since a little bundle of papers, which he assured him were written by King Sa Ga Yean Qua Rash Tow, and, as he supposes, left behind by some mistake. These papers are now translated, and contain abundance of very odd observations, which I find this little fraternity of kings made during their stay in the isle of Great Britain. I shall present my reader with a short specimen of them in this paper, and may perhaps communicate more to him hereafter. In the article of London are the following words, which without doubt are meant of the church of St. Paul.

'On the most rising part of the town there stands a huge house, big enough to contain the whole nation of which I am king. Our good brother E Tow O Koam, king of the Rivers, is of opinion it was made by the hands of that great God to whom it is consecrated. The kings of Granajah and of the Six Nations believe that it was created with the earth, and produced on the

same day with the sun and moon. But for my own part, by the best information that I could get of this matter, I am apt to think that this prodigious pile was fashioned into the shape it now bears by several tools and instruments, of which they have a wonderful variety in this country. It was probably at first an huge mis-shapen rock that grew upon the top of the hill, which the natives of the country (after having cut it into a kind of regular figure) bored and hollowed with incredible pains and industry, until they had wrought in it all those beautiful vaults and caverns into which it is divided at this day. As soon as this rock was thus curiously scooped to their liking, a prodigious number of hands must have been employed in chipping the outside of it, which is now as smooth as the surface of a pebble; and is in several places hewn out into pillars that stand like the trunks of so many trees, bound about the top with garlands of leaves. It is probable that when this great work was begun, which must have been many hundred years ago, there was some religion among this people, for they give it the name of a temple, and have a tradition that it was designed for them to pay their devotions in. And indeed, there are several reasons which make us think that the natives of this country had formerly among them some sort of worship; for they set apart every seventh day as sacred; but upon my going into one of these holy houses on that day, I could not observe any circumstance of devotion in their behaviour: there was indeed a man in black who was mounted above the rest, and seemed to utter something with a great deal of vehemence; but as for those underneath him, instead of paying their worship to the Deity of the place, they were most of them bowing and curtsying to one another, and a considerable number of them fast asleep.

'The queen of the country appointed two men to attend us, that had enough of our language to make themselves understood in some few particulars. But we soon perceived these two were great enemies to one another, and did not always agree in the same story. We could make a shift to gather out of one of them, that this island was very much infested with a monstrous kind of animals, in the shape of men, called Whigs; and he often told us that he hoped we should meet with none of them in our way, for that if we did they would be apt to knock us down for being kings.

'Our other interpreter used to talk very much of a kind of animal called a Tory, that was as great a monster as the Whig,

and would treat us as ill for being foreigners. These two creatures, it seems, are born with a secret antipathy to one another, and engage when they meet as naturally as the elephant and the rhinoceros. But as we saw none of either of these species, we are apt to think that our guides deceived us with misrepresentations and fictions, and amused us with an account of such monsters as are not really in their country.

'These particulars we made a shift to pick out from the discourse of our interpreters; which we put together as well as we could, being able to understand but here and there a word of what they said, and afterwards making up the meaning of it among ourselves. The men of the country are very cunning and ingenious in handicraft works, but withal so very idle, that we often saw young lusty rawboned fellows carried up and down the streets in little covered rooms by a couple of porters, who are hired for that service. Their dress is likewise very barbarous, for they almost strangle themselves about the neck, and bind their bodies with many ligatures, that we are apt to think are the occasion of several distempers among them which our country is entirely free from. Instead of those beautiful feathers with which we adorn our heads, they often buy up a monstrous bush of hair, which covers their heads, and falls down in a large fleece below the middle of their backs; with which they walk up and down the streets, and are as proud of it as if it was of their own growth.

'We were invited to one of their public diversions, where we hoped to have seen the great men of their country running down a stag, or pitching a bar, that we might have discovered who were the persons of the greatest abilities among them; but instead of that, they conveyed us into a huge room lighted up with abundance of candles, where this lazy people sat still above three hours to see several feats of ingenuity performed by others, who it seems were paid for it.

'As for the women of the country, not being able to talk with them, we could only make our remarks upon them at a distance. They let the hair of their heads grow to a great length; but as the men made a great show with heads of hair that are none of their own[n], the women, who they say have very fine heads of hair, tie it up in a knot, and cover it from being seen. The women look like angels, and would be more beautiful than the sun, were it not for little black spots that are apt to break out in

their faces, and sometimes rise in very odd figures[n]. I have observed that those little blemishes wear off very soon; but when they disappear in one part of the face, they are very apt to break out in another, insomuch that I have seen a spot upon the forehead in the afternoon, which was upon the chin in the morning.'

The author then proceeds to shew the absurdity of breeches and petticoats, and many other curious observations, which I shall reserve for another occasion. I cannot however conclude this paper without taking notice, that amidst these wild remarks, there now and then appears something very reasonable. I cannot likewise forbear observing, that we are all guilty in some measure of the same narrow way of thinking, which we meet with in this abstract of the Indian journal, when we fancy the customs, dresses, and manners of other countries are ridiculous and extravagant, if they do not resemble those of our own.—C.

No. 85. *Chance Readings; the 'Children in the Wood'; the beauty of many old English Ballads.*

> Interdum speciosa locis, morataque recte
> Fabula nullius veneris, sine pondere et arte,
> Valdius oblectat populum, meliusque moratur,
> Quàm versus inopes rerum, nugæque canoræ.
>
> HOR. Ars Poet. 319.

> For when the sentiments and diction please,
> And all the characters are wrought with ease,
> Your play, though void of beauty, force and art,
> More strongly shall delight, and warm the heart,
> Then where a lifeless pomp of verse appears,
> And with sonorous trifles charms our ears.
>
> FRANCIS.

It is the custom of the Mahometans, if they see any printed or written paper upon the ground, to take it up and lay it aside carefully, as not knowing but it may contain some piece of their Alcoran. I must confess I have so much of the Mussulman in me, that I cannot forbear looking into every printed paper which comes in my way, under whatsoever despicable circumstances it may appear; for as no mortal author, in the ordinary fate and vicissitude of things, knows to what use his works may some time or other be applied, a man may often meet with very celebrated names in a paper of tobacco. I have lighted my pipe more than once with the writings of a prelate; and know a friend of mine,

who, for these several years, has converted the essays of a man of quality into a kind of fringe for his candlesticks. I remember in particular, after having read over a poem of an eminent author on a victory, I met with several fragments of it upon the next rejoicing day, which had been employed in squibs and crackers, and by that means celebrated its subject in a double capacity. I once met with a page of Mr. Baxter under a Christmas pye. Whether or no the pastry-cook had made use of it through chance or waggery, for the defence of that superstitious *viande*, I know not; but upon the perusal of it, I conceived so good an idea of the author's piety, that I bought the whole book. I have often profited by these accidental readings, and have sometimes found very curious pieces, that are either out of print, or not to be met with in the shops of our London booksellers. For this reason, when my friends take a survey of my library, they are very much surprised to find, upon the shelf of folios, two long bandboxes standing upright among my books, till I let them see that they are both of them lined with deep erudition and abstruse literature. I might likewise mention a paper-kite, from which I have received great improvement; and a hat-case, which I would not exchange for all the beavers in Great Britain. This my inquisitive temper, or rather impertinent humour of prying into all sorts of writing, with my natural aversion to loquacity, give me a good deal of employment when I enter any house in the country; for I cannot for my heart leave a room, before I have thoroughly studied the walls of it, and examined the several printed papers which are usually pasted upon them. The last piece that I met with upon this occasion gave me a most exquisite pleasure. My reader will think I am not serious, when I acquaint him that the piece I am going to speak of was the old ballad of the *Two Children in the Wood*, which is one of the darling songs of the common people, and has been the delight of most Englishmen in some part of their age.

This song is a plain simple copy of nature, destitute of the helps and ornaments of art. The tale of it is a pretty tragical story, and pleases for no other reason but because it is a copy of nature. There is even a despicable simplicity in the verse; and yet because the sentiments appear genuine and unaffected, they are able to move the mind of the most polite reader with inward meltings of humanity and compassion. The incidents grow out

of the subject, and are such as are the most proper to excite pity; for which reason the whole narration has something in it very moving, notwithstanding the author of it (whoever he was) has delivered it in such an abject phrase and poorness of expression, that the quoting any part of it would look like a design of turning it into ridicule. But though the language is mean, the thoughts, as I have before said, from one end to the other, are natural, and therefore cannot fail to please those who are not judges of language, or those who, notwithstanding they are judges of language, have a true and unprejudiced taste of nature. The condition, speech, and behaviour of the dying parents, with the age, innocence, and distress of the children, are set forth in such tender circumstances, that it is impossible for a reader of common humanity not to be affected with them. As for the circumstance of the Robin-red-breast, it is indeed a little poetical ornament; and to shew the genius of the author amidst all his simplicity, it is just the same kind of fiction which one of the greatest of the Latin poets has made use of upon a parallel occasion; I mean that passage in Horace, where he describes himself, when he was a child, fallen asleep in a desert wood, and covered with leaves by the turtles that took pity on him.

> Me fabulosæ Vulture in Appulo,
> Altrícis extra limen Apuliæ,
> Ludo fatigatumque somno
> Fronde nova puerum palumbes
> Texere
>
> Od. iii. 4.

I have heard that the late Lord Dorset[n], who had the greatest wit tempered with the greatest candour, and was one of the finest critics as well as the best poets of his age, had a numerous collection of old English ballads, and took a particular pleasure in reading of them. I can affirm the same of Mr. Dryden, and know several of the most refined writers of our present age who are of the same humour.

I might likewise refer my reader to Molière's thoughts on this subject, as he has expressed them in the character of the Misanthrope[n]; but those only who are endued with a true greatness of soul and genius can divest themselves of the little images of ridicule, and admire nature in her simplicity and nakedness. As for the little conceited wits of the age, who can only shew their judgment by finding fault, they cannot be supposed to admire

these productions which have nothing to recommend them but the beauties of nature, when they do not know how to relish even those compositions that, with all the beauties of nature, have also the additional advantages of art.—L.

No. 120. *On Instinct; adaptations between animal structure and natural arrangements; affection of animals for their young; reason and instinct contrasted; case of the hen.*

Equidem credo, quia sit divinitus illis
Ingenium. VIRG. Georg. i. 451.

I think their breasts with heav'nly souls inspir'd.
DRYDEN.

My friend Sir Roger is very often merry with me upon my passing so much of my time among his poultry. He has caught me twice or thrice looking after a bird's nest, and several times sitting an hour or two together near an hen and chickens. He tells me he believes I am personally acquainted with every fowl about his house; calls such a particular cock my favourite; and frequently complains that his ducks and geese have more of my company than himself.

I must confess I am infinitely delighted with those speculations of nature which are to be made in a country life; and as my reading has very much lain among books of natural history, I cannot forbear recollecting upon this occasion the several remarks which I have met with in authors, and comparing them with what falls under my own observation: the arguments for providence drawn from the natural history of animals being in my opinion demonstrative.

The make of every kind of animal is different from that of every other kind; and yet there is not the least turn in the muscles or twist in the fibres of any one, which does not render them more proper for that particular animal's way of life than any other cast or texture of them would have been.

The most violent appetites in all creatures are *lust* and *hunger:* the first is a perpetual call upon them to propagate their kind; the latter to preserve themselves.

It is astonishing to consider the different degrees of care that descend from the parent to the young, so far as is absolutely necessary for the leaving a posterity. Some creatures cast their

eggs as chance directs them, and think of them no farther; as insects and several kinds of fish: others, of a nicer frame, find out proper beds to deposit them in, and there leave them; as the serpent, the crocodile, and ostrich: others hatch their eggs and tend the birth, till it is able to shift for itself.

What can we call the principle which directs every different kind of bird to observe a particular plan in the structure of its nest, and directs all the same species to work after the same model? It cannot be *imitation;* for though you hatch a crow under a hen, and never let it see any of the works of its own kind, the nest it makes shall be the same, to the laying of a stick, with all the other nests of the same species. It cannot be *reason;* for were animals endued with it to as great a degree as man, their buildings would be as different as ours, according to the different conveniences that they would propose to themselves.

Is it not remarkable, that the same temper of weather, which raises this genial warmth in animals, should cover the trees with leaves, and the fields with grass, for their security and concealment, and produce such infinite swarms of insects for the support and sustenance of their respective broods?

Is it not wonderful, that the love of the parent should be so violent while it lasts, and that it should last no longer than is necessary for the preservation of the young?

The violence of this natural love is exemplified by a very barbarous experiment: which I shall quote at length, as I find it in an excellent author, and hope my readers will pardon my mentioning such an instance of cruelty, because there is nothing can so effectually shew the strength of that principle in animals of which I am here speaking. 'A person who was well skilled in dissections opened a bitch, and as she lay in the most exquisite tortures, offered her one of her young puppies, which she immediately fell a licking, and for the time seemed insensible of her own pain: on the removal, she kept her eye fixed on it, and began a wailing sort of cry, which seemed rather to proceed from the loss of her young one, than the sense of her own torments.'

But notwithstanding this natural love in brutes is much more violent and intense than in rational creatures, Providence has taken care that it should be no longer troublesome to the parent than it is useful to the young; for so soon as the wants of the latter cease, the mother withdraws her fondness, and leaves them

to provide for themselves; and, what is a very remarkable circumstance in this part of instinct, we find that the love of the parent may be lengthened out beyond its usual time, if the preservation of the species requires it; as we may see in birds that drive away their young as soon as they are able to get their livelihood, but continue to feed them if they are tied to the nest, or confined within a cage, or by any other means appear to be out of a condition of supplying their own necessities.

This natural love is not observed in animals to ascend from the young to the parent, which is not at all necessary for the continuance of the species: nor indeed in reasonable creatures does it rise in any proportion, as it spreads itself downwards; for, in all family affection, we find protection granted and favours bestowed are greater motives to love and tenderness, than safety, benefits, or life received.

One would wonder to hear sceptical men disputing for the reason of animals, and telling us it is only our pride and prejudices that will not allow them the use of that faculty.

Reason shews itself in all occurrences of life; whereas the brute makes no discovery of such a talent but in what immediately regards his own preservation, or the continuance of his species. Animals in their generation are wiser than the sons of men; but their wisdom is confined to a few particulars, and lies in a very narrow compass. Take a brute out of his instinct, and you find him wholly deprived of understanding. To use an instance that comes often under observation:

With what caution does the hen provide herself a nest in places unfrequented, and free from noise and disturbance? When she has laid her eggs in such a mannner that she can cover them, what care does she take in turning them frequently, that all parts may partake of the vital warmth? When she leaves them to provide for her necessary sustenance, how punctually does she return before they have time to cool, and become incapable of producing an animal? In the summer you see her giving herself greater freedoms, and quitting her care for above two hours together: but in winter, when the rigour of the season would chill the principles of life, and destroy the young one, she grows more assiduous in her attendance, and strays away but half the time. When the birth approaches, with how much nicety and attention does she help the chick to break its prison? Not to

take notice of her covering it from the injuries of the weather, providing it proper nourishment, and teaching it to help itself; nor to mention her forsaking the nest, if after the usual time of reckoning the young one does not make its appearance. A chymical operation could not be followed with greater art or diligence, than is seen in the hatching of a chick; though there are many other birds that shew an infinitely greater sagacity in all the forementioned particulars.

But at the same time, the hen, that has all this seeming ingenuity (which is indeed absolutely necessary for the propagation of the species), considered in other respects, is without the least glimmerings of thought or common sense. She mistakes a piece of chalk for an egg, and sits upon it in the same manner: she is insensible of any increase or diminution in the number of those she lays: she does not distinguish between her own and those of another species, and when the birth appears of never so different a bird, will cherish it for her own. In all these circumstances, which do not carry an immediate regard to the subsistence of herself or her species, she is a very idiot.

There is not, in my opinion, any thing more mysterious in nature than this instinct in animals, which thus rises above reason, and falls infinitely short of it. It cannot be accounted for by any properties in matter, and at the same time works after so odd a manner, that one cannot think it the faculty of an intellectual being. For my own part I look upon it as upon the principle of gravitation in bodies, which is not to be explained by any known qualities inherent in the bodies themselves, nor from any laws of mechanism, but, according to the best notions of the greatest philosophers, is an immediate impression from the first Mover, and the divine energy acting in the creatures.—L.

No. 121. *Subject of Instinct continued: observations of Locke on the oyster, and of Henry More on the mole; a complete work on Natural History much required.*

Jovis omnia plena.—VIRG. Ecl. iii. 60.

All is full of Jove.

As I was walking this morning in the great yard that belongs to my friend's country house, I was wonderfully pleased to see

the different workings of instinct in a hen followed by a brood of ducks. The young, upon the sight of a pond, immediately ran into it; while the step-mother, with all imaginable anxiety, hovered about the borders of it, to call them out of an element that appeared to her so dangerous and destructive. As the different principle which acted in these different animals cannot be termed reason, so, when we call it *instinct*, we mean something we have no knowledge of. To me, as I hinted in my last paper, it seems the immediate direction of Providence, and such an operation of the Supreme Being as that which determines all the portions of matter to their proper centres. A modern philosopher, quoted by Monsieur Bayle[n], in his learned dissertation on the souls of brutes, delivers the same opinion, though in a bolder form of words, where he says, *Deus est anima brutorum*, God himself is the soul of brutes. Who can tell what to call that seeming sagacity in animals, which directs them to such food as is proper for them, and makes them naturally avoid whatever is noxious or unwholesome? Tully has observed[n], that a lamb no sooner falls from its mother, but immediately and of its own accord it applies itself to the teat. Dampier[n], in his travels, tells us, that when seamen are thrown upon any of the unknown coasts of America, they never venture upon the fruit of any tree, how tempting soever it may appear, unless they observe that it is marked by the peckings of birds, but fall on without any fear or apprehension where the birds have been before them.

But notwithstanding animals have nothing like the use of reason, we find in them all the lower parts of our nature, the passions and senses, in their greatest strength and perfection. And here it is worth our observation, that all beasts and birds of prey are wonderfully subject to anger, malice, revenge, and all the other violent passions that may animate them in search of their own proper food; as those that are incapable of defending themselves, or annoying others, or whose safety lies chiefly in their flight, are suspicious, fearful, and apprehensive of every thing they see or hear; whilst others that are of assistance and use to man have their natures softened with something mild and tractable, and by that means are qualified for a domestic life. In this case the passions generally correspond with the make of the body. We do not find the fury of a lion in so weak and defenceless an animal as a lamb, nor the meekness of a lamb in a creature so

armed for battle and assault as the lion[n]. In the same manner, we find that particular animals have a more or less exquisite sharpness and sagacity in those particular senses which most turn to their advantage, and in which their safety and welfare is the most concerned.

Nor must we here omit that great variety of arms with which nature has differently fortified the bodies of several kinds of animals, such as claws hoofs and horns, teeth and tusks, a tail, a sting, a trunk, or a *proboscis*. It is likewise observed by naturalists, that it must be some hidden principle, distinct from what we call reason, which instructs animals in the use of these their arms, and teaches them to manage them to the best advantage; because they naturally defend themselves with that part in which their strength lies, before the weapon be formed in it: as is remarkable in lambs, which though they are bred within doors, and never saw the actions of their own species, push at those who approach them with their foreheads, before the first budding of a horn appears.

I shall add to these general observations an instance which Mr. Locke[n] has given us of Providence, even in the imperfections of a creature which seems the meanest and most despicable in the whole animal world. 'We may,' says he, 'from the make of an oyster, or a cockle, conclude that it has not so many, nor so quick senses as a man, or several other animals; nor if it had, would it, in that state and incapacity of transferring itself from one place to another, be bettered by them. What good would sight and hearing do to a creature, that cannot move itself to or from the object, wherein at a distance it perceives good or evil? And would not quickness of sensation be an inconvenience to an animal that must be still where chance has once placed it, and there receive the afflux of colder or warmer, clean or foul water, as it happens to come to it?'

I shall add to this instance out of Mr. Locke another out of the learned Dr. More[n], who cites it from Cardan, in relation to another animal which Providence has left defective, but at the same time has shewn its wisdom in the formation of that organ in which it seems chiefly to have failed. 'What is more obvious and ordinary than a mole? and yet what more palpable argument of Providence than she? the members of her body are so exactly fitted to her nature and manner of life; for her dwelling being under ground, where nothing is to be seen, nature has

so obscurely fitted her with eyes, that naturalists can hardly agree whether she have any sight at all or no. But for amends, what she is capable of for her defence and warning of danger, she has very eminently conferred upon her; for she is exceeding quick of hearing. And then her short tail and short legs, but broad fore feet armed with sharp claws, we see by the event to what purpose they are, she so swiftly working herself under ground, and making her way so fast in the earth, as they that behold it cannot but admire it. Her legs therefore are short, that she need dig no more than will serve the mere thickness of her body; and her fore-feet are broad that she may scoop away much earth at a time; and little or no tail she has, because she courses it not on the ground, like the rat or the mouse, of whose kindred she is, but lives under the earth, and is fain to dig herself a dwelling there. And she making her way through so thick an element, which will not yield easily, as the air or the water, it had been dangerous to have drawn so long a train behind her; for her enemy might fall upon her rear, and fetch her out, before she had compleated or got full possession of her works.'

I cannot forbear mentioning Mr. Boyle's remark upon this last creature, who, I remember, somewhere in his works observes, that though the mole be not totally blind (as it is commonly thought) she has not sight enough to distinguish particular objects. Her eye is said to have but one humour in it, which is supposed to give her the idea of light, but of nothing else, and is so formed that this idea is probably painful to the animal. Whenever she comes up into broad day, she might be in danger of being taken, unless she were thus affected by a light striking upon her eye, and immediately warning her to bury herself in her proper element. More sight would be useless to her, as none at all might be fatal[n].

I have only instanced such animals as seem the most imperfect works of nature; and if Providence shows itself even in the blemishes of these creatures, how much more does it discover itself in the several endowments which it has variously bestowed upon such creatures as are more or less finished and compleated in their several faculties, according to the condition of life in which they are posted.

I could wish our Royal Society would compile a body of natural history, the best that could be gathered together from

books and observations. If the several writers among them took each his particular species, and gave us a distinct account of its original, birth, and education; its policies, hostilities, and alliances, with the frame and texture of its inward and outward parts, and particularly those that distinguish it from all other animals, with their peculiar aptitudes for the state of being in which Providence has placed them, it would be one of the best services their studies could do mankind, and not a little redound to the glory of the all-wise Contriver.

It is true such a natural history, after all the disquisitions of the learned, would be infinitely short and defective. Seas and deserts hide millions of animals from our observation. Innumerable artifices and stratagems are acted in the howling wilderness and in the great deep, that can never come to our knowledge. Besides that there are infinitely more species of creatures which are not to be seen without, nor indeed with the help of the finest glasses, than of such as are bulky enough for the naked eye to take hold of. However, from the consideration of such animals as lie within the compass of our knowledge, we might easily form a conclusion of the rest, that the same variety of wisdom and goodness runs through the whole creation, and puts every creature in a condition to provide for its safety and subsistence in its proper station.

Tully has given us an admirable sketch of natural history, in his second book concerning the Nature of the Gods; and that in a style so raised by metaphors and descriptions, that it lifts the subject above raillery and ridicule, which frequently fall on such observations when they pass through the hands of an ordinary writer.

No. 227. *The Lover's Leap; letter from a physician and two disconsolate lovers.*

Ὦ μοι ἐγώ τί πάθω; τί ὁ δύσσοος; οὐχ ὑπακούεις;
Τὰν βαίταν ἀποδὺς εἰς κύματα τῆνα ἁλεῦμαι
Ὥπερ τὼς θύννως σκοπιάζεται Ὄλπις ὁ γριπεύς.
Κἤκα μὴ ᾽ποθάνω, τό γε μὰν τεὸν ἀδὺ τέτυκται.

THEOCRITUS.

In my last Thursday's paper[1], I made mention of a place

[1] No. 223: omitted from this selection.

called *the Lover's Leap*, which I find has raised a great curiosity among several of my correspondents. I there told them that this leap was used to be taken from a promontory of Leucas. This Leucas was formerly a part of Acarnania, being joined to it by a narrow neck of land, which the sea has by length of time overflowed and washed away; so that at present Leucas is divided from the continent, and is a little island in the Ionian sea. The promontory of this island, from whence the lover took his leap, was formerly called Leucate. If the reader has a mind to know both the island and the promontory by their modern titles, he will find in his map the ancient island of Leucas under the name of St. Mauro, and the ancient promontory of Leucate under the name of the Cape of St. Mauro.

Since I am engaged thus far in antiquity, I must observe, that Theocritus in the motto prefixed to my paper describes one of his despairing shepherds addressing himself to his mistress after the following manner: *Alas! what will become of me! wretch that I am! will you not hear me? I'll throw off my clothes, and take a leap into that part of the sea which is so much frequented by Olphis the fisher-man. And though I should escape with my life, I know you will be pleased with it.* I shall leave it with the critics to determine, whether the place which this shepherd so particularly points out was not the above-mentioned Leucate, or at least some other lover's leap, which was supposed to have had the same effect. I cannot believe, as all the interpreters do, that the shepherd means nothing farther here than that he would drown himself, since he represents the issue of his leap as doubtful, by adding, That if he should escape with life, he knows his mistress would be pleased with it; which is, according to our interpretation, that she would rejoice any way to get rid of a lover who was so troublesome to her.

After this short preface, I shall present my reader with some letters which I have received upon this subject. The first is sent me by a physician.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'The lover's leap, which you mentioned in your 223rd paper, was generally, I believe, a very effectual cure for love, and not only for love, but for all other evils. In short, Sir, I am afraid it was such a leap as that which Hero took to get rid of her passion

for Leander. A man is in no danger of breaking his heart, who breaks his neck to prevent it. I know very well the wonders which ancient authors relate concerning this leap; and in particular, that very many persons who tried it escaped not only with their lives but their limbs. If by this means they got rid of their love, though it may in part be ascribed to the reasons you give for it, why may not we suppose that the cold bath into which they plunged themselves had also some share in their cure? A leap into the sea, or into any creek of salt waters, very often gives a new motion to the spirits, and a new turn to the blood; for which reason we prescribe it in distempers which no other medicine will reach. I could produce a quotation out of a very venerable author, in which the frenzy produced by love is compared to that which is produced by the biting of a mad dog. But as this comparison is a little too coarse for your paper, and might look as if it were cited to ridicule the author who has made use of it, I shall only hint at it, and desire you to consider whether, if the frenzy produced by these two different causes be of the same nature, it may not very properly be cured by the same means.

'I am, Sir,

'Your most humble servant, and well-wisher,

'ÆSCULAPIUS.'

'MR. SPECTATOR,

I am a young woman crossed in love. My story is very long and melancholy. To give you the heads of it: A young gentleman, after having made his applications to me for three years together, and filled my head with a thousand dreams of happiness, some few days since married another. Pray tell me in what part of the world your promontory lies, which you call *the Lover's Leap*, and whether one may go to it by land? But, alas, I am afraid it has lost its virtue, and that a woman of our times would find no more relief in taking such a leap, than in singing an hymn to Venus. So that I must cry out with Dido in Dryden's Virgil.

"Àh! cruel heaven, that made no cure for love!"

'Your disconsolate servant,

'ATHENAIS.'

'MISTER SPICTATUR,

'My heart is full of lofes and passions for Mrs. Gwinifrid, and

she is so pettish and over-run with cholers against me, that if I had the good happiness to have my dwelling (which is placed by my creat-cranfather upon the pottom of an hill) no farther distance but twenty miles from the Lofer's Leap, I would indeed indefour to preck my neck upon it on purpose. Now, good mister Spictatur of Crete Pritain, you must know it, there is in Caernarvanshire a very pig mountain, the clory of all Wales, which is named Penmainmaure, and you must also know, it is no crete journey on foot from me; but the road is stony and bad for shooes. Now, there is upon the forehead of this mountain a very high rock, like a parish steeple, that cometh a huge deal over the sea; so when I am in my melancholies, and I do throw myself from it, I do desire my fery good friend to tell me in his Spictatur, if I shall be cure of my griefous lofes; for there is the sea clear as glass, and as creen as the leek: then likeways if I be drown, and preak my neck, if Mrs. Gwinifrid will not lofe me afterwards. Pray be speedy in your answers, for I am in creat haste, and it is my tesires to do my pusiness without loss of time. I remain with cordial affections, your ever loving friend,

'DAVYTH AP SHENKYN.'

'P.S. My law suits have brought me to London, but I have lost my causes; and so have made my resolutions to go down and leap before the frosts begin; for I am apt to take colds.'

Ridicule, perhaps, is a better expedient against love than sober advice, and I am of opinion, that Hudibras and Don Quixote may be as effectual to cure the extravagancies of this passion, as any of the old philosophers. I shall therefore publish very speedily the translation of a little Greek manuscript, which is sent me by a learned friend. It appears to have been a piece of those records which were kept in the temple of Apollo, that stood upon the promontory of Leucate. The reader will find it to be a summary account of several persons who tried the lover's leap, and of the success they have found in it. As there seem to be in it some anachronisms and deviations from the ancient orthography, I am not wholly satisfied myself that it is authentic, and not rather the production of one of those Grecian sophisters, who have imposed upon the world several spurious works of this nature. I speak this by way of precaution, because I know there are several writers of uncommon erudition, who would not

fail to expose my ignorance, if they caught me tripping in a matter of so great moment.—C.

No. 239. *Different methods of Disputation; Greek Philosophers; the Schoolmen; Club Law; the logic of Kings; arguing by torture—by bribery.*

Bella, horrida bella!—VIRG. Æn. vi. 86.

I have sometimes amused myself with considering the several methods of managing a debate which have obtained in the world.

The first races of mankind used to dispute, as our ordinary people do now-a-days, in a kind of wild logic, uncultivated by rules of art.

Socrates introduced a catechetical method of arguing. He would ask his adversary question upon question, till he had convinced him out of his own mouth that his opinions were wrong. This way of debating drives an enemy up into a corner, seizes all the passes through which he can make an escape, and forces him to surrender at discretion.

Aristotle changed this method of attack, and invented a great variety of little weapons, called syllogisms. As in the Socratic way of dispute you agree to every thing which your opponent advances, in the Aristotelic you are still denying and contradicting some part or other of what he says. Socrates conquers you by stratagem, Aristotle by force: the one takes the town by sap, the other sword in hand.

The universities of Europe for many years carried on their debates by syllogism, insomuch that we see the knowledge of several centuries laid out into objections and answers, and all the good sense of the age cut and minced into almost an infinitude of distinctions [n].

When our universities found that there was no end of wrangling this way, they invented a kind of argument, which is not reducible to any mood or figure in Aristotle. It was called the *argumentum basilinum*, (others write it *bacilinum*, or *baculinum*) which is pretty well expressed in our English word *club-law*. When they were not able to confute their antagonist, they knocked him down. It was their method in their polemical debates, first to discharge their syllogisms, and afterwards to betake them-

selves to their clubs, till such time as they had one way or other confounded their gainsayers. There is in Oxford a narrow defile, (to make use of a military term,) where the partizans used to encounter, for which reason it still retains the name of *Logic-lane*[n]. I have heard an old gentleman, a physician, make his boast that, when he was a young fellow, he marched several times at the head of a troop of *Scotists*, and cudgelled a body of *Smiglesians*[n] half the length of *High-street*, till they had dispersed themselves for shelter into their respective garrisons.

This humour, I find, went very far in Erasmus's[n] time. For that author tells us, That upon the revival of Greek letters, most of the universities in Europe were divided into Greeks and Trojans. The latter were those who bore a mortal enmity to the language of the Grecians, insomuch that if they met with any who understood it, they did not fail to treat him as a foe. Erasmus himself had, it seems, the misfortune to fall into the hands of a party of Trojans, who laid on him with so many blows and buffets, that he never forgot their hostilities to his dying day.

There is a way of managing an argument not much unlike the former, which is made use of by states and communities, when they draw up an hundred thousand disputants on each side, and convince one another by dint of sword. A certain grand monarch[n] was so sensible of his strength in this way of reasoning, that he writ upon his great guns—*Ratio ultima regum*, the logic of kings; but, God be thanked, he is now pretty well baffled at his own weapons. When one has to do with a philosopher of this kind, one should remember the old gentleman's saying, who had been engaged in an argument with one of the Roman emperors. Upon his friend's telling him, That he wondered he would give up the question, when he had visibly the better of the dispute; *I am never ashamed*, says he, *to be confuted by one who is master of fifty legions*[n].

I shall but just mention another kind of reasoning, which may be called arguing by poll; and another which is of equal force, in which wagers are made use of as arguments, according to the celebrated line in Hudibras[n].

But the most notable way of managing a controversy, is that which we may call *arguing by torture*. This is a method of reasoning which has been made use of with the poor refugees[n],

and which was so fashionable in our country during the reign of Queen Mary, that in a passage of an author quoted by Monsieur Bayle[n] it is said the price of wood was raised in England, by reason of the executions that were made in Smithfield. These disputants convince their adversaries with a *Sorites*[n], commonly called a pile of faggots. The rack is also a kind of syllogism which has been used with good effect, and has made multitudes of converts. Men were formerly disputed out of their doubts, reconciled to truth by force of reason, and won over to opinions by the candour, sense, and ingenuity of those who had the right on their side; but this method of conviction operated too slowly. Pain was found to be much more enlightening than reason. Every scruple was looked upon as obstinacy, and not to be removed but by several engines invented for that purpose. In a word, the application of whips, racks, gibbets, galleys, dungeons, fire and faggot, in a dispute, may be looked upon as popish refinements upon the old heathen logic[n].

There is another way of reasoning which seldom fails, though it be of a quite different nature to that I have last mentioned. I mean, convincing a man by ready money, or, as it is ordinarily called, bribing a man to an opinion. This method has often proved successful, when all the others have been made use of to no purpose. A man who is furnished with arguments from the mint will convince his antagonist much sooner than one who draws them from reason and philosophy. Gold is a wonderful clearer of the understanding; it dissipates every doubt and scruple in an instant; accommodates itself to the meanest capacities; silences the loud and clamorous; and brings over the most obstinate and inflexible. Philip of Macedon was a man of most invincible reason this way[n]. He refuted by it all the wisdom of Athens, confounded their statesmen, struck their orators dumb, and at length argued them out of all their liberties.

Having here touched upon the several methods of disputing, as they have prevailed in different ages of the world, I shall very suddenly give my reader an account of the whole art of cavilling; which shall be a full and satisfactory answer to all such papers and pamphlets as have yet appeared against the Spectator.—C.

No. 247. *Rhetoric comes natural to Women; Female Orators; the Scolds; the Censorious; the Gossips; the Coquettes; the causes of this remarkable fluency.*

Τῶν δ' ἀκάματος ῥέει αὐδὴ
Ἐκ στομάτων ἡδεῖα.

HESIOD.

Their untir'd lips a wordy torrent pour.

We are told by some ancient authors that Socrates was instructed in eloquence by a woman, whose name, if I am not mistaken, was Aspasia. I have indeed very often looked upon that art as the most proper for the female sex, and I think the universities would do well to consider, whether they should not fill the rhetoric-chairs with she-professors.

It has been said in the praise of some men, that they could talk whole hours together upon any thing; but it must be owned to the honour of the other sex, that there are many among them who can talk whole hours together upon nothing. I have known a woman branch out into a long extempore dissertation upon the edging of a petticoat, and chide her servant for breaking a china cup, in all the figures of rhetoric.

Were women admitted to plead in courts of judicature, I am persuaded they would carry the eloquence of the bar to greater heights than it has yet arrived at. If any one doubts this, let him but be present at those debates which frequently arise among the ladies of the British fishery.

The first kind therefore of female orators which I shall take notice of, are those who are employed in stirring up the passions, a part of rhetoric in which Socrates his wife[n] had perhaps made a greater proficiency than his above-mentioned teacher.

The second kind of female orators are those who deal in invectives, and who are commonly known by the name of the Censorious. The imagination and elocution of this set of rhetoricians is wonderful. With what fluency of invention, and copiousness of expression, will they enlarge upon every little slip in the behaviour of another? With how many different circumstances, and with what variety of phrases, will they tell over the same story? I have known an old lady make an unhappy marriage the subject of a month's conversation. She blamed the bride in one place; pitied her in another; laughed at her in

a third; wondered at her in a fourth; was angry with her in a fifth; and in short, wore out a pair of coach-horses in expressing her concern for her. At length, after having quite exhausted the subject on this side, she made a visit to the new married pair, praised the wife for the prudent choice she had made, told her the unreasonable reflexions which some malicious people had cast upon her, and desired that they might be better acquainted. The censure and approbation of this kind of women are therefore only to be considered as helps to discourse.

A third kind of female orators may be comprehended under the word Gossips. Mrs. Fiddle Faddle is perfectly accomplished in this sort of eloquence; she launches out into descriptions of christenings, runs divisions upon an head-dress, knows every dish of meat that is served up in her neighbourhood, and entertains her company a whole afternoon together with the wit of her little boy before he is able to speak.

The Coquette may be looked upon as a fourth kind of female orator. To give herself the larger field for discourse, she hates and loves in the same breath, talks to her lap-dog or parrot, is uneasy in all kinds of weather, and in every part of the room: she has false quarrels and feigned obligations to all the men of her acquaintance; sighs when she is not sad, and laughs when she is not merry. The coquette is in particular a great mistress of that part of oratory which is called action, and indeed seems to speak for no other purpose, but as it gives her an opportunity of stirring a limb or varying a feature, of glancing her eyes or playing with her fan.

As for news-mongers, politicians, mimics, story-tellers, with other characters of that nature, which give birth to loquacity, they are as commonly found among the men as the women; for which reason I shall pass them over in silence.

I have often been puzzled to assign a cause why women should have this talent of a ready utterance in so much greater perfection than men. I have sometimes fancied that they have not a retentive power, or the faculty of suppressing their thoughts, as men have, but that they are necessitated to speak every thing they think, and if so, it would perhaps furnish a very strong argument to the Cartesians[n], for the supporting of their doctrine that the soul always thinks. But as several are of opinion that the fair sex are not altogether strangers to the art of dissembling

and concealing their thoughts, I have been forced to relinquish that opinion, and have therefore endeavoured to seek after some better reason. In order to it, a friend of mine, who is an excellent anatomist, has promised me by the first opportunity to dissect a woman's tongue, and to examine whether there may not be in it certain juices which render it so wonderfully voluble or flippant, or whether the fibres of it may not be made up of a finer or more pliant thread, or whether there are not in it some particular muscles which dart it up and down by such sudden glances and vibrations; or whether, in the last place, there may not be certain undiscovered channels running from the head and heart, to this little instrument of loquacity, and conveying into it a perpetual affluence of animal spirits. Nor must I omit the reason which Hudibras has given[n], why those who can talk on trifles speak with the greatest fluency; namely, that the tongue is like a race-horse, which runs the faster the lesser weight it carries.

Which of these reasons soever may be looked upon as the most probable, I think the Irishman's thought was very natural, who, after some hours conversation with a female orator, told her that he believed her tongue was very glad when she was asleep, for that it had not a moment's rest all the while she was awake.

That excellent old ballad of the 'Wanton Wife of Bath'[n] has the following remarkable lines.

> I think, quoth Thomas, women's tongues
> Of aspen leaves are made.

And Ovid, though in the description of a very barbarous circumstance, tells us, That when the tongue of a beautiful female was cut out, and thrown upon the ground, it could not forbear muttering even in that posture.

> Comprensam forcipe linguam
> Abstulit ense fero. Radix micat ultima linguæ.
> Ipsa jacet, terræque tremens immurmurat atræ;
> Utque salire solet mutilatæ cauda colubræ,
> Palpitat.
>
> MET. vi. 556.

If a tongue would be talking without a mouth, what could it have done when it had all its organs of speech, and accomplices of sound about it? I might here mention the story of the pippin woman, had I not some reason to look upon it as fabulous.

I must confess that I am so wonderfully charmed with the music of this little instrument, that I would by no means discourage it. All that I aim at by this dissertation is, to cure it of several disagreeable notes, and in particular of those little jarrings and dissonances which arise from anger, censoriousness, gossiping, and coquetry. In short, I would always have it tuned by good nature, truth, discretion, and sincerity.—C.

No. 261. *On Courtship and Marriage; long engagements; grounds of choice; happiness arising from a virtuous marriage.*

Γάμος γὰρ ἀνθρώποισιν εὐκταῖον κακόν.—Frag. Vet. Poet.

Wedlock's an ill men eagerly embrace.

My father, whom I mentioned in my first speculation, and whom I must always name with honour and gratitude, has very frequently talked to me upon the subject of marriage. I was in my younger years engaged, partly by his advice, and partly by my own inclinations, in the courtship of a person who had a great deal of beauty, and did not at my first approaches seem to have any aversion to me; but, as my natural taciturnity hindered me from shewing myself to the best advantage, she by degrees began to look upon me as a very silly fellow, and being resolved to regard merit more than any thing else in the persons who made their applications to her, she married a captain of dragoons, who happened to be beating up for recruits in those parts.

This unlucky accident has given me an aversion to pretty fellows ever since, and discouraged me from trying my fortune with the fair sex. The observations which I made in this conjuncture, and the repeated advices which I received at that time from the good old man above-mentioned, have produced the following essay upon love and marriage.

The pleasantest part of a man's life is generally that which passes in courtship, provided his passion be sincere, and the party beloved kind with discretion. Love, desire, hope, all the pleasing motions of the soul rise in the pursuit.

It is easier for an artful man who is not in love to persuade his mistress he has a passion for her, and to succeed in his pursuits, than for one who loves with the greatest violence. True love has ten thousand griefs, impatiences, and resentments, that render

a man unamiable in the eyes of the person whose affections he solicits; besides that it sinks his figure, gives him fears, apprehensions, and poorness of spirit, and often makes him appear ridiculous where he has a mind to recommend himself.

Those marriages generally abound most with love and constancy that are preceded by a long courtship. The passion should strike root, and gather strength before marriage be grafted on it. A long course of hopes and expectations fixes the idea in our minds, and habituates us to a fondness of the person beloved. There is nothing of so great importance to us, as the good qualities of one to whom we join ourselves for life; they do not only make our present state agreeable, but often determine our happiness to all eternity. Where the choice is left to friends, the chief point under consideration is an estate: where the parties chuse for themselves, their thoughts turn most upon the person. They have both their reasons. The first would procure many conveniences and pleasures of life to the party whose interest they espouse; and at the same time may hope that the wealth of their friend will turn to their own credit and advantage. The others are preparing for themselves a perpetual feast. A good person does not only raise, but continue love, and breeds a secret pleasure and complacency in the beholder. It puts the wife or husband in countenance both among friends and strangers, and generally fills the family with a healthy and beautiful race of children.

I should prefer a woman that is agreeable in my own eye, and not deformed in that of the world, to a celebrated beauty. If you marry one remarkably beautiful, you must have a violent passion for her, or you have not the proper taste of her charms; and if you have such a passion for her, it is odds that it will be imbittered with fears and prejudices.

Good nature and evenness of temper will give you an easy companion for life; virtue and good sense, an agreeable friend; love and constancy a good wife or husband. Where we meet one person with all these accomplishments, we find an hundred without any one of them. The world, notwithstanding, is more intent on trains and equipages, and all the showy parts of life; we love rather to dazzle the multitude, than consult our proper interests; and, as I have elsewhere observed, it is one of the most unaccountable passions of human nature, that we are at greater pains to appear easy and happy to others, than really to make

ourselves so. Of all disparities, that in humour makes the most unhappy marriages, yet scarce enters into our thoughts at the contracting of them. Several that are in this respect unequally yoked, and uneasy for life, with a person of a particular character, might have been pleased and happy with a person of a contrary one, notwithstanding they are both perhaps equally virtuous and laudable in their kind.

Before marriage we cannot be too inquisitive and discerning in the faults of the person beloved, nor after it too dim-sighted and superficial. However perfect and accomplished the person appears to you at a distance, you will find many blemishes and imperfections in her humour upon a more intimate acquaintance, which you never discovered or perhaps suspected. Here therefore discretion and good-nature are to shew their strength; the first will hinder your thoughts from dwelling on what is disagreeable, the other will raise in you all the tenderness of compassion and humanity, and by degrees soften those very imperfections into beauties.

Marriage enlarges the scene of our happiness and miseries. A marriage of love is pleasant; a marriage of interest easy; and a marriage where both meet, happy. A happy marriage has in it all the pleasures of friendship, all the enjoyments of sense and reason, and indeed, all the sweets of life. Nothing is a greater mark of a degenerate and vicious age, than the common ridicule which passes on this state of life. It is, indeed, only happy in those who can look down with scorn or neglect on the impieties of the times, and tread the paths of life together in a constant uniform course of virtue.

No. 343. *Transmigrations; Jack Freelove's Letter.*

Errat, et illinc
Huc venit, hinc illuc, et quoslibet occupat artus
Spiritus: eque feris humana in corpora transit,
Inque feras noster.
Pythag. ap. Ovid. Metam. xv, 165.

Will Honeycomb, who loves to shew upon occasion all the little learning he has picked up, told us yesterday at the club, that he thought there might be a great deal said for the transmigration of souls, and that the eastern parts of the world believed in that

doctrine to this day. 'Sir Paul Rycaut[n],' says he, 'gives us an account of several well-disposed Mahometans that purchase the freedom of any little bird they see confined to a cage, and think they merit as much by it, as we should do here by ransoming any of our countrymen from their captivity at Algiers. You must know,' says Will, 'the reason is, because they consider every animal as a brother or sister in disguise, and think themselves obliged to extend their charity to them, though under such mean circumstances. They'll tell you,' says Will, 'that the soul of a man, when he dies, immediately passes into the body of another man, or of some brute, which he resembled in his humour, or his fortune, when he was one of us.'

As I was wondering what this profusion of learning would end in, Will told us that Jack Freelove, who was a fellow of whim, made love to one of those ladies who throw away all their fondness on parrots, monkeys, and lap-dogs. Upon going to pay her a visit one morning, he wrote a pretty epistle upon this hint. 'Jack,' says he, 'was conducted into the parlour, where he diverted himself for some time with her favourite monkey, which was chained in one of the windows; till at length, observing a pen and ink lie by him, he writ the following letter to his mistress, in the person of the monkey; and upon her not coming down so soon as he expected, left it in the window, and went about his business.

'The lady soon after coming into the parlour, and seeing her monkey look upon a paper with great earnestness, took it up, and to this day is in some doubt,' says Will, 'whether it was writ by Jack or the monkey.'

'MADAM,

'Not having the gift of speech, I have a long time waited in vain for an opportunity of making myself known to you; and having at present the conveniences of pen, ink, and paper, by me, I gladly take the occasion of giving you my history in writing, which I could not do by word of mouth. You must know, Madam, that about a thousand years ago I was an Indian Brachman, and versed in all those mysterious secrets which your European philosopher, called Pythagoras, is said to have learned from our fraternity. I had so ingratiated myself by my great skill in the occult sciences with a dæmon whom I used to

converse with, that he promised to grant me whatever I should ask of him. I desired that my soul might never pass into the body of a brute creature; but this he told me was not in his power to grant me. I then begged, that into whatever creature I should chance to transmigrate, I might still retain my memory, and be conscious that I was the same person who lived in different animals. This he told me was within his power, and accordingly promised on the word of a dæmon that he would grant me what I desired. From that time forth I lived so very unblameably, that I was made president of a college of Brachmans, an office which I discharged with great integrity till the day of my death.

'I was then shuffled into another human body, and acted my part so very well in it, that I became first minister to a prince who reigned upon the banks of the Ganges. I here lived in great honour for several years, but by degrees lost all the innocence of the Brachman, being obliged to rifle and oppress the people to enrich my sovereign: till at length I became so odious, that my master, to recover his credit with his subjects, shot me through the heart with an arrow, as I was one day addressing myself to him at the head of his army.

'Upon my next remove I found myself in the woods, under the shape of a jackall, and soon listed myself in the service of a lion. I used to yelp near his den about midnight, which was his time of rousing and seeking after his prey. He always followed me in the rear, and when I had run down a fat buck, a wild goat, or an hare, after he had feasted very plentifully upon it himself, would now and then throw me a bone that was but half picked for my encouragement; but upon my being unsuccessful in two or three chases, he gave me such a confounded gripe in his anger, that I died of it.

'In my next transmigration I was again set upon two legs, and became an Indian tax-gatherer; but having been guilty of great extravagances, and being married to an expensive jade of a wife, I ran so cursedly in debt, that I durst not shew my head. I could no sooner step out of my house, but I was arrested by somebody or other that lay in wait for me. As I ventured abroad one night in the dusk of the evening, I was taken up and hurried into a dungeon, where I died a few months after.

'My soul then entered into a flying-fish, and in that state led a most melancholy life for the space of six years. Several fishes of

prey pursued me when I was in the water, and if I betook myself to my wings, it was ten to one but I had a flock of birds aiming at me. As I was one day flying amidst a fleet of English ships, I observed a huge sea-gull whetting his bill and hovering just over my head: upon my dipping into the water to avoid him, I fell into the mouth of a monstrous shark, that swallowed me down in an instant.

'I was some years afterwards, to my great surprise, an eminent banker in Lombard-street; and remembering how I had formerly suffered for want of money, became so very sordid and avaricious, that the whole town cried shame of me. I was a miserable little old fellow to look upon, for I had in a manner starved myself, and was nothing but skin and bone when I died.

'I was afterwards very much troubled and amazed to find myself dwindled into an emmet. I was heartily concerned to make so insignificant a figure, and did not know but some time or other I might be reduced to a mite if I did not mend my manners. I therefore applied myself with greater diligence to the offices that were allotted me, and was generally looked upon as the notablest ant in the whole molehill. I was at last picked up, as I was groaning under a burden, by an unlucky cock-sparrow that lived in our neighbourhood, and had before made great depredations upon our commonwealth.

'I then bettered my condition a little, and lived a whole summer in the shape of a bee; but being tired with the painful and penurious life I had undergone in my two last transmigrations, I fell into the other extreme, and turned drone. As I one day headed a party to plunder an hive, we were received so warmly by the swarm which defended it, that we were most of us left dead upon the spot.

'I might tell you of many other transmigrations I went through; how I was a town-rake, and afterwards did penance in a bay gelding for ten years; as also how I was a tailor, a shrimp, and a tom-tit. In the last of these my shapes I was shot in the Christmas holidays by a young jack-a-napes, who would needs try his new gun upon me.

'But I shall pass over these and several other stages of life, to remind you of the young beau who made love to you about six years since. You may remember, Madam, how he masked, and danced, and sung, and played a thousand tricks to gain you; and

how he was at last carried off by a cold that he got under your window one night in a serenade. I was that unfortunate young fellow, whom you were then so cruel to. Not long after my shifting that unlucky body, I found myself upon a hill in Æthiopia, where I lived in my present grotesque shape, till I was caught by a servant of the English factory [n], and sent over into Great Britain: I need not inform you how I came into your hands. You see, Madam, this is not the first time you have had me in a chain: I am, however, very happy in this my captivity, as you often bestow on me those kisses and caresses which I would have given the world for, when I was a man. I hope this discovery of my person will not tend to my disadvantage, but that you will still continue your accustomed favours to

'Your most devoted humble servant,

'PUGG.'

'P.S.—I would advise your little shock-dog to keep out of my way: for, as I look upon him to be the most formidable of my rivals, I may chance one time or other to give him such a snap as he won't like.'—L.

No. 475. *On Advice; it is oftener asked than taken; Letter from B. D.*

Quæ res in se neque consilium neque modum
Habet ullum, eam consilio regere non potes. TER.

It is an old observation, which has been made of politicians who would rather ingratiate themselves with their sovereign, than promote his real service, that they accommodate their counsels to his inclinations, and advise him to such actions only as his heart is naturally set upon. The privy-councillor of one in love must observe the same conduct, unless he would forfeit the friendship of the person who desires his advice. I have known several odd cases of this nature. Hipparchus was going to marry a common woman, but being resolved to do nothing without the advice of his friend Philander, he consulted him upon the occasion. Philander told him his mind freely, and represented his mistress to him in such strong colours, that the next morning he received a challenge for his pains, and before twelve o'clock was run through the body by the man who had asked his advice.

Celia was more prudent on the like occasion; she desired Leonilla to give her opinion freely upon a young fellow who made his addresses to her. Leonilla, to oblige her, told with great frankness, that she looked upon him as one of the most worthless ——. Celia, foreseeing what a character she was to expect, begged her not to go on, for that she had been privately married to him above a fortnight. The truth of it is, a woman seldom asks advice before she has bought her wedding clothes. When she has made her own choice, for form's sake, she sends a *Congé d'Elire* [n] to her friends.

If we look into the secret springs and motives that set people at work on these occasions, and put them upon asking advice which they never intend to take, I look upon it to be none of the least, that they are incapable of keeping a secret which is so very pleasing to them. A girl longs to tell her confident that she hopes to be married in a little time, and, in order to talk of the pretty fellow that dwells so much in her thoughts, asks her very gravely, what she would advise her to do in a case of so much difficulty. Why else should Melissa, who had not a thousand pounds in the world, go into every quarter of the town to ask her acquaintance whether they would advise her to take Tom Townley, that made his addresses to her with an estate of five thousand a year? It was very pleasant on this occasion to hear the lady propose her doubts, and to see the pains she is at to get over them.

I must not here omit a practice which is in use among the vainer part of our own sex, who will often ask a friend's advice in relation to a fortune whom they are never likely to come at. Will Honeycomb, who is now on the verge of threescore, took me aside not long since, and asked me in his most serious look, whether I would advise him to marry my Lady Betty Single, who, by the way, is one of the greatest fortunes about town. I stared him full in the face upon so strange a question; upon which he immediately gave me an inventory of her jewels and estate, adding, that he was resolved to do nothing in a matter of such consequence without my approbation. Finding he would have an answer, I told him, if he could get the lady's consent, he had mine. This is about the tenth match which, to my knowledge, Will has consulted his friends upon, without ever opening his mind to the party herself.

I have been engaged in this subject by the following letter,

which comes to me from some notable young female scribe, who, by the contents of it, seems to have carried matters so far, that she is ripe for asking advice; but as I would not lose her good-will, nor forfeit the reputation which I have with her for wisdom, I shall only communicate the letter to the public, without returning any answer to it.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'Now, Sir, the thing is this: Mr. Shapely is the prettiest gentleman about town. He is very tall, but not too tall neither. He dances like an angel. His mouth is made, I don't know how, but it is the prettiest that I ever saw in my life. He is always laughing, for he has an infinite deal of wit. If you did but see how he rolls his stocking! He has a thousand pretty fancies, and I am sure, if you saw him, you would like him. He is a very good scholar, and can talk Latin as fast as English. I wish you could but see him dance. Now you must understand poor Mr. Shapely has no estate; but how can he help that, you know? And yet my friends are so unreasonable as to be always teazing me about him, because he has no estate; but I am sure he has that that is better than an estate; for he is a good-natured, ingenious, modest, civil, tall, well-bred, handsome man; and I am obliged to him for his civilities ever since I saw him. I forgot to tell you, that he has black eyes, and looks upon me now and then as if he had tears in them. And yet my friends are so unreasonable that they would have me be uncivil to him. I have a good portion which they cannot hinder me of, and I shall be fourteen on the 29th day of August next, and am therefore willing to settle in the world as soon as I can, and so is Mr. Shapely. But every body I advise with here is poor Mr. Shapely's enemy. I desire therefore you will give me your advice, for I know you are a wise man; and if you advise me well, I am resolved to follow it. I heartily wish you could see him dance, and am, Sir,

'Your most humble servant,

'He loves your Spectators mightily.'—C. 'B. D.'

No. 476. *On the Regular and Irregular Styles of Composition; Tom Puzzle and Will Dry.*

Lucidus ordo.—HOR.

Among my daily papers which I bestow on the public, there are

some which are written with regularity and method, and others that run out into the wildness of those compositions which go by the name of Essays. As for the first, I have the whole scheme of the discourse in my mind before I set pen to paper. In the other kind of writing, it is sufficient that I have several thoughts on a subject, without troubling myself to range them in such order, that they may seem to grow out of one another, and be disposed under their proper heads. Seneca and Montaigne are patterns for writing in this last kind, as Tully and Aristotle excel in the other. When I read an author of genius who writes without method, I fancy myself in a wood that abounds with a great many noble objects, rising among one another, in the greatest confusion and disorder. When I read a methodical discourse, I am in a regular plantation, and can place myself in its several centres, so as to take a view of all the lines and walks that are struck from them. You may ramble in the one a whole day together, and every moment discover something or other that is new to you; but when you have done, you will have but a confused imperfect notion of the place: in the other your eye commands the whole prospect, and gives you such an idea of it, as is not easily worn out of the memory.

Irregularity and want of method, are only supportable in men of great learning or genius, who are often too full to be exact, and therefore chuse to throw down their pearls in heaps before the reader, rather than be at the pains of stringing them.

Method is of advantage to the work, both in respect to the writer and the reader. In regard to the first, it is a great help to his invention. When a man has planned his discourse, he finds a great many thoughts rising out of every head, that do not offer themselves upon the general survey of a subject. His thoughts are at the same time more intelligible, and better discover their drift and meaning, when they are placed in their proper lights, and follow one another in a regular series, than when they are thrown together without order and connexion. There is always an obscurity in confusion, and the same sentence that would have enlightened the reader in one part of the discourse, perplexes him in another. For the same reason likewise every thought in a methodical discourse shews itself in its greatest beauty, as the several figures in a piece of painting receive new grace from their disposition in the picture. The advantages of

a reader from a methodical discourse, are correspondent with those of the writer. He comprehends everything easily, takes it in with pleasure, and retains it long.

Method is not less requisite in ordinary conversation than in writing, provided a man would talk to make himself understood. I, who hear a thousand coffee-house debates every day, am very sensible of this want of method in the thoughts of my honest countrymen. There is not one dispute in ten which is managed in those schools of politics, where, after the three first sentences, the question is not entirely lost. Our disputants put me in mind of the skuttle-fish, that, when he is unable to extricate himself, blackens all the water about him till he becomes invisible. The man who does not know how to methodize his thoughts, has always, to borrow a phrase from the *Dispensary, a barren superfluity of words*[n]; the fruit is lost amidst the exuberance of leaves.

Tom Puzzle is one of the most eminent immethodical disputants of any that has fallen under my observation. Tom has read enough to make him very impertinent; his knowledge is sufficient to raise doubts, but not to clear them. It is pity that he has so much learning, or that he has not a great deal more. With these qualifications Tom sets up for a free-thinker, finds a great many things to blame in the constitution of his country, and gives shrewd intimations that he does not believe another world. In short, Puzzle is an atheist as much as his parts will give him leave. He has got about half a dozen common place topics, into which he never fails to turn the conversation, whatever was the occasion of it: though the matter in debate be about Douay or Denain[n], it is ten to one but half his discourse runs upon the unreasonableness and bigotry of priestcraft. This makes Mr. Puzzle the admiration of all those who have less sense than himself, and the contempt of all those who have more. There is none in town whom Tom dreads so much as my friend Will Dry. Will, who is acquainted with Tom's logic, when he finds him running off the question, cuts him short with a 'What then? We allow all this to be true, but what is it to our present purpose?' I have known Tom eloquent half an hour together, and triumphing, as he thought, in the superiority of the arguments, when he has been nonplussed on a sudden by Mr. Dry's desiring him to tell the company what it was that he endeavoured to prove.

In short, Dry is a man of a clear methodical head, but few words, and gains the same advantages over Puzzle, that a small body of regular troops would gain over a numberless and undisciplined militia.—C.

No. 487. *On Dreams; proof which they furnish of the independence of the soul on the body.*

Cum prostrata sopore
Urget membra quies, et mens sine pondere ludit. PETR.

Though there are many authors who have written on dreams, they have generally considered them only as revelations of what has already happened in distant parts of the world, or as presages of what is to happen in future periods of time.

I shall consider this subject in another light, as dreams may give us some idea of the great excellency of an human soul, and some intimation of its independency on matter.

In the first place, our dreams are great instances of that activity which is natural to the human soul, and which it is not in the power of sleep to deaden or abate. When the man appears tired and worn out with the labours of the day, this active part in his composition is still busied and unwearied. When the organs of sense want their due repose and necessary reparations, and the body is no longer able to keep pace with that spiritual substance to which it is united, the soul exerts herself in her several faculties, and continues in action till her partner is again qualified to bear her company. In this case dreams look like the relaxations and amusements of the soul, when she is disencumbered of her machine; her sports and recreations, when she has laid her charge asleep.

In the second place, dreams are an instance of that agility and perfection which is natural to the faculties of the mind, when they are disengaged from the body. The soul is clogged and retarded in her operations, when she acts in conjunction with a companion that is so heavy and unwieldy in its motions. But in dreams it is wonderful to observe with what a sprightliness and alacrity she exerts herself. The slow of speech make unpremeditated harangues, or converse readily in languages that they are but little acquainted with. The grave abound in pleasantries, the dull in repartees and points of wit. There is not a more

painful action of the mind than invention; yet in dreams it works with that ease and activity, that we are not sensible when the faculty is employed. For instance, I believe every one, some time or other, dreams that he is reading papers, books, or letters: in which case the invention prompts so readily, that the mind is imposed upon, and mistakes its own suggestions for the compositions of another.

I shall, under this head, quote a passage out of the *Religio Medici*[n], in which the ingenious author gives an account of himself, in his dreaming and his waking thoughts. 'We are somewhat more than ourselves in our sleeps, and the slumber of the body seems to be but the waking of the soul. It is the ligation of sense, but the liberty of reason; and our waking conceptions do not match the fancies of our sleeps. At my nativity my ascendant was the watery sign of Scorpius: I was born in the planetary hour of Saturn, and I think I have a piece of that leaden planet in me. I am no ways facetious, nor disposed for the mirth and galliardize of company; yet in one dream I can compose a whole comedy, behold the action, apprehend the jests, and laugh myself awake at the conceits thereof. Were my memory as faithful as my reason is then fruitful, I would never study but in my dreams; and this time also would I chuse for my devotions; but our grosser memories have then so little hold of our abstracted understandings, that they forget the story, and can only relate to our awakened souls a confused and broken tale of that that has passed.—Thus it is observed, that men sometimes, upon the hour of their departure, do speak and reason above themselves: for then the soul beginning to be freed from the ligaments of the body, begins to reason like herself, and to discourse in a strain above mortality[n].'

We may likewise observe in the third place, that the passions affect the mind with greater strength when we are asleep, than when we are awake. Joy and sorrow give us more vigorous sensations of pain or pleasure at this time, than at any other. Devotion likewise, as the excellent author above mentioned has hinted, is in a very particular manner heightened and enflamed, when it rises in the soul at a time that the body is thus laid at rest. Every man's experience will inform him in this matter, though it is very probable that this may happen differently in different constitutions. I shall conclude this head with the two

following problems, which I shall leave to the solution of my reader. Supposing a man always happy in his dreams, and miserable in his waking thoughts, and that his life was equally divided between them, whether would he be more happy or miserable? Were a man a king in his dreams, and a beggar awake, and dreamt as consequentially, and in as continued unbroken schemes as he thinks when awake, whether he would be in reality a king or a beggar, or rather whether he would not be both?

There is another circumstance, which, methinks, gives us a very high idea of the nature of the soul, in regard to what passes in dreams: I mean that innumerable multitude and variety of ideas which then arise in her. Were that active watchful being only conscious of her own existence at such a time, what a painful solitude would her hours of sleep be? Were the soul sensible of her being alone in her sleeping moments after the same manner that she is sensible of it while awake, the time would hang very heavy on her, as it often actually does when she dreams that she is in such solitude.

> Semperque relinqui
> Sola sibi, semper longam incomitata videtur
> Ire viam.—VIRG. *Æn.* iv. 466.
>
> She seems alone
> To wander in her sleep through ways unknown,
> Guideless and dark.—DRYDEN.

But this observation I only make by the way. What I would here remark, is that wonderful power in the soul of producing her own company on these occasions. She converses with numberless beings of her own creation, and is transported into ten thousand scenes of her own raising. She is herself the theatre, the actors, and the beholder. This puts me in mind of a saying which I am infinitely pleased with, and which Plutarch ascribes to Heraclitus, 'That all men, whilst they are awake, are in one common world; but that each of them, when he is asleep, is in a world of his own[n].' The waking man is conversant in the world of nature; when he sleeps he retires to a private world that is particular to himself. There seems something in this consideration that intimates to us a natural grandeur and perfection in the soul, which is rather to be admired than explained.

I must not omit that argument for the excellency of the soul,

which I have seen quoted out of Tertullian[n], namely its power of divining in dreams. That several such divinations have been made, none can question who believes the holy writings, or who has but the least degree of a common historical faith; there being innumerable instances of this nature in several authors, both ancient and modern, sacred and profane. Whether such dark presages, such visions of the night, proceed from any latent power in the soul during this her state of abstraction, or from any communication with the Supreme Being, or from any operation of subordinate spirits, has been a great dispute among the learned;—the matter of fact is, I think, incontestable, and has been looked upon as such by the greatest writers, who have never been suspected either of superstition or enthusiasm.

I do not suppose that the soul in these instances is entirely loose and unfettered from the body: it is sufficient, if she is not so far sunk and immersed in matter, nor entangled and perplexed in her operations with such motions of blood and spirits, as when she actuates the machine in its waking hours. The corporeal union is slackened enough to give the mind more play. The soul seems gathered within herself, and recovers that spring which is broke and weakened, when she operates more in concert with the body.

The speculations I have here made, if they are not arguments, they are at least strong intimations not only of the excellency of a human soul, but of its independence on the body; and if they do not prove, do at least confirm those two great points, which are established by many other reasons that are altogether unanswerable.—O.

No. 495. *The Jews; their numbers; their dispersion; their adherence to their Religion.*

> Duris ut ilex tonsa bipennibus
> Nigræ feraci frondis in Algido,
> Per damna, per cædes, ab ipso
> Ducit opes animumque ferro.
> HOR. Od. iv. 57.

As I am one, who, by my profession, am obliged to look into all kinds of men, there are none whom I consider with so much pleasure, as those who have anything new or extraordinary in their characters, or ways of living. For this reason I have often

amused myself with speculations on the race of people called Jews, many of whom I have met with in most of the considerable towns which I have passed through in the course of my travels. They are, indeed, so disseminated through all the trading parts of the world, that they are become the instruments by which the most distant nations converse with one another, and by which mankind are knit together in a general correspondence: they are like the pegs and nails in a great building, which, though they are but little valued in themselves, are absolutely necessary to keep the whole frame together.

That I may not fall into any common beaten tracks of observation, I shall consider this people in three views: first, with regard to their number; secondly, their dispersion; and, thirdly, their adherence to their religion: and afterwards endeavour to shew, first, what natural reasons, and, secondly, what providential reasons may be assigned for these three remarkable particulars.

The Jews are looked upon by many to be as numerous at present, as they were formerly in the land of Canaan. This is wonderful, considering the dreadful slaughter made of them under some of the Roman emperors, which historians describe by the death of many hundred thousands in a war; and the innumerable massacres and persecutions they have undergone in Turkey, as well as in all Christian nations of the world. The Rabbins, to express the great havoc which has sometimes been made of them, tell us, after their usual manner of hyperbole, that there were such torrents of holy blood shed as carried rocks of an hundred yards in circumference above three miles into the sea.

Their dispersion is the second remarkable particular in this people. They swarm over all the East, and are settled in the remotest parts of China; they are spread through most of the nations of Europe and Africa, and many families of them are established in the West Indies: not to mention whole nations bordering on Prester John's country[n], and some discovered in the inner parts of America, if we may give any credit to their own writers.

Their firm adherence to their religion is no less remarkable than their numbers and dispersion, especially considering it as persecuted or contemned over the face of the whole earth[n]. This is likewise the more remarkable, if we consider the frequent

apostasies of this people when they lived under their kings, in the land of Promise, and within sight of their temple.

If in the next place we examine, what may be the natural reasons for these three particulars which we find in the Jews, and which are not to be found in any other religion or people, I can, in the first place, attribute their numbers to nothing but their constant employment, their abstinence, their exemption from wars, and above all, their frequent marriages; for they look on celibacy as an accursed state, and generally are married before twenty, as hoping the Messiah may descend from them.

The dispersion of the Jews into all the nations of the earth is the second remarkable particular of that people, though not so hard to be accounted for. They were always in rebellions and tumults while they had the temple and holy city in view, for which reason they have often been driven out of their old habitations in the land of Promise. They have as often been banished out of most other places where they have settled, which must very much disperse and scatter a people, and oblige them to seek a livelihood where they can find it. Besides, the whole people is now a race of such merchants as are wanderers by profession, and at the same time are in most, if not all, places incapable of either lands or offices, that might engage them to make any part of the world their home.

This dispersion would probably have lost their religion, had it not been secured by the strength of its constitution: for they are to live all in a body, and generally within the same inclosure; to marry among themselves, and to eat no meats that are not killed or prepared their own way. This shuts them out from all table conversation, and the most agreeable intercourses of life; and, by consequence, excludes them from the most probable means of conversion.

If, in the last place, we consider what providential reason may be assigned for these three particulars, we shall find that their numbers, dispersion, and adherence to their religion, have furnished every age and every nation of the world with the strongest arguments for the Christian faith, not only as these very particulars are foretold of them, but as they themselves are the depositaries of these and all the other prophecies, which tend to their own confusion. Their number furnishes us with a sufficient cloud of witnesses that attest the truth of the old Bible. Their dispersion

spreads these witnesses through all parts of the world. The adherence to their religion makes their testimony unquestionable. Had the whole body of the Jews been converted to Christianity, we should certainly have thought all the prophecies of the Old Testament, that relate to the coming and history of our blessed Saviour, forged by Christians, and have looked upon them, with the prophecies of the Sibyls, as made many years after the events they pretended to foretel.—O.

IX.

HYMNS.

No. 441. *Trust in God.*

Si fractus illabatur orbis,
Inpavidum ferient ruinæ.
HOR. Od. iii. 3.

* * * * * *

I.

The Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care:
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye:
My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

II.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales, and dewy meads,
My weary wand'ring steps he leads;
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landskip flow.

III.

Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

IV.

Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile:
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And streams shall murmur all around.—C.

No. 453. *Providence.*

Non usitata nec tenui ferar
Penna.

HOR. Od. ii. 20.

* * * * * *

When all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

O how shall words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare
That glows within my ravish'd heart?
But thou canst read it there.

Thy Providence my life sustain'd,
And all my wants redress'd,
When in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.

To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learn'd
To form themselves in prayer.

Unnumber'd comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flow'd.

When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm unseen convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man.

Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,
It gently clear'd my way,
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be fear'd than they.

When worn with sickness, oft hast thou
With health renew'd my face,
And when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Revived my soul with grace.

Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss
Has made my cup run o'er,
And in a kind and faithful friend
Has doubled all my store.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death in distant worlds
The glorious theme renew.

When nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works no more,
My ever grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy shall adore.

Through all eternity to thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
For, oh! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.—C.

No. 465. *The Confirmation of Faith.*

Qua ratione queas traducere leniter ævum:
Ne te semper inops agitet vexetque cupido;
Ne pavor, et rerum mediocriter utilium spes.
HOR. Epist. i. 18. 97.

* * * * * *

The Supreme Being has made the best arguments for his own existence in the formation of the heavens and earth; and these

are arguments which a man of sense cannot forbear attending to, who is out of the noise and hurry of human affairs. Aristotle says, that should a man live under ground, and there converse with works of art and mechanism, and should afterwards be brought up into the open day, and see the several glories of the heaven and earth, he would immediately pronounce them the works of such a being as we define God to be. The psalmist has very beautiful strokes of poetry to this purpose in that exalted strain, 'The heavens declare the glory of God: and the firmament sheweth his handy-work. One day telleth another: and one night certifieth another. There is neither speech nor language: but their voices are heard among them. Their sound is gone out into all the lands: and their words unto the ends of the world.' As such a bold and sublime manner of thinking furnished very noble matter for an ode, the reader may see it wrought into the following one.

I.

The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great original proclaim:
Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an almighty hand.

II.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth:
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

III.

What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball?

What though nor real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found?
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing, as they shine,
'The hand that made us is divine.'—C.

No. 489. *Thanksgiving after Travel.*

Βαθυρρείταο μέγα σθένος Ὠκεανοῖο.—Hom.

[The great might of the deep-flowing Ocean stream.]

* * * * * *

I.

How are thy servants blest, O Lord!
How sure is their defence!
Eternal Wisdom is their guide,
Their help Omnipotence.

II.

In foreign realms and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes I pass'd unhurt,
And breathed in tainted air.

III.

Thy mercy sweeten'd every soil,
Made every region please:
The hoary Alpine hills it warm'd,
And smooth'd the Tyrrhene seas.

IV.

Think, O my soul, devoutly think,
How, with affrighted eyes,
Thou saw'st the wide extended deep
In all its horrors rise!

V.

Confusion dwelt in every face,
And fear in every heart:
When waves on waves, and gulfs on gulfs,
O'ercame the pilot's art.

VI.

Yet then from all my griefs, O Lord,
Thy mercy set me free,
Whilst in the confidence of prayer
My soul took hold on thee.

VII.

For though in dreadful whirls we hung
High on the broken wave,
I knew thou wert not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

VIII.

The storm was laid, the winds retired,
Obedient to thy will;
The sea that roar'd at thy command,
At thy command was still.

IX.

In midst of dangers, fears, and death,
Thy goodness I'll adore,
And praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

X.

My life, if thou preserv'st my life,
Thy sacrifice shall be;
And death, if death must be my doom,
Shall join my soul to thee.—O.

No. 513. *'A Thought in Sickness* [n].'

Afflata est numine quando
Jam propiore dei.
VIRG. Æn. vi. 50.

* * * * * *

When, rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,
I see my Maker, face to face,
O how shall I appear!

If yet, while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be sought,
My heart with inward horror shrinks,
And trembles at the thought;

When thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclosed,
In majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my soul,
Oh how shall I appear!

But thou hast told the troubled mind,
Who does her sins lament,
The timely tribute of her tears
Shall endless woe prevent.

Then see the sorrows of my heart,
Ere yet it be too late;
And hear my Saviour's dying groans,
To give those sorrows weight.

For never shall my soul despair
Her pardon to procure,
Who knows thine only Son has died
To make her pardon sure.—O.

NOTES.

I.

THE SPECTATOR CLUB.

P. 2, l. 37. This celebrated coffee-house stood at the south end of Bow Street, Covent Garden. In the preceding generation it was rather the rendezvous of wits than of politicians. Dryden made it his habitual resort, both winter and summer; and here probably he was seen by Pope, then a boy of twelve years, in the last year of his life, 1700. *Child's* was in St. Paul's Churchyard; it was much resorted to by the clergy, and persons of clerical politics. The *St. James's* stood at the end of Pall Mall, near to what is now 87 St. James's Street; it was an exclusively Whig house. The *Grecian* was in Devereux Court, Strand; it existed as a tavern till 1842. From it Isaac Bickerstaff in the Tatler undertakes to issue his disquisitions on points of learning. It was founded about 1652 by the Greek servant of an English merchant returned from the Levant, and was the first of English coffee-houses. *Jonathan's*, in Change Alley, was frequented by stock-jobbers. (Wills' *Sir Roger de Coverley*.)

P. 3, l. 13. The character and ways of the 'Spectator' seem to be those of Addison himself, humorously exaggerated. 'With any mixture of strangers,' says Pope (*Spence's Anecdotes*), 'and sometimes only with one, he seemed to preserve his dignity much, with a stiff sort of silence.' Distinguishing between his own powers in conversation and in writing, Addison is reported to have said, 'I have only ninepence in my pocket, but I can draw for a thousand pounds.' See Boswell's *Johnson*, iii. 302 (Oxford ed.).

P. 4, l. 26. A small street off Aldersgate Street, City.

No. 2. This number was written by Steele, but as it contains the original sketches of the characters and antecedents of the different members of the Spectator Club, it is always printed along with Addison's papers. Bishop Hurd says, 'The *characters* were concerted with Mr. Addison; and the draught of them, in this paper, I suppose touched by him.'

P. 5, l. 15. John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, son of the Lord Wilmot who figured as a distinguished Royalist captain in the Civil War, was one of Charles II's favourite courtiers. He ran into every excess, and died before he was forty, but repented of his errors on his death-bed, according to the narrative of Gilbert Burnet, who was called in to see him shortly before he died.

l. 16. Sir George Etherege, author of several noted plays, amongst others of the comedy of *Sir Fopling Flutter*, broke his neck by falling down stairs, at the close of an uproarious drinking-bout, in 1694.

l. 38. The Inner, Middle, and Outer Temples in Fleet Street, once the property of the famous order of chivalry which took its name from the Temple of Solomon, after the suppression of the Templars in 1312, were for some time in the hands of the knights of St. John (afterwards of Malta), by whom the two former were leased to the students of the Common Law, a devise which is still in force.

P. 6, l. 4. Longinus, a Greek writer of the third century after Christ, is the author of a celebrated treatise 'On the Sublime.'

l. 5. The reference is to the old law-book, 'Coke upon Littleton,' being the commentary of Lord Chief Justice Coke (reign of James I) on a treatise upon Tenures by Judge Littleton, who wrote in the time of Edward IV.

P. 8, l. 25. The unfortunate son of Charles II and Lucy Barlow, or Walters, had a very handsome person. Macaulay speaks of his 'superficial graces,' and adds that 'even the stern and pensive William relaxed into good humour when his brilliant guest appeared.' (Hist. of England.)

P. 12, l. 10. Hesiod's *Works and Days*, 125. The passage describes, not 'the Golden Age,' as Mr. Morley explains it, but the period after the golden age, when the purer race had been removed by Zeus from the earth, yet still revisited their old haunts as blessed spirits, 'the guardians of mortal men,' 'clothed in mist, going to and fro everywhere over the earth.'

P. 15, l. 11. The second triumvirate, formed between Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus. See Shakspere's *Julius Caesar*, Act iv. Sc. 1.

P. 17, l. 13. The game at cards which is immortalized by being introduced into Pope's *Rape of the Lock*:—

> 'Belinda now, whom thirst of fame invites,
> Burns to encounter two adventurous knights,
> At Ombre singly, to decide their doom,
> And swells her breast with conquests yet to come.'

P. 18, l. 13. Addison is probably glancing here at the non-juring divines, men like Hickes, Brett, Collier, and Dodwell, whose learning their high Church and Tory friends were fond of maliciously extolling at the expense of their Whig rivals. So Bishop Burnet (*History of His Own Times*, Book II), speaks of the 'pedantry' by which the preaching of the clergy of the old school was overrun, before the rise of that intellectual and genial body of men, the Latitudinarian divines.

P. 19, l. 33. Bishop Hurd remarks,—'The word "nature" is used here a little licentiously. He should have said "*in the office*," or "the *quality* of a chaplain."' At the present day we should rather say 'in the *character* of a chaplain.'

P. 20, l. 39. It is not quite clear what bishop of St. Asaph is meant. If it be Dr. Fleetwood, the then occupant of the see, the reference can only be

to a small volume, entitled 'The relative duties of parents and children, husbands and wives, masters and servants, considered in Sixteen Sermons; with Three more upon the case of Self-Murther.' These sermons having been published in 1705, and not again, so far as appears, till 1737, the author's name on the title page is simply 'W. Fleetwood, Rector of St. Augustine's, &c.'; for he was only appointed to the see of St. Asaph on the death of Beveridge in 1708, Were these sermons likely to have become so generally known (at the time that Addison wrote, 1711) as the work of the then bishop of St. Asaph, that they would be *naturally* enumerated among a number of collections of sermons by celebrated preachers? It is true that Fleetwood became famous as a preacher, but it was not till later. He published some sermons in 1712, the preface of which so irritated the Tory majority in the House of Commons that the book was ordered to be burnt by the common hangman; Steele then reproduced the preface in No. 384 of the Spectator. But the passage now under consideration was written in 1711.

If Fleetwood was not meant by the 'bishop of St. Asaph,' it must have been Beveridge his predecessor, a hundred and fifty of whose Sermons were published in 1708, shortly after his death. These bore on the face of them that they were written by the 'Bishop of St. Asaph,' and were likely, considering Beveridge's high reputation, to have soon obtained a wide circulation.

Ib. Dr. Robert South, born in 1633, is famous for his wit and eloquence. He was a high Tory and a high Churchman, zealous for passive obedience, and furious against toleration; nevertheless he made no demur about taking the oaths to William after the Revolution. Burnet calls him 'a learned but an ill-natured divine, who had taken the oaths, but with the reserve of an equivocal sense which he put on them.' But Burnet was a bitter partisan, and his testimony against men on the other side must not be trusted too implicitly. In whatever way South reconciled it to his conscience and his principles to swear allegiance in succession to Cromwell, Charles II, James II, and King William, it is certain that these compliances were dictated neither by covetousness nor ambition; whatever revenues he had he, with small reservation, used to distribute among the poor; and he refused a bishopric more than once. He attacked Sherlock's book on the Trinity, charging him with Tritheism, and a long and bitter controversy was the result. He was a canon of Christ Church, and died in 1716.

P. 21, l. 3. Dr. John Tillotson, the son of a Yorkshire clothier, was raised to the primacy after the Revolution, on the refusal of Archbishop Sancroft to take the oaths to William and Mary. His sermons, once greatly admired, have long been esteemed *heavy* reading. Byron tells us that when a boy he was forced to read them by his mother, but that they did him no good.

Ib. Dr. Robert Sanderson (1587–1662), was also a Yorkshire man. Izaak Walton, who wrote his Life, tells us that when he was Proctor at Oxford, he aimed at maintaining discipline by persuasion rather than

coercion; 'if in his night-walk he met with irregular scholars absent from their colleges at University hours, or disordered by drink, or in scandalous company, he did not use his power of punishing to an extremity, but did usually take their names,' and when they came to him next morning, mildly reason with them on the enormity of their conduct. At the Restoration Sanderson was preferred to the see of Lincoln, but held it only two years.

Ib. Dr. Isaac Barrow (1630–1677) attained to eminence at Cambridge both as a mathematician and theologian. For five years before his death he was Master of Trinity College. He is the author of a work on *The Supremacy*. His sermons were often of enormous length; one charity sermon, preached before the lord mayor and aldermen of London, is said to have taken up three hours and a half in the delivery.

Ib. Dr. Edmund Calamy, one of the leading Presbyterian ministers under the Commonwealth, refused a bishopric at the Restoration, and was one of the two thousand clergymen ejected from their livings under the Act of Uniformity.

P. 21, l. 32. 'Under the name of Will Wimble is represented Mr. Thomas Morecraft, the younger son of a baronet of that name, who died July, 1741, at the house of the bishop of Kildare in Ireland.'—*Note to edition of* 1766. Morecraft is said to have subsisted a long time on Addison's bounty. The character of Will Wimble has been well compared to that of 'Mr. Thomas Gules, of Gule Hall, in the county of Salop,' described in No. 256 of the Tatler. (Wills.)

P. 23, l. 23. 'Foiled' must here mean 'tired out,' 'rendered helpless'; Fr. *affoler*.

l. 28. The quail-pipe is a pipe with which fowlers used to imitate the peculiar cry of the hen-bird, in order to allure quails. (Latham's *Eng. Dictionary*.)

P. 25, l. 25. *Essay concerning Human Understanding*, Book II, ch. xxxiii. § 10.

P. 26, l. 31. Lucretius, *De Rerum Natura*, iv. 33–84.

P. 29, l. 27. This paper, from first to last, is in Addison's richest vein of humour.

P. 32, l. 15. *Artis Gymnasticæ apud Antiquos . . . Libri sex*, by an Italian, calling himself Hieronymus Mercurius, who died in 1606. (Morley.)

P. 34, l. 10. From Otway's tragedy of *The Orphan*, Act ii. Sc. 4.

P. 35, l. 14. The belief in witchcraft still holds its ground among the English rustics, but the legalised persecution of witches was dying out about the time that Addison wrote. Yet even in 1716, five years after this paper was written, a Mrs. Hicks and her daughter, a child of nine, were hanged at Huntingdon for selling their souls to the devil, and raising a storm by pulling off their stockings, and making a lather of soap! (*Foreign Quarterly Review*, quoted in Chambers' *Information for the People*.) One of the worst stains on the memory of the Long Parliament, and on the fair fame of Puritanism generally, is the odious cruelty with which supposed witches were hunted out

and put to death in the day of their power. Three thousand persons are said to have perished by legal execution for witchcraft during the continuance of their sessions, besides those who were summarily murdered by brutal mobs. A wretch named Matthew Hopkins was the chief of the 'witch-finders' at that time. One of his practices with his victims agrees with that alluded to in the text; 'He wrapped them in sheets, with the great toes and thumbs tied together, and dragged them through ponds or rivers, when, if they sank, it was held as a sign that the baptismal element did not reject them, and they were cleared; but if they floated, as they usually did for a time, they were then set down as guilty, and doomed!' In England, Scotland, and the North American Colonies, the horrible and bloody superstitions connected with witchcraft appear to have flourished with a peculiar intensity. The Foreign Quarterly Reviewer quotes a writer as estimating the number of persons put to death for witchcraft in England alone, from the time of the passing of the first statute upon it under Henry VIII, at not less than *thirty thousand*. (See the interesting paper in Chambers' *Information*, &c. for fuller details.)

P. 41, l. 3. The substance of this sentiment may be found, expressed in various ways and with manifold applications, in Plutarch's treatise *De Inimicorum Utilitate* (On the usefulness of enemies); see in particular p. 91 line 28 of the *Moralia*, vol. ii. (Frankfort, 1620).

P. 42, l. 11. The Guelfs were the party in Italy that sided with the popes in their long struggle with the German emperors. They took their name from the Guelf or Welf family, to which the reigning dukes of Bavaria belonged before the rise of the house of Wittelsbach, and which was in a state of chronic antagonism to the Suabian imperial house. The Ghibelines—the imperialist faction—derived their name from the little Suabian town of Waiblingen, the original seat of the great Hohenstaufen line of emperors.

l. 12. The League for the support of the Roman Catholic Church; founded by the more zealous portion of the French Catholics, with the Guises at their head, to counteract the progress of Protestantism, which threatened to become the religion of the state under the joint influence of the weakness of Henry III and the popularity of Henry of Navarre.

P. 44, l. 23. Addison must surely have been thinking, when he wrote thus, of the case of the great Duke of Marlborough, who, by a cabal concerted between an ungrateful court and an intriguing ministry, had, about six months before, been ignominously dismissed from the command of the army and deprived of all his offices.'

P. 45, l. 24. The phrase 'honest man,' to signify a member of one's own, i.e. the right party, had come down from the civil war. '*Honest men*,' says Cromwell, writing to the Parliament after the battle of Naseby, 'have served you faithfully in this action.'

P. 47, l. 17. Cassandra, the daughter of Priam king of Troy, had the gift of true prophecy, but her prophesies were fated never to be believed.

P. 48, l. 16. *Hackney* boat, like a hackney carriage, is one that plies for hire. The word hackney is from the Norman-French *haquenée*, a nag.

P. 50, l. 22. By a 'white witch' is meant a person supposed to be endowed like other witches with supernatural powers, but who used them for good purposes. Dryden (quoted in Wills' *Sir Roger de Coverley*) writes:—

'At least as little honest as he could,
And like *white witches*, mischievously good.'

l. 33. The Whig ministry had been driven from power in 1710, so that Addison, who had lost his post of Chief Secretary for Ireland, might very truly be regarded as a 'Whig out of place.'

P. 52, l. 9. '*Gray's Inn Walks*, or *Gray's Inn Gardens*, were in Charles II's time, and the days of the Tatler and Spectator, a fashionable promenade on a summer evening.' (Murray's *Modern London.*)

l. 12. The great Austrian general who shared with Marlborough the glories of the day of Blenheim, and who in his old age gained the splendid victories over the Turks which led to the peace of Passarowitz (1718).

l. 17. So, too, the Prince (who belonged to a younger branch of the house of Savoy), used to sign himself;—'Eugenio von Savoye.' Queen Anne, on the occasion of this visit, 'made the Prince a present of a sword richly set with diamonds to the value of £4,500.' (Lord Stanhope's *Reign of Queen Anne.*)

l. 18. Scanderbeg, prince of Epirus, whose proper name was George Castriot, was the hero who, at the head of his Albanian mountaineers, long resisted the westward progress of the Turks in the fifteenth century, and often defeated Amurath and Mohammed II.

P. 53, l. 6. The mark (= 13*s.* 4*d.*), long supposed to have been a real money, 'is now universally admitted to have been employed by us only as a measure of value.' (*Encycl. Metropolitana.*) 'Thirty marks' = £20.

P. 54, l. 10. There is great humour in this playful stroke, which is levelled against the Occasional Conformity Bill, passed into law by a triumphant Tory majority in Parliament in the session of 1711. 'It enacted that if any officer, civil or military, or any magistrate of a Corporation, obliged by the [Test] Acts of Charles II to receive the sacrament, should during his continuance in office attend any conventicle or religious meeting of Dissenters, such person should forfeit £40, to be recovered by the prosecutor; and every person so convicted should be disabled to hold his office, and incapable of any employment in England.' (Stanhope's *Reign of Queen Anne.*)

l. 18. When the Duke of Marlborough was about to return to England in November, 1711, a project was set on foot for giving him a grand reception on his arrival in London, and for enhancing the splendour of the usual Protestant demonstration on the 17th November. (See note to p. 96.) There was to be a torch-light procession, in which effigies of the Pope, Nuns, Friars, the Pretender, etc., were to be carried through the streets,

and then burnt on a bonfire. But the Government received timely information, and caused the effigies to be seized at the house where they were being prepared; so that the procession was nipped in the bud.

l. 28. So called because written by one Sir Richard Baker, who published it in 1641, under the title of *A Chronicle of the Kings of England from the time of the Romans' Government unto the Death of King James.*

P. 55, l. 7. A passage in Plato's *Alcibiades*, respecting the estates assigned to Queens of Persia to keep them in dress and jewels.

P. 57, l. 15. 'This gallant admiral, returning with his fleet to England in 1707, perished by shipwreck on the Scilly Isles.

l. 16. Dr. Busby was head-master of Westminster School for fifty-five years, from 1640 to 1695.

l. 22. The chapel of St. Edmund.

l. 29. Described in Murray's *London* as an 'alabaster statue of Elizabeth Russell, of the Bedford family—foolishly shown for many years as the lady who died by the prick of a needle.'

l. 36. Edward I, returning victorious from Scotland in 1296, 'took away with him the coronation-stone from the Abbey of Scone, and placed it in Westminster Abbey, where it forms the seat of the chair of Edward the Confessor, used at the coronation of the sovereign.' (Lewis' Topogr. Dict. of Scotland.) 'The figure of one of our English kings without a head' is that of Henry V; it was of silver, and was stolen at the time of the Reformation.

P. 59, l. 5. *The Committee*, or *The Faithful Irishman*, was a comedy written by Sir Robert Howard soon after the Restoration; it was, as may be supposed, monarchical and anti-puritanic in a high degree.

l. 8. The *Distressed Mother* was a translation or adaptation, by Ambrose Philips, of Racine's tragedy of *Andromaque.*

l. 13. A class of dissolute young men, like the 'Ebrius et petulans' of Juvenal's third Satire, who roamed about the streets of London by night, beating quiet men, and annoying pretty women. 'Several dynasties of these tyrants,' says Lord Macaulay, 'had, since the Restoration, domineered over the streets.' After the Hectors, Scowrers, and others, 'arose the Nicker, the Hawcubite, and the yet more dreaded name of *Mohawk*.' (*Hist. of England*, ch. iii.) Other names for the 'fast men' of their day are given in Shadwell's comedy of the *Scowrers*, where Tope, an empty-headed pretender to the character of a real Scowrer, says: 'This is nothing; why I knew the Hectors, and before them the Muns, and the Tityre Tus; they were brave fellows indeed.'

P. 60, l. 7. In which William III was defeated by Marshal Luxemburg, in 1692.

P. 61, l. 29. To 'smoke' is to detect or find out; in this place, with a view of turning into ridicule.

P. 63, l. 8. The French fleet, commanded by Admiral Tourville, was

defeated by the British fleet under Admiral Russell off Cape La Hogue in 1692.

P. 63, l. 23. The want of new churches in the growing suburbs of London had long been felt; an address from Convocation on the subject was presented to the Queen in 1711, and this led to resolutions of the House of Commons, readily passed by the High Church and Tory majority, for building fifty new churches within the bills of mortality.

l. 32. That is, member for the county.

P. 69, l. 2. This celebrated comedy appeared in 1693.

l. 10. In Nos. 499 and 511: omitted from this selection.

l. 38. So Shakspeare, in *Henry IV*, speaks of a 'sea-coal fire.' Londoners naturally so spoke, because all the coal which they burnt was brought up by sea from Newcastle.

P. 70, l. 24. The comedy of *The Marriage-hater Matched*, written by Tom Durfey, appeared in 1692.

l. 28. 'Ruelle' is the passage between a bed and the wall, and the phrase 'homme de ruelle' originated in the practice of great ladies in France, about this time, receiving the visits of their acquaintances in bed.

P. 71, l. 25. Hor. Epod. 2. 69.

P. 75, l. 36. After the nomination of a Cardinal, the Pope first 'shuts his mouth' in a private consistory. While his mouth is shut, the cardinal elect can take no part in the proceedings of any of the pontifical congregations. Fifteen days later, the Pope holds another private consistory, and 'opens his mouth,' i. e. removes the disqualification previously imposed. The phrase was probably suggested by the verse of Ecclesiasticus (xv. 5), 'In the midst of the congregation shall she [Wisdom] open his mouth.'

l. 38. Diogenes Laertius relates that a silence of five years' duration was imposed by Pythagoras on his disciples, and that during this initiation they were only allowed to listen; after this trial they were admitted to the presence of their master for the first time.

II.

EDITORIAL PAPERS.

P. 78, l. 15. Bacon's *Advancement of Learning*, Book II, Introd. § 14.

P. 83, l. 2. Gilbert Burnet, afterwards Bishop of Salisbury, travelled in Switzerland and Italy about the year 1685, and published a narrative of his travels in 1687. He saw the inscription mentioned in the text at Lyons; it was on a lady named Suria Anthis. Burnet (*Travels*, p. 3) conjectures that her husband wrote the inscription, and that the words mean that Suria, having become a Christian, had neglected the worship of the gods of Olympus.

l. 13. Compare the characters of Dr. Cantwell and Maw-worm in Cibber's play of *The Hypocrite*, as altered by Bickerstaffe.

l. 33. A circular space in Hyde Park, near the east end of the Serpentine. 'Certain traces of *the Ring*, formed in the reign of Charles I, and long celebrated, may be recognised by the large trees somewhat circularly arranged in the centre of the Park.' (Murray's *London*.)

P. 85, l. 15. By 'nodding-places' are meant, passages where some error or inconsistency has crept into the text, through weariness or oversight on the part of the author. Horace, in his Art of Poetry, wrote:—

'Indignor, quandoque bonus *dormitat* Homerus;'

and Pope, in his *Essay on Criticism*, has:—

'Those oft are stratagems which errors seem,
Nor is it *Homer nods*, but we that dream.'

P. 86, l. 7. Galen was a famous Greek medical writer and physician, who flourished in the second century after Christ.

P. 89, l. 1. Lucius Annæus Seneca, the tutor and educator of Nero, and at last the victim to the cruelty and cupidity of his pupil, was the author of various celebrated treatises on moral and philosophical subjects.

Epictetus was a philosopher of the Stoic school, who flourished towards the close of the first century. His philosophy is made known to us by the *Dissertations* of Arrian, by an *Enchiridion* or Manual, and by a great number of sentences preserved in the writings of the Emperor Aurelius, Gellius, and others.

P. 89, l. 36. Addison, quoting probably from memory, does not give the lines quite exactly. They are in Waller's poem 'On the Earl of Roscommon's translation of Horace de Arte Poetica,' and stand thus:—

'Poets lose half the praise they should have got,
Could it be known what they discreetly blot.'

P. 90, l. 3. i.e. expurgated.

P. 92, l. 38. 'Quæ genus' and 'As in præsenti' are the opening words of two sections of Lilly's Latin Grammar, which, in Addison's time, was used in all English grammar-schools.

P. 93, l. 16. For an account of these signatory letters see Introd. *ad. fin.*

P. 94, l. 24. Dr. William Alabaster, a native of Suffolk, educated at Cambridge, and afterwards incorporated at Oxford, accompanied the ill-fated Essex on his expedition to Cadiz in 1597. He was famous for his profound acquaintance with 'what is termed cabalistic learning, which consists in the combination of particular words, letters, and numbers, by which it is pretended you can see clearly into the sense of Scripture.' (New General Biogr. Dict., ed. by Hugh Rose.)

P. 95, l. 22. He means the general body of 'the wits' of that age, whom Hobbes' philosophy had disposed to free-thinking, and contact with French and Italian court-manners to licentiousness. The gayer portion of them became dramatists (Congreve, Farquhar, Wycherley, &c.), and too often 'propagated vice'; while those of graver temper (Toland, Tindal, Chubb,

Bolingbroke, &c.) distinguished themselves, under the general name of Deists, by attacks on Christianity.

P. 96, l. 19. See note to page 54. A long and interesting note on this matter is in Mr. Wills' *Sir Roger de Coverley*. It seems that the Pope's procession was an annual affair got up by the city of London on the 17th of November, the anniversary of Queen Elizabeth's accession. It had been discontinued in 1683, but was revived five years later on the acquittal of the seven bishops.

l. 26. The Royal Society, 'incorporated with a view to the promotion of physical science in 1662, arose out of some scientific meetings held at Oxford in the rooms of Dr. Wilkins, then President of Wadham College.' (Arnold's *Manual of English Literature*, p. 258.)

l. 32. Addison borrowed this simile from Swift, who, at the beginning of his *Tale of a Tub*, explains the strange title at length; his work was thrown out to the wits as sailors throw a tub to a whale, to divert them from their threatened onslaught on the crazy old ship of the state.

P. 98, l. 5. Some difficulty had arisen in adjusting the terms of peace, to overcome which Lord Bolingbroke himself, about the time that this was written, visited Paris.

l. 14. Richard Baxter, a Presbyterian divine and very voluminous writer, one of the ejected ministers in 1662, died in 1691.

l. 28. This Stamp Act is not mentioned in the ordinary histories of the time. Stamp Duties were first imposed in Holland, in 1624. Swift, in a letter to Mrs. Dingley, dated August 7, 1712, wrote: 'Now every single half-sheet pays a halfpenny to the Queen; the *Observator* is fallen; the *Medleys* are jumbled together with the *Flying Post*; the *Examiner* is deadly sick; the *Spectator* keeps up, and doubles its price.'

P. 103, l. 10. Nahum Tate, versifier of the Psalms, to whom Pope awarded the *relative* praise, when speaking of some obscure poetasters, that 'nine such poets made a Tate,' was at this time poet-laureate, having succeeded Shadwell in 1692.

P. 106, l. 21. The reference is to the preceding paper, No. 541, written by John Hughes.

P. 107, l. 14. Herodotus (i. 84) relates, that a son of Crœsus, who had been dumb from his birth, being with his father after the taking of Sardis by the Persians, and seeing a soldier raise his sword to kill him, cried out, 'Man, do not kill Crœsus!' It is added that this dumb son for the rest of his life spoke as well as other people.

P. 108, l. 3. The Mall is the name which has been given since the time of Charles II to the roadways, planted with trees, that border the north side of St. James' Park.

l. 19. The *Englishman* is mentioned by Dr. Drake as one of the periodical publications written about this time by Steele and Addison. It was, in point of fact, a continuation of the *Guardian*, substituted for it by Steele, in order that he might discuss politics with greater freedom.

l. 20. The *Examiner* was a paper conducted by Swift in the interest of the Tory ministry; it commenced to appear in November, 1711.

l. 28. Addison's memory here played him false; the words of Horace are '*sic impar* sibi.'

P. 109, l. 32. This was written about six weeks before the death of Queen Anne, at a time when the critical state of her health, the ambiguous conduct of the ministry, and the malcontent temper of the House of Commons, were filling the minds of all friends of the Hanoverian succession with gloomy apprehensions. Swift, writing to Lord Peterborough in the previous month (letter quoted in Lord Mahon's *History of England*), said,—'I never led a life so thoroughly uneasy as I do at present. Our situation is so bad that our enemies could not, without abundance of invention and ability, have placed us so ill if we had left it entirely to their management. . . . . The Queen is pretty well at present; but the least disorder she has puts us in alarm, and when it is over we act as if she were immortal.'

III.

POLITICAL PAPERS.

P. 112, l. 21. The Act of Uniformity (1662) re-established the Church of England; that of Toleration (1689) gave liberty of worship to the Dissenters.

l. 22. The Act of Settlement (1701), passed after the death of the Duke of Gloucester, the last surviving child of the Princess Anne, settled the crown on the Princess Sophia, grand-daughter of James I, and the issue of her body, being Protestants.

P. 113, l. 31. See the Introductory Remarks to this section, page 111.

l. 35. The *Rehearsal* was a celebrated comedy written by the Duke of Buckingham, aided by Sprat and Samuel Butler, the author of *Hudibras*, in the reign of Charles II. In the last act, Bayes, by whom Dryden is meant, brings on the stage the sun, moon, and planets, executing the old dance called the Hay, so as to eclipse themselves alternately both to one another and to the spectators.

P. 114, l. 10. Hom. Od. x. 19.

l. 12. Exchequer tallies.

P. 115, l. 15. By the 'great Mogul' is meant the Emperor of Hindostan, whose capital was at Delhi. The reigning Mogul at the time when Addison wrote was Bahadur Shah, eldest son of the great Aurung-Zebe.

P. 116, l. 7. In a work by Lucian, called Βίων Πράσις (the 'Sale of Lives'), we have the following dialogue:—

'*Buyer.* First, noble sir, what country do you come from?
Diogenes. From all countries.
Buyer. What do you mean?
Diogenes. You see in me *a citizen of the world.*'

So Diogenes Laertius, in his chapter on Diogenes the Cynic, tells us, that the philosopher, when asked what countryman he was, replied, 'A Cosmopolite' (κοσμοπολίτης).

P. 118, l. 6. The statues of the English kings were from the first the ornament of the Royal Exchange. A spectator of the Fire of London, in 1666, wrote: 'As London was the glory of England, so was the Royal Exchange one of the greatest glories and ornaments of London. There were the statues of the kings and queens of England set up, as in the most conspicuous and honourable place, as well receiving lustre from the place where they stood, as giving lustre to it.' In the Great Fire, the Royal Exchange, statues and all, became a prey to the flames. Another spectator describes how the fire, 'descending the stairs, compassed the walks, giving forth flaming vollies, and filling the court with sheets of fire; by and by *the kings fell all down upon their faces*, and the greatest part of the building after them.' (See Brayley's *London and Middlesex.*) The Exchange was speedily rebuilt, and the statues reappeared, almost in their old places. Above the entablature in the inner court were 'twenty-four niches, nineteen of which are occupied by statues of the English sovereigns, from Edward I down to George III, Edward II, Richard II, Henry IV, and Richard III being excluded.' (Lewis' *Topogr. Dict. of England*, 1831.) But now, alas! the English kings look down no longer from their pedestals; Sir William Tite dethroned them, when he rebuilt the Royal Exchange in 1844.

l. 23. 'Acted' is used in the sense of 'actuated.' This use of the verb 'to act' appears to have become antiquated about this time; no later instance than one from the works of South is given in Latham's Dictionary.

P. 119, l. 31. Polyb. *Historiarum*, lib. vi. Cicero, *De Republica.*

P. 120, l. 17. C. Suetonius Tranquillus, a contemporary of Trajan, wrote the lives of the 'twelve Cæsars,' that is, of the first twelve of the Roman emperors, including Julius Cæsar.

P. 121, l. 29. Compare with the passage in the text the noble words of Milton in his *Areopagitica:* 'Behold now this vast city, a city of refuge, the mansion-house of liberty, encompassed and surrounded with His protection; the shop of war hath not there more anvils and hammers working to fashion out the plates and instruments of armed justice in defence of beleaguered truth, than there be pens and heads there, sitting by their studious lamps, musing, searching, revolving new notions and ideas, wherewith to present, as with their homage and their fealty, the approaching reformation; others as fast reading, trying all things, assenting to the force of reason and convincement.'

P. 122, l. 8. When Addison wrote, the Morea belonged to the Republic of Venice, and the condition of that part of Greece was better than his

words imply. Mr. Finlay, in his 'Greece under Foreign Domination,' says: 'The young Greeks of the Morea, who grew to manhood under the protection of the Republic, were neither so ignorant, so servile, nor so timid as their fathers who had lived under the Turkish yoke.' But, in 1714, Turkey declared war against Venice, and easily re-conquered the Morea.

IV.

RELIGION, MORALS, SUPERSTITION.

P. 123, l. 16. Childermas Day, or the feast of the Holy Innocents, falls on the 28th of December. For a child to begin anything on the day on which so many children were slaughtered, seems to have been thought unlucky. Sailors, for a similar reason, dislike going to sea on a Friday. But how could giving way to this superstition be said to involve 'losing a day in every week?'

P. 124, l. 17. In the battle of Almanza, fought on the 24th of April, 1707, the English, Dutch, and Portuguese, commanded by Lord Galway and the Marquis Das Minas, were signally defeated by the French and Spaniards, led by Marshal Berwick. This battle ruined the cause of the Austrian pretender to the crown of Spain, and established Philip V on the throne.

P. 127, l. 26. We should say '*on* plate;' but all the old editions seem to be agreed in reading 'in.'

P. 128, l. 2. Galoon is a kind of narrow shoe-ribbon, or lace, from the French *galon*.

P. 131, l. 2. The passage is in the *Phædo*. 'I reckon,' says Socrates, 'that no one who heard me now, not even if he were one of my old enemies, the comic poets, could accuse me of idle talking about matters in which I have no concern.' (Prof. Jowett's Translation.)

l. 8. The *Clouds*.

l. 29. Pasquino was the name of a witty Roman tailor who lived some time in the 16th century. His humorous or satirical sallies were called 'Pasquinate,' which thus became a general name for any witty lampoon. Near his house stood a mutilated ancient statue, not far from the Piazza Navona; the practice grew up of attaching anonymous lampoons to this statue by night; and, in memory of the tailor, the statue itself came to be called Pasquino. (*Penny Cyclopædia.*)

l. 34. The father of Sixtus V was a gardener, and one of his aunts was a laundress; but this sister, Donna Camilla, does not seem ever to have been engaged in that humble occupation, having been early married to a Calabrian farmer, after whose death she came and kept house for her brother, first when he was Cardinal, and afterwards while he was Pope.

P. 132, l. 2. This story is found in the Life of Sixtus V by Gregorio Leti, published in 1669, a work, says Baron Hübner, 'full of silly tales, of contradictory statements, and of palpable falsehoods.' This eminent diplomatist, in his 'Life and Times of Sixtus V,' a work of great interest and ability, adds that 'the caricatured and bad portrait which [Leti] drew of Sixtus V has unfortunately survived the memory both of himself and of his book.' That Sixtus V governed with terrible severity is an undoubted fact, and few would undertake to defend the justice of all the punishments which he inflicted; yet ideas of public good and even-handed justice seem to have been at the bottom of all his administrative acts, even the harshest. The foundation of the story repeated by Addison may probably be found in the account of a terrible execution recorded by Baron Hübner (i. 277, Jerningham's Translation). An ecclesiastic, who had been for many years a newsmonger and pamphleteer, was executed on the bridge of St. Angelo. 'Before he expired on the gibbet, he had his hands and his tongue cut off. A list of his crimes was written up on a board, stating that he had during many years spread about false news, calumniated people of all ranks, insulted the worship of saints by exhibiting obscene statuettes, and corresponded with heretical princes.' Mr. Morley, in his note on the passage, assumes the truth of Leti's story, and quotes from him additional particulars; probably he had not seen Baron Hübner's work.

P. 132, l. 2. This is the famous, or rather infamous, Pietro Aretino (1492–1557), a native of Arezzo in Tuscany, who employed himself a great part of his life in writing satires and ribald poetry of all sorts.

l. 32. 'For as' is used in the sense of 'inasmuch as.'

l. 36. Sir Roger L'Estrange, an ardent Royalist, wrote a pamphlet entitled 'No Blind Guides,' in 1660, in reply to Milton's 'Ready Way to Establish a Free Commonwealth.' His *Fables* are translated from Æsop, with a Life prefixed.

P. 134, l. 31. Among these scurrilous publications may be reckoned the *Female Tatler*, conducted by T. Baker, and the *Weekly Review*, conducted by Defoe. Swift's organ, the *Examiner*, was not particularly scrupulous. As the century wore on, the evil did not diminish; witness the violence of the *Terræ Filius*, the pertinacious scurrility of the *Craftsman*, and the intolerable licence of Wilkes' *North Briton*.

l. 39. Cic., *De Republica*, iv. 10: 'Nostræ contra duodecim fabulæ, cum perpaucas res capite sanxissent, in his hanc quoque sanciendam putaverunt, si quis occentavisset sive carmen condidisset, quod infamiam faceret flagitiumve alteri.'

P. 135, l. 34. Valentinian and Valens were emperors, the one of the West, the other of the East, in the second half of the fourth century after Christ.

l. 38. From Bayle's *Dissertation upon Defamatory Libels*. (Morley.)

P. 136, l. 14. That is, anticipates, is beforehand with. So the word is used in the Collect, beginning—'*Prevent* us, O Lord, in all our doings.'

P. 137, l. 19. Cicero, *De Amic.* ch. vi.: 'Nam et secundas res splendidiores facit amicitia, et adversas, partiens communicansque, leviores.'

l. 23. See Bacon's Essay 'Of Friendship.'

l. 31. The term *apocryphal* (which, though its etymological meaning is merely 'hidden,' 'kept secret,' had come to be used *in malam partem* before the age of Athanasius), is not properly applicable to the book of Wisdom, nor to any of the books which, though not contained in the Hebrew canon, are included in the Septuagint version of the Old Testament. See Smith's Bible Dictionary.

P. 140, l. 12. Seneca, Dial. x. *De Brevitate Vitæ*, § 1.

P. 143, l. 20. There is evidently something omitted in this sentence, through oversight either on the part of Addison or of the printers. To make sense of it, we must read, 'The skills,' or 'The industries of the florist, the planter,' &c.

l. 31. Robert Boyle (1627–1691) was a celebrated natural philosopher of the seventeenth century. The saying, according to Prof. Morley, is that of an old alchemist concerning antimony, quoted by Boyle in his *Usefulness of Natural Philosophy.*

P. 144, l. 31. Locke's *Essay on the Human Understanding*, Book ii. ch. 14.

P. 145, l. 21. There is no such passage in the Koran, where it is simply said that Mahomet made a night journey to Jerusalem, and thence to Paradise, passing through the seven heavens on his way. But the passage, nearly as quoted by Addison, is in the *Turkish Tales* (published by Tonson in 1708), and forms the introduction to the *History of Chec Chahabeddin*, the learned doctor who figures in the story presently related about the Sultan and the tub.

P. 147, l. 4. 'Landskip' is less divergent from the old Anglo-Saxon form of the word, 'landscipe,' than the 'landscape' of our modern orthography.

P. 149, l. 38. These lines are considered in treatises on Conic Sections; they are called *asymptotes.*

P. 152, l. 12. It seemed unnecessary to quote *in extenso* the long passage from Horace which follows in the original editions of the *Spectator;* it will be found in the third satire of the first Book, ll. 3–19.

l. 14. This well-known passage is in the first book of Dryden's *Absalom and Achitophel;* the satire was aimed at the Duke of Buckingham.

P. 153, l. 2. George Saville, Marquis of Halifax (1630–1695), wrote several clever political pamphlets, e.g. *The Character of a Trimmer*, besides the tract mentioned in the text.

P. 163, l. 19. 'Gallies' in all the old editions. But if 'gallies' be the proper plural of 'galley,' we should write 'chimnies' and 'donkies' instead of chimneys and donkeys.

l. 34. The violence with which the Swiss Radicals, and the free-thinking partisans of 'Kultur' in Germany, are now, and have been for some time past, persecuting the Roman Catholic Church in their respective countries, supplies a curious illustration of the passage in the text.

P. 164, l. 8. This passage may remind the reader of some lines in Pope's *Dunciad* (Book iv.), where the fanatical opponents of fanaticism are introduced as assisting to extend the empire of Dulness:—

> '"Be that my task!" exclaimed a gloomy clerk,
> Sworn foe to mystery, yet divinely dark;
> Whose pious hope aspires to see the day
> When moral evidence shall quite decay,
> And damns implicit faith and holy lies,
> *Prompt to impose, and fond to dogmatize.*'

P. 166, l. 7. The English Deists were at this time represented by John Toland, author of *Christianity not Mysterious*, Dr. Tindal, who figures in Pope's Dunciad, Thomas Chubb, and Anthony Collins, author of a *Discourse on Free-Thinking*. Lord Bolingbroke was not known to belong to them till a later period.

P. 167, l. 18. The 'Golden Verses' of Pythagoras (the authorship of which cannot be ascribed to the philosopher, but is of uncertain origin and date) extend to seventy-one Greek hexameter lines. They consist of moral, social, and religious maxims, and commence with the line, inculcating reverence to the gods as man's first duty, which forms the motto of No. 112. They may be found in the *Florilegium* of Stobæus, and have been edited by Orelli (*Opuscula Græca*), and other moderns.

l. 22. Phædo, ch. lxvi.: 'Throwing off the covering, he (Socrates) said, and it was the last word he uttered, "O Crito, we owe a cock to Asclepius; pay it then, and do not neglect it."'

l. 27. 'Immediately therefore he [Cyrus] took victims, and offered them in sacrifice to the ancestral Zeus, and to the Sun, and to the other gods, upon the mountain peaks, as the Persians sacrifice.' (Xen. *Cyri Discipl.* viii. 7. But Xenophon himself is a remarkable instance of a man of robust intelligence and great force of character, deliberately, and even earnestly, conforming to the religion of his country and making the best of it, though its many weak and corrupt places must have been well known to him. It is impossible to read through the *Anabasis* without perceiving that Xenophon believed that that wonderful march was made from first to last under divine direction, obtained and merited by prayer and sacrifice; and that its successful issue was due to the constant, and in some cases miraculous, interposition of an over-ruling Providence.

P. 169, l. 4. The story is told of the Spartans and their Helots.

l. 10. Of Congreve's comedy of *Love for Love* (1695) Dr. Johnson remarks, that it 'is of nearer alliance to life, and exhibits more real manners, than either the *Old Bachelor* or the *Double Dealer*.'

P. 170, l. 26. Addison probably quotes from the English translation of the interesting work of the Jesuit missionary Father Le Compte, which appeared in London in 1697. The translation is entitled 'The Present State of China.' The Jesuit writes (Part ii. Letter 1): 'If it should happen that a son should be so insolent as to mock his parents, or arrive to that height of

fury and madness as to lay violent hands on them, it is the whole empire's concern, and the province where this horrible violence is committed is alarmed. The Emperor himself judges the criminal. All the Mandarins near the place are turned out, especially those of that town who have been so negligent in their instructions,' &c.

P. 173, l. 24. Il. viii. 549.

l. 34. Il. v. 127.

l. 35. 'Diomedes his eyes.' So again, in the last paragraph of this paper: 'Socrates his rules.' An erroneous notion prevailed in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, that the *s* of the English genitive case singular—man's, woman's, Cato's—which is really the relic of the old Anglo-Saxon genitive termination *-es*, represented the personal possessive pronoun *his*. Hence such forms of speech as those in the text.

P. 174, l. 6. The authenticity of the dialogue known as Alcibiades the Second is very doubtful, and it is on this account excluded by Prof. Jowett from his translation of the works of Plato.

P. 177, l. 12. See note to page 89, l. 1.

P. 178, l. 24. This letter was written by Mr. Hughes, of whom an account is given in the Introduction, page xxiv.

P. 179, l. 17. The opera of *Almahide*, of which the music is attributed to Buononcini, while the story is probably founded on Mdlle. de Scudéry's romance of the same name, was produced in 1710, and was the first work performed entirely in the Italian language on the English stage. Nicolini, who had made his first appearance in England shortly before, in the partly English partly Italian opera of *Pyrrhus and Demetrius*, sang a soprano part in *Almahide*. The female parts were taken by Margarita de l'Epine and Isabella Girardeau. (Sutherland Edwards' *History of the Opera*.) I do not know on what authority Prof. Morley, in his edition of the *Spectator*, states the name of the bashful *débutante* to have been 'Mrs. Barbier.'

P. 180, l. 17. Il. i. 225:

> 'O monster! mix'd of insolence and fear,
> Thou dog in forehead, but in heart a deer!'—POPE.

P. 181, l. 10. Seneca, *Epist. Moral.* i. 11.

P. 182, l. 5. 'Out of all the honours decreed to him by the senate and people, there was none that Cæsar more gladly accepted and used than the privilege of continually wearing a laurel crown,' in order to hide his baldness. Suetonius, *De Vitâ Cæsarum*, i. 45.

P. 183, l. 3. Similar meditations, aided by a more exact knowledge of facts, led Mr. Malthus, a hundred years later, to somewhat different conclusions.

l. 23. A story in many respects similar is told of St. Bruno, the founder of the Carthusian order.

P. 184, l. 1. Dr. Sherlock (1641–1707) preached and wrote vigorously in favour of passive obedience under Charles II, and refusing to take the oaths after the Revolution, was suspended from all his offices of emolument. While under suspension, he wrote the work mentioned in the text, 'A Prac-

tical Discourse on Death ; ' it has passed through some forty editions. Before the end of 1690 he had decided to conform to the new Government. Of the circumstances attending this tergiversation, and of the controversy to which it led, Lord Macaulay has given an amusing account in his *History*, vol. iii. pp. 102, 253.

l. 19. See Meineke's *Fragmenta Comicorum Græcorum*, vol. iii. p. 29. The lines which Addison translates are a fragment of the lost play of *Aphrodisius*, by Antiphanes, a writer of the Middle Comedy, who did not live a ' hundred years before,' but at the same time with Socrates or rather later.

l. 32. In the ' Travels of Sir John Chardin into Persia and the East Indies ' (1686), I can find no such anecdote as that quoted by Addison.

P. 185, l. 20. The *Epistles of Phalaris* were believed in the time of Addison to be the genuine work of the tyrant of Agrigentum ; it was reserved for Bentley, in his masterly *Dissertation*, to demonstrate that they were the forgery of a later age.

P. 186, l. 8. Epaminondas, the great Theban, who broke the power of Sparta, and the Athenian generals Chabrias and Iphicrates, flourished in the first half of the fourth century before Christ.

l. 21. The witty St. Evremond (1613–1703) exiled by Louis XIV for the freedoms of his bitter tongue and satirical pen, repaired in 1662 to the court of Charles II, was well received there, and lived to the end of his days, which were prolonged to ninety years, in England.

l. 38. Who put his beard out of the way as he was laying his head on the block, saying pleasantly to the headsman, that it at least had never committed treason.

P. 187, l. 29. This expedition of King Sebastian (the subject of Dryden's finest play) took place in 1579. He was killed after the battle ; but rumour averred for many years afterwards, and the Portuguese people readily believed, that he had escaped with life from the battle, and would some day return to restore to Portugal her old prosperity.

P. 198, l. 12. A Greek word signifying divine vengeance or retribution.

l. 27. A sword with one sharp edge.

P. 200, l. 3. This story is told of Diagoras by Cicero in the *De Natura Deorum*, iii. 37. Addison might also have found it in Bayle's Dictionary.

l. 25. Addison, though few men had a more capacious memory, sometimes trusted it too far. The name of the young Greek mentioned in the well known story of Herodotus (i. 31) is not Clitobus, but Cleobis.

P. 201, l. 10. A note in Tegg's edition of the *Spectator*, taken probably from Bishop Percy, names one Anthony Henley as Addison's informant, and Dr. Thomas Goodwin, President of Magdalen College, Oxford, during the commonwealth, as the Independent minister here referred to. Upon what authority this statement rests, does not appear. Two other Independent ministers, John Owen, Dean of Christ Church, and Thankful Owen, President of St. John's, were heads of Oxford Colleges at the same time with Goodwin ; however the circumstance of the ' half-dozen night-caps ' agrees so well

with the nickname mentioned by à Wood, that one may be nearly certain that Goodwin is intended. Old Anthony à Wood, who witnessed the rough treatment which his beloved University met with at the hands of the parliamentary commissioners, mentions that the undergraduates used to call Goodwin 'Nine-caps,' from the care that he took to protect his head from cold; and he relates that Owen, who was Vice-Chancellor, appeared sometimes in the Convocation House wearing neither cap nor gown, but simply a cocked hat!

P. 203, l. 17. Plutarch, *De Superstitione*, chap. x.

P. 204, l. 25. *Essay on the Human Understanding*. Book II. chap. xxiii. (Morley.)

P. 206, l. 28. 'See Bishop Burnet's sermon, preached at the funeral of the Hon. Robert Boyle.' (Tegg.)

P. 208, l. 25. The Dutch philosopher, Christian Huygens, (died 1695,) contributed many important discoveries to the sciences of optics, mechanics, and astronomy. The work from which Addison here quotes is probably either his *Treatise on Light*, or the *Cosmotheoros*, a work translated into English, and published in 1698 under the title, 'The Celestial Worlds discovered, or Conjectures concerning the inhabitants, plants, and productions of the worlds in the Planets.'

l. 29. The ingenious and humorous author of *Un Voyage autour de ma Chambre*, playfully introduces the following 'Système du Monde' into his charming work:—'Je crois donc que, l'espace étant infini, la création] l'est aussi, et que Dieu a créé dans son éternité une infinité de mondes dans l'immensité de l'espace.'

P. 211, l. 3. Anacharsis, a Scythian on his father's side, a Greek on his mother's, lived in the sixth century before Christ. His witty sayings may be consulted in Orelli's *Opuscula*.

P. 212, l. 5. Bonosus, whose history is told by Vopiscus, was not a Briton, but a Gaul. He hanged himself after being defeated by the emperor Probus, about A.D. 280.

l. 37. The 'Sentences' of Publius Syrus (a writer of the first century before Christ) are in part extracts from his lost *Mimes* (=short comedies) in part derived from other writers of the same stamp.

P. 214, l. 30. The stories about Pittacus and Bion, which occur farther on, are taken from the work of Diogenes Laertius on the *Lives of the Philosophers*. The anecdote about Aristippus is from Plutarch; it is in the treatise *On Tranquillity of Mind*, ch. viii.

P. 216, l. 5. The *Life* of the excellent Dr. Henry Hammond (1605–1660) chaplain to Charles I, by Dr. Fell, Dean of Christ Church, was published in 1661; it is a very interesting little book.

P. 218, l. 21. This paragraph was written by Dean Swift.

P. 222, l. 22. Cowley's *Davideis*, Book i. l. 361.

P. 224, l. 15. Probably the author's father, Dean Lancelot Addison, who had published an account of West Barbary. (Tegg.)

P. 225, l. 36. Tillotson's Works (Birch), Serm. clxv. 'On the Present and Future Advantage of a Holy and Virtuous Life.' The preacher says,—'What in particular our employment shall be, and wherein it shall consist, is impossible now to describe; it is sufficient to know in the general that our employment shall be our unspeakable pleasure, and every way suitable to the glory and happiness of that state. . . . . For there is no doubt but that He who made us, and endued our souls with a desire of immortality, and so large a capacity of happiness, does understand very well by what way and means to make us happy, and hath in readiness proper exercises and employments for that state, and every way more fitted to make us happy, than any condition or employment in this world is suitable to a temporal happiness.'

V.

MANNERS, FASHIONS, AND HUMOURS.

P. 231, l. 12. The Kit-cat Club took its name from Christopher Cat, the maker of their mutton pies. It was originally formed in Shire Lane, about the time of the trial of the seven bishops, for a little free evening conversation, but in Queen Anne's reign comprehended above forty noblemen and gentlemen of the first rank for quality, merit, and fortune, firm friends of the Hanoverian succession. (Tegg.)

P. 232, l. 13. One who refused to swear allegiance to King William after the Revolution of 1688.

l. 17. The *Leges Convivales* of Ben Jonson are twenty-four Latin rules, composed by the poet for the use and guidance of the frequenters of the Old Devil Tavern at Temple Bar, his favourite resort, and engraven in marble over the chimney of the large club-room there, called the 'Apollo.' Gifford (*Works of Ben Jonson*, vol. ix.) truly says that 'nothing can be more pure and elegant than the latinity of these "laws."' These are a few of them:—

1. Nemo asymbolus, nisi umbra, huc venito.
2. Idiota, insulsus, tristis, turpis, abesto.
9. Ministri a dapibus, oculati et muti,
   A poculis, auriti et celeres sunto.
17. Joci sine felle sunto.
19. Versus scribere nullus cogitor.
23. Qui foras vel dicta, vel facta eliminet, eliminator.

In drawing them up, says Gifford, Jonson 'had the rules of the Roman entertainments in view, as collected with great industry by Lipsius.'

P. 234, l. 8. Drawcansir is the mock hero of Buckingham's play of the

Rehearsal, who, burlesquing the character of Almanzor in Dryden's *Conquest of Granada*, destroys whole armies, on his own side and that of the enemy indifferently, by his unaided prowess.

P. 236, l. 13. I. e. the clergy are so numerous that if, as is done by lay land-holders, they could cut up their glebes and tithes into forty-shilling freeholds, each of which would entitle the holder to vote at the election of county members, they would command most of the (county) elections in England.

l. 16. 'Extremi addensent acies; nec turba moveri
Tela manusque sinit.'—Æn. x. 432.

P. 237, l. 14. The passage cited—and a very striking one it is—is found in Sir W. Temple's *Observations upon the United Provinces*, ch. i. Temple, for many years the British minister at the Hague in the reign of Charles II, is chiefly known in political history as the negotiator of the Triple Alliance, and in literary history as the patron of Swift.

P. 239, l. 3. Dr. Thomas Sydenham, a member of Magdalen College, Oxford, was resident in London at the time of the Great Plague of 1665, and, though he took refuge from it in the country, must have had great opportunities of studying its phenomena. His *Methodus curandi Febres*, written originally in English, first appeared in 1666. The acuteness and sweep of observation, together with the remarkable power of philosophical deduction, which characterise this book, caused it to be universally admired, and have preserved the reputation of the author to this day.

l. 17. Sanctorius, or Santorio, was an eminent Italian physician; died 1636. His *Ars de statica Medicina* was translated by one John Quincy into English in 1712, 'with large explanations, wherein is given a mechanical account of the animal economy;' but an earlier English translation had appeared in 1676, to which probably the passage in the text refers.

P. 240, l. 26. The English version is, 'I was well; I would be better; and here I am.' (Morley.)

P. 243, l. 29. In Jonson's play of the *Alchemist*, Abel Drugger, a foolish and superstitious tobacconist, consults Subtle the alchemist and astrologer on various arrangements which are to bring him good luck and flowing custom. He asks (Act II) what *sign* he shall choose for his shop, and Subtle replies—

'He shall have *a bell*, that's Abel,
And by it standing one whose name is Dee[1],
In a *rug* gown; there's D & rug; that's Drug;
And right anenst him a dog snarling *-er*;
There's *Drugger*, Abel Drugger.'

l. 31. That is, the god Bel, named in the book of the so-called Apocrypha, entitled 'Bel and the Dragon.'

[1] Dr. Dee, the famous astrologer of Queen Elizabeth's reign.

P. 246, l. 6. The books in Leonora's library are of a miscellaneous character, and most of them are now forgotten. The first on the list is a translation of Virgil by John Ogilby (1600–1676), a Scotch tutor whom Lord Strafford employed in the education of his children. Pope names him in the *Dunciad*:—

'Here swells the shelf with Ogilby the great,
There, stamp'd with arms, Newcastle shines complete.'

Dryden's version of Juvenal, in which he was aided by his sons John and Charles, appeared in 1693. 'Astræa' was a 'pastoral romance of the days of Henry IV, by Honoré D'Urfé, . . . translated by a person of quality in 1657.' (Morley). The *Grand Cyrus* and *Clelia* were two ponderous romances written by Mdlle. de Scudéry (1607–1701). *Cleopatra* and *Cassandra*, works of the same description, were written by Calprenède about the same time. Sir Philip Sidney (1554–1586) entitled his pastoral romance, 'The Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia.' Sherlock's Discourse upon Death was noticed in a note to page 184. The most celebrated work of Malebranche (1631–1715) is his *Recherche de la Vérité*. The Academy of Compliments was probably a sort of hand-book of etiquette. Tom Durfey's *Tales* are used by Pope for the butt end of a comparison,—'From Dryden's Virgil down to Durfey's tales.' Elziver, or Elzevier, was the family name of several celebrated Dutch printers, who for a period of 130 years, from about 1580 to 1710, exercised their calling at Leyden and Amsterdam, and brought typography to a height of clearness and beauty before unknown. The *New Atalantis* was from the pen of Mrs. Manley, a clever and unscrupulous woman, well known in the reigns of William III and Queen Anne. It is a kind of scandalous chronicle of the English Court and certain members of the nobility, the full title being 'Secret Memoirs and Manners of several persons of Quality of both Sexes from the New Atlantis, an island in the Mediterranean.' When the book first appeared in 1707, it made a great sensation; Mrs. Manley was arrested and put on her trial for libel, but does not appear to have been convicted. In the Rawlinson collection in the Bodleian Library there is a copy of the book with the names of the persons represented by the several characters inserted in MS., but I have not met with any *printed* 'key.' On Baker's Chronicle see note to p. 54, l. 28. Steele published his semi-religious treatise of *The Christian Hero* in 1701, while he was in the army. 'Dr. Sacheverell's Speech' is the speech that he made at his trial before the House of Lords, when charged with having used seditious language in his sermon preached before the Lord Mayor in 1709. Dr. Johnson's father, the old Lichfield bookseller, told his son that he had not known the eager reception and large sale of Dryden's *Absalom and Achitophel* ever equalled but in the case of *Sacheverell's Trial*. 'Fielding's Trial' is the narrative of the case of Robert Fielding, usually called Beau Fielding, who was tried at the Old Bailey in 1706 for having contracted a bigamous marriage with the notorious Barbara Duchess of Cleveland, one of Charles II's mistresses. The case is in vol. v. of the *State Trials* (ed.

of 1730). Taylor's *Holy Living* and *Holy Dying* are still standard works.

l. 19. The 'Fifteen Joys of Marriage' was originally written in French by one Antoine Lasale, about the middle of the fifteenth century. It was afterwards frequently printed and re-edited, with more or less variation from the original, particularly by Guillaume Cretin, a contemporary of Marot and Rabelais. Taking Cretin's version as his basis, some anonymous English writer published in 1682 'The Fifteen Comforts of Matrimony,' 'done out of French.' The work has a satirical aim, and the comforts are anything but comforts. A clever answer appeared in the following year, entitled 'The Women's Advocate, or, Fifteen real Comforts of Matrimony,' 'written by a Person of Quality of the Female Sex.'

P. 249, l. 18. Mr. Joseph Mede (1586–1638), a Cambridge man, and a friend of Bishop Andrewes, wrote two works on the book of Revelation, *Clavis Apocalyptica* and *In sancti Joannis Apocalypsin Commentarius*. To show how highly he was rated, how greatly over-rated, in Addison's time and long afterwards, it will be sufficient to quote the words of Bishop Hurd: 'The book [of Revelation] . . . was on the point of being given up as utterly impenetrable, when a *sublime genius* arose, in the beginning of the last century, and surprised the learned world with that great desideratum, a "Key to the Revelation."'

l. 21. Marshal d'Estrades, one of the most active and able of the French diplomatists in the seventeenth century, who negotiated the purchase of Dunkirk from Charles II, and represented the interests of France at the treaty of Nimeguen, dying at a great age in 1686, left behind him a voluminous collection of 'Lettres et Memoires,' bearing on the negotiations in which he had borne a part.

l. 25. Dr. William Wall (1646–1728) published his well known treatise on *Infant Baptism* in 1705. It is a 'fair and temperate, as well as learned, work, the object of which is, first, to prove what was the practice of the early Church with reference to baptism during the first four centuries, and then to urge upon the Baptists, or, as he calls them, Anti-pædo-Baptists, various considerations touching the evils of disunion, and the ease with which they might, if so disposed, rejoin the Anglican communion.' (Arnold's *Manual of English Literature*.)

l. 28. This correspondent must have been an admirer of passive obedience, and a believer in the divine right of kings; for the work here cited was written by Charles Leslie the non-juror (in this same year, 1711), against a treatise of the well known liberal divine, Benjamin Hoadley (who afterwards became bishop of Bangor), which derived the 'Original and Institution of Civil Government' from popular election or consent. Leslie, with Sir R. Filmer, holds the patriarchal system, in which the family, clan, or tribe, is governed absolutely by its natural hereditary head, to be the only legitimate type of civil government.

P. 250, l. 3. The first seven volumes of the romance of *Pharamond*,

which described the establishment of the Frankish empire, were written by La Calprenède; some anonymous author completed it. *Cassandra*, in which it was attempted to describe the division of Alexander's empire among his generals, was by the same author. But the French title is 'Cassandre,' which means Cassander, the son of Antipater, not Cassandra, the daughter of Priam; either, therefore, Addison or the English translator of La Calprenède must have made a curious blunder.

l. 10. *All for Love*, or *The World well Lost*, a tragedy by Dryden, the plot of which is taken from Shakspeare's *Antony and Cleopatra*, was first produced in 1678. *The Innocent Adultery* is the second name of Southerne's celebrated play of *The Fatal Marriage* (1694). *Aureng-Zebe*, the last and finest of Dryden's heroic tragedies, was first produced in 1675. 'Alexander the Great' is a short way of describing Lee's play of *The Rival Queens*, or, *The Death of Alexander the Great*. *Theodosius*, or, *The Force of Love* (1680), is a tragedy by Nathaniel Lee, said to be his masterpiece. Lee is also the author of *Sophonisba*, or, *Hannibal's Overthrow*, first acted in 1676, and of *Mithridates, King of Pontus* (1678).

P. 252, l. 29. Thomas Betterton (1635–1710) was the first tragic actor of his day. Some particulars showing in what an admirable manner he understood and acted the part of Othello are given by Steele in the 'Tatler,' No. 167.

P. 253, l. 27. Hom. Il. vi. 490.

P. 255, l. 36. The brazen-faced perjurer, Titus Oates, was in fact no doctor; his diploma, like his 'Plot,' was a forgery. He was the principal witness for the existence of a Popish Plot against the life of Charles II and the independence of England, the excitement about which filled the years 1678–1681. He was severely punished and imprisoned under James II, but released and pensioned after the Revolution. Perhaps it is this last epoch of his life that Addison here refers to. To the last Oates had many fanatical admirers. Lord Macaulay says that during his imprisonment, 'while offenders who, compared with him, were innocent, grew lean on the prison allowance, his cheer was mended by turkeys and chines, capons and sucking-pigs, venison pasties, and hampers of claret, the offerings of zealous Protestants.' (*History*, iii. 67.) The above remarks were written before I had seen the note in Tegg's edition, stating that the person really intended was not Oates, but Dr. Henry Sacheverel, the High Church champion of 1710. Mr. Morley adopts the same view, and upon the whole it may be accepted as probably true, especially as the dates, supposing the story of the visit to have any foundation in fact, would be all in favour of the objects of the lady's enthusiasm being Sacheverel and Toryism, rather than Oates and Whiggism.

P. 258, l. 7. *Davideis*, Bk. III. l. 401 (Tegg):—

> 'So when a Scythian tiger, gazing round,
> An herd of kine in some fair plain has found,
> Lowing secure,—he swells with angry pride,
> And calls forth all his spots on every side.'

P. 261, l. 17. Addison derived all these particulars about the monk Connecte and the head-dresses of mediæval ladies from the article on 'Conecte' in Bayle's Dictionary, and the notes to that article. Father Conecte, a Breton by birth, preached with great power and effect in Flanders, and afterwards in Italy, against the luxury and vanity of women, and also against the vices of the clergy. For his energy in this last particular, and for advocating certain radical changes in ecclesiastical discipline he was burnt at Rome in 1434. Paradin, an old historian of Burgundy, and Argentré's *History of Bretagne*, supplied Bayle with the materials for his article.

P. 262, l. 29. Perhaps this passage suggested to Lord Byron the fine line in *Childe Harold*, in which the human head is apostrophized as—

'That dome of thought, that palace of the soul!'

P. 266, l. 28. The word 'commode,' for a head-dress, is not now used by the French in that sense. 'At that time,' says St. Simon, (quoted in Littré's *Dict.*,) 'head-dresses were worn called *commodes*, which had no fastenings to them.' Hence evidently the origin of the word; it was a 'conveniency.'

P. 267, l. 14. 'Next'='last'. The word still often bore this sense in Addison's time, as *nächste* in German does now; but according to English modern usage *next* is only used in speaking of *future* time.

P. 268, l. 17. 'The people lined the roads to see the princes and nobles who returned from Steinkirk [see note to p. 60, l. 7]. The jewellers devised Steinkirk buckles, the perfumers sold Steinkirk powder. But the name of the field of battle was peculiarly given to a new species of *collar*. . . . It became a fashion among the beauties of Paris to wear round their necks kerchiefs of the finest lace studiously disarranged; and these kerchiefs were called *Steinkirks*.' (Macaulay's *History*, quoted in Latham's *Dict.*) The 'Ramillie cock' was probably a new thing in cocked hats, invented after Marlborough's victory of Ramillies in 1706.

P. 270, l. 7. It is now well known that it was through no process of 'abbreviation' that *-es* superseded *-eth*, at least in common use, in the third per. sing. pres. of English verbs, but because in this particular instance the usage of Northern English (influenced by Danish) prevailed over that of Southern English. See Kington Oliphant's *Sources of Standard English*.

l. 15. The *s* of the English gen. sing. does not, as before explained, represent the 'his and her of our forefathers,' but is the inflection of a particular Anglo-Saxon declension extended to English substantives generally.

l. 29. The full forms are, mobil, reputation, positive, incognito.

l. 39. I have looked through a number of L'Estrange's pamphlets, and can find no traces of the *phonetic* system of spelling here attributed to him, except that he introduces 'you'll' and 'we'll' and similar contractions more frequently than his contemporaries.

P. 271, l. 14. Compare Pope's lines—

'*The lamb thy riot dooms* to bleed to-day,
Had he thy reason, would he skip and play?

P. 272, l. 36. Instead of 'Detur Pulchriori,'—'let it be given to the fairest.'

P. 273, l. 7. Namur, on the Meuse, was taken by William III after a long siege in 1695.

l. 28. There is exquisite humour in the notion of *tendering the oaths* to the rustic who won the grinning match, lest a Jacobite and disaffected person should carry off the prize.

P. 275, l. 39. By Ela must be meant the note La, or A.

P. 278, l. 7. The *grand climacteric* was a man's 63rd year. There was an old notion that every seventh, and also every ninth year, brought with it a critical stage to the human frame; the 63rd year therefore, combining the dangers of 9 and 7, could not but be a most perilous period, which having safely passed, a man might look forward to a long spell of life. The word is from the Greek *κλιμακτήρ*, literally, *the round of a ladder*. Dryden, in the dedication of his translation of Virgil, says, 'He [Virgil] died at the age of fifty-two, and I began this work in my *great clymacterique*.'

l. 12. The Grand Alliance between England, Holland, and the Emperor, was concluded at the Hague in September, 1701, for the purpose of giving satisfaction to the Emperor in the Spanish succession, and securing the interests of the allies against French ambition.

P. 279, l. 10. Hugo Grotius, a Dutchman, one of the finest minds that Europe has produced since the revival of letters, created by his great work *De Jure Belli et Pacis* the science of international law. Samuel Puffendorf, a disciple of Grotius, was a native of Saxony; before his death in 1694 he had written his celebrated work, 'On the Law of Nature and of Nations,' besides many other useful treatises.

P. 282, l. 26. As 'carte-blanche,' this has become since Addison's time a familiar English phrase.

l. 38. A Sir Ambrose Crowley, who had made a fortune as an ironmonger, is said to have changed his name from Crowley to Crawley, and thus to have suggested to Addison the change from Anvil to Enville, prompted by the lady's ridiculous vanity. But such changes are not so uncommon that any particular case need be supposed to have been in Addison's mind; in our own days we have known Buggs become Howards, Smiths Smythes, and Joneses Herberts.

P. 283, l. 40. The first battle of the Civil War was fought at Edgehill, on the borders of Oxfordshire and Warwickshire, October 23, 1642. Buda, which had been captured by the Turks on their advance to Vienna in 1683, was retaken after a siege by the united German and Polish army in 1686.

P. 286, l. 27. See note to page 6, line 5.

P. 287, l. 20. *The Mistress*, by Cowley, is a collection of amatory poems.

l. 32. *Hudibras*, Part I, 3, 311. (Tegg.)

P. 289, l. 11. 'Conniventia' properly means 'a closing, or half-closing, of the eyes;' whence the secondary meaning of 'connivance,' because people sometimes shut their eyes at things which they ought to take notice of. But Addison seems to mean by the term in this place 'assentings,' 'polite acquiescences,' made at the wrong time, or to the wrong person.

P. 292, l. 38. Boileau died in 1711, Racine in 1699, Corneille in 1684.

P. 293, l. 7. Philip V of Spain, duke of Anjou, and grandson of Louis XIV, was the French claimant of the Spanish crown, in opposition to the Archduke Charles, son of the Emperor Leopold.

P. 295, l. 39. Cicero, in his *De Oratore*, and Quintilian, relate this of Demosthenes. The 'antagonist' was Æschines, and the oration which had, not 'procured,' but indirectly caused his banishment, was the celebrated speech *De Corona*.

P. 299, l. 9. 'Raile' is a loose upper garment, A.S. hrægl. The word occurs in the plays of Massinger and Beaumont and Fletcher. In *Beowulf*, l. 1195, we read of 'hrægl and hringas,' apparel and rings.

P. 300, l. 3. Secretary at this time of the Treasury, and director of the Mint. (Tegg.)

P. 302, l. 29. The passage is in Act V. Sc. 1 of *The Fatal Marriage*, by Southerne. See note to p. 250, l. 10.

P. 303, l. 9. Negotiations with a view to peace were opened at Utrecht on the 29th January, 1712, and were proceeding favourably, when the incident occurred which Addison speaks of in this paper. The servants of Count Rechteren, deputy for the Dutch province of Over-Yssel, having complained to him that they had been insulted by the lackeys of M. Mesnager, the senior French plenipotentiary, Rechteren instigated them to revenge themselves, and after they had maltreated Mesnager's people accordingly, openly approved of their conduct, and said that he would reward them every time they acted in the same manner, and dismiss them if they behaved otherwise. The affair made a great noise; and when Mesnager's representations proved of no avail, Louis XIV sent orders to all his three plenipotentiaries to suspend all negotiations till satisfaction had been obtained for the insult offered to one of them. The Dutch government, afraid to take the responsibility of preventing the peace, at last yielded, formally disavowed the proceedings of Rechteren, and superseded him.

P. 307, l. 5. A 'whiffler' is a supernumerary engaged to swell the numbers in a pageant or procession. In his *Animadversions on the Remonstrant's Defence*, Milton says contemptuously of his opponent, 'Now he is at the pageants, among the whifflers.'

P. 308, l. 30. Tillotson, Vol. II, Serm. 1, fol. ed. (Tegg.)

P. 309, l. 20. This amusing letter may be classed with the supposed diary of one of the Indian kings in No. 50. Bantam, a province forming the western extremity of the island of Java, was the scene of continual

rivalry and animosity between the Dutch and English traders during a great part of the seventeenth century. The Sultan of Bantam, like the beaver in the fable who deprived himself of his own *castor* that he might be quit of the hunters, caused all the pepper trees in his dominions to be cut down that the quarrelsome Europeans might at least no longer have pepper to fight about. The sacrifice was vain, and the end of the struggle was that the Dutch turned us out of the country. Charles II accepted £100,000 from Holland in compensation of all English claims in those parts. The first cargo of tea ever landed in England was brought from Bantam in 1669 (*Dict. Geogr. Univ.*), and it was probably not long afterwards that the ambassador came to England.

P. 311, l. 29. Thomas Brown, (died 1704,) a third-rate author of the seventeenth century, wrote *Dialogues, Letters, Poems*, &c., to the extent of four volumes; they are characterized by much readiness and vivacity, but no one would now think of reading them.

P. 315, l. 6. *The Whole Duty of Man*, an excellent book of religious instruction, was first published in 1660, with a prefatory letter by Dr. Hammond, in which he prays that 'the author which hath taken care to convey so liberal an alms to the Corban *so secretly*, may not miss to be rewarded openly.' The authorship of this book is one of the unsolved problems of English bibliography. It has been assigned to Archbishop Sancroft, Dr. Frewen, Bishop Fell, Abraham Woodhead, and several others.

VI.

CRITICAL PAPERS.

§ 1. *On Wit, Humour, and Taste.*

P. 317, l. 6. Either Whachum in Shadwell's play of the *Scourers*, or Sir Christopher Swash in the *Woman-Captain*, would answer the description of the window-breaking, empty-headed bully whom Addison has in view; but the precise passage which he quotes I have not discovered.

l. 14. See the Ode, *Of Wit*, in Cowley's *Miscellanies*.

P. 319, l. 36. Addison has, perhaps purposely, misquoted Horace for this motto; the 'erit' belongs to the following sentence, and has nothing to do with the clause 'Ut pictura poesis.'

P. 320, l. 10. Longinus was the author of this censure, and Cæcilius the object of it. This is mentioned by Boileau in the preface to his translation of Longinus' treatise, *On the Sublime*, and it was here probably that Addison found it.

l. 25. See Nos. 5, 13, 18, 29, 40 and 44, in the Critical Section.

P. 321, l. 10. These poems are printed in the *Anthologia Palatina*,

which forms one volume in Firmin Didot's *Bibliotheca Græcorum Scriptorum*. They are—the Pipe of Theocritus, the Axe of Simmias, the Wings of Love by Simmias, the Altar (two poems), and the Egg of Besantinus. The axe resembles no modern axe, being shaped like the letter X. The pipe is of the description known as 'Pan's Pipes;' it contains twenty lines, which diminish in length from the top to the bottom. Mr. Morley is mistaken in saying that tradition assigns the Egg to Anacreon.

P. 322, l. 16. The lines quoted are supposed to be addressed by an obscure Irish poet, Flecknoe, to the son of his brain, Mac Flecknoe, that is, Shadwell, the 'True Blue Protestant poet,' who supplanted Dryden as poet-laureate at the Revolution.

l. 22. In Joshua Sylvester's translation of Du Bartas' *Divine Weekes and Workes* (1621), several anagrams (such as 'James Stuart,' 'A Just Man,' &c.), and nine altar-shaped poems, each dedicated to a Muse, and all redolent with the incense of flattery to King James I, are prefixed to the poem. In the collection of sacred poems called *The Temple*, by George Herbert, there is a poem shaped like a pair of wings, and entitled 'Easter Wings.'

l. 26. This picture may be seen in the library of St. John's College, Oxford; but time, and the dampness of the Oxford climate, have made the lines so dim that I imagine only strong eyes and a good magnifying glass could now decipher even so much as Addison deciphered. There is an interesting tradition in the college about this picture. After the Restoration, it is said that Charles II requested the college to let him have the picture. The president and fellows reluctantly complied. The king, overjoyed at the acquisition, begged to know what present he could make to the college that would be acceptable to them, in return for so precious a gift. The dons consulted together, and the President respectfully begged leave to decline on the part of the college the royal offer, adding that they all attached the greatest value to the picture of the royal Martyr. 'Is it so?' said Charles; 'then I suppose I must send you the picture back again;' and so he did.

P. 323, l. 21. The success of Cowley's 'Pindariques' was the cause of numerous imitations. Dryden tried the Pindaric style frequently, sometimes with most happy result, as in 'Alexander's Feast,' sometimes with a luxuriance and exuberance that were fatal to form, as in the 'Threnodia Augustalis.' Sprat also tried it, and Pope in imitation of Dryden, and many writers of inferior note, such as Prior, Dennis, S. Wesley, and Stepney.

P. 324, l. 9. Tryphiodorus, a Greek grammarian, born in Egypt, of the fifth century after Christ, was called λειπογράμματος (λείπω, I leave out, γράμμα, a letter), according to Eustathius, because he omitted throughout his Odyssey the letter *s*; but the account of Hesychius, which Addison here follows, seems more probable. A short Epic poem by Tryphiodorus on the taking of Troy has come down to us; all his other works have perished.

l. 36. The substance of the remainder of this paper may be found in Camden's *Remaines concerning Britaine* (1637). The Rebus seems to have

been so called because the name in question was signified by *things*, rebus, non verbis. So Camden and Cotgrave explain it. But Brachet, in his *Etymological Dictionary* (Clar. Press, 1873), says that the Rebus was anciently called *rébus de Picardie*, because the basoche-clerks of Picardy used yearly to compose a Latin satiric poem on the topics of the day, 'de rebus quæ geruntur.'

P. 326, l. 4. Ovid, *Metamorph.* iii. 358.

l. 5. Erasmus' *Colloquia Familiaria*, title 'Echo.' (Morley.)

l. 13. *Hudibras*, Part I, 3, 183. Orsin, not Bruin, is the name of the bear-leader.

P. 327, l. 22. The Anagram was a Greek, not a monkish, invention, and so far from its having arisen in the dark, or even the middle, ages, its revival dates from the sixteenth century, and was due to the rage for imitating the classical authors which the Renaissance, or revival of learning, brought with it. The inventor is said to have been Lycophron, an Alexandrian poet who flourished in the fifth century before Christ. Specimens of good Greek anagrams are, *Atlas* (compelled to bear the weight of heaven on his shoulders); *Talas*, wretched; *Arete*, virtue; *Erate*, lovely. The practice of anagrammatizing was revived and became extremely popular in France in the time of Francis I. Camden in his *Remaines* collects together a curious assortment of Latin, French, and English anagrams.

P. 328, l. 25. The acrostic (*ἄκρος*, extreme, *στίχος*, line) was, like the anagram, invented by the Greeks, but at a later period. Eusebius, bishop of Cæsarea, in his Life of the Emperor Constantine, preserves a curious specimen in the form of some verses supposed to be by the Erythræan Sibyl, the initial letters of which make up the Greek words, which, translated, are 'Jesus Christ, Son of God, Saviour.' Ranulf Higden in his *Polychronicon*, and Henry Knighton in his *Chronicle*, indicate in acrostic fashion, by the initial letters of their chapters, the authorship of their respective works. The acrostic was very popular in England under Elizabeth, but in the seventeenth century was abandoned to poetasters and drawing-room poets, as it is at the present day.

P. 329, l. 29. Mercury being the god who carries messages, Mercurius (Mercurio, Mercure, Mercury) was the common name for any newspaper or news-pamphlet in the seventeenth century; we have the Mercurius Britannicus, Anti-Britannicus, Anglicus, Aulicus, Civicus, Gallo-Belgicus.

P. 330, l. 19. Gilles Menage, a popular critic and littérateur of the seventeenth century, died at a great age in 1692. The *Menagiana* is a collection of his bons mots, moral maxims, and criticisms, published by his friends shortly after his death.

l. 29. A witty mock-heroic poem in four cantos, in which Sarasin (1603-1654) covers with ridicule M. Dulot, the inventor of *Bouts-rimés*. It opens thus:—

'Je chante les combats, l'heroique vaillance,
Et les faits glorieux des Poémes de France;

Et comme sous les murs de la grande cité,
Tomba des mauvais Vers le peuple révolté.'

P. 332, l. 23. The paragrammatist produces an unexpected or ludicrous effect by changing a letter or letters in a word, as by writing Merǫ for Nero, Buzfuz for Bompas, or Oxbridge for Oxford. Paronomasia (not Paranomasia) is a play upon words, or pun, as—

'Not on thy sole but on thy soul, harsh Jew,
Thou makest thy knife keen.'

Plocè, lit. 'a plaiting,' is used by Aristotle for the in-weaving or involution of a dramatic plot; here it must mean some kind of complication of words. Antanaclasis is 'the use of a word in an altered sense.' (Liddell and Scott's *Lexicon.*)

P. 334, l. 8. The *Letters* of Aristænetus, a Greek author of the fourth century, were translated into Latin, with notes, by Josias Mercier (an eminent French scholar, father-in-law of Salmasius the opponent of Milton), in 1595.

l. 12. *Essay on the Human Understanding*, Bk. II. Ch. 2. (Morley.)

P. 336, l. 30. The limbec, now usually written 'alembic,' is the vessel from which distilled liquors pass to the receiver. (Richardson's *Dict.*)

P. 337, l. 9. These 'conceits,' or instances of spurious wit, are found in Cowley's collection of love verses called the *Mistress*. One example may be quoted to serve as an illustration; *crimine ab uno disce omnes*. He is addressing the paper on which he had written some lines to his mistress with lemon-juice. 'If,' he says, 'after holding thee before the fire so as to read my effusions, my mistress pardon thee, then thou wilt enjoy the flame;—

But if her wisdom grow severe,
And suffer not her goodness to be there;
If her large mercies cruelly it restrain;
Be not discouraged, but require
A more gentle ordeal fire,
And bid her, by Love's flames, read it again.'

l. 31. This definition of wit is found at the end of the preface (which is an 'Apology for Heroic poetry and Poetic License') to Dryden's play of *Amboyna*.

P. 338, l. 5. Père Bouhours, (1628–1702,) in his excellent little work *La Manière de bien penser*, Dialogue I, has discussed at length this question, how far truth of thought is essential to goodness of literary work. He quotes from 'one of the finest wits of our age' (Boileau?) the lines:—

'Rien n'est beau que le vrai; le vrai seul est aimable:
Il doit regner partout, et même dans la fable.'

l. 19. Observe the strength of the prejudice, transmitted from the age of the Renaissance, against any art that was not classical and pagan. So Addison, in his *Remarks on Italy*, speaks slightingly of that 'vast Gothic

pile of building,' of which he had heard so much, the Cathedral of Milan, but thinks Palladio's Church of S. Justina at Padua 'the most handsome, luminous, disencumbered building in the inside' that he has ever seen.

l. 37. J. F. Segrais (1624–1701) was a member of the French Academy, and the author of a pastoral poem, *Athis*, which Boileau deigned to praise in his *Art Poetique*.

P. 339, l. 14. The allusion is to the forty shilling freeholds, which by a statute of Henry VI, still in force, conferred a vote for the county.

P. 340, l. 20. Ambergris, or Grey Amber, is a solid, opaque, ash coloured, fatty, inflammable substance, of a fragrant odour when heated; it is supposed to be produced in the viscera of the spermaceti whale. Pulvillio is a perfumed powder, highly fashionable in the last century, but now almost gone out of use.

P. 344, l. 21. Hobbes, the philosopher of Malmesbury.

P. 346, l. 22. Surely not; for Butler's object in *Hudibras* was to 'pull down and degrade' the terrible Puritan soldiers who had set their heel on 'the neck of crownèd fortune proud,' and humbled the aristocracy and gentry of England; but this, as Addison himself had just said, 'is best done in doggerel.'

l. 34. From Waller's lines on 'the Countess of Carlisle in mourning':—

> 'We find not that the Laughter-loving Dame
> Mourn'd for Anchises; 'twas enough she came
> To grace the mortal with her deathless bed,
> And that his living eyes such beauty fed.'

l. 38. *L'Allegro*, l. 11.

P. 347, l. 1. Baltasar Gracian, a Spanish Jesuit, (d. circa 1652) wrote under the name of his brother Lorenzo various critical works in prose, relating to poetry, rhetoric, style, and the conduct of life. The most celebrated of these is *El Criticon*, an allegorical picture of the course of human life. Gracian's works were much admired, and quickly translated into French and Italian. Yet his influence on Spanish literary taste was eminently pernicious; he introduced into Spanish prose that false taste, that gaudy and artificial style, surcharged with trope and ornament, that rage for conceits, which Gongora a few years before had, under the name of *estilo culto*, engrafted upon Spanish poetry.

P. 350, l. 32. The reference is to the series of eighteen papers, ranging between Nos. 267 and 369, which Addison had devoted to an elaborate criticism on the *Paradise Lost*. Another series of eleven papers, Nos. 411–421, on the *Pleasures of Imagination*, is mentioned a few lines below.

§ 2. *The Stage.*

P. 352, l. 4. In Dryden's comedy of *Sir Martin Mar-all*, which is translated pretty closely from Molière's L'Etourdi, Sir Martin, a foolish blundering knight, serenades his mistress by candle-light, holding a lute and making grimaces as if he were singing, while his man, Warner, is really singing and playing in a dark room behind him.

P. 353, l. 4. The great merit of Handel had been discerned by some English noblemen who visited Hanover, and they prevailed upon him to come over to this country in 1710. Between this date and 1740 he composed thirty-one operas for the English stage, of which *Rinaldo and Armida* was the first. The half slighting way in which Addison speaks of 'Mynheer Handel' and his opera, coupled with his expression of wonder (p. 359) that any one should prefer the Italian Opera to the stupid borrowed play of *Phædra and Hippolytus*, make one suspect that Addison had little ear for music: the words and theatrical accessories in an opera seem to count far more with him than the airs and choruses.

P. 354, l. 12. Little beyond what Addison tells us is known of this Signor Nicolini, under whose auspices the opera was for the first time sung wholly in Italian on the English stage, the practice having been previously, that the English members of the *troupe* should sing in English, and the Italians in Italian.

P. 355, l. 2. The opera of *Hydaspes*—composed, we believe, by Buononcini—was produced at the Haymarket in 1710. 'Hydaspes is a sort of profane Daniel, who being thrown into an amphitheatre to be devoured by a lion, is saved, not by faith, but by love, the presence of his mistress among the spectators inspiring him with such courage, that after appealing to the monster in a minor key, and telling him that he may tear his bosom but cannot touch his heart, he attacks him in the relative major, and strangles him.' (Sutherland Edwards' *History of the Opera.*)

P. 356, l. 37. Henri Quatre.

P. 357, l. 1. I am uncertain what play and what character are here intended.

l. 16. It may be well here to note down a few particulars supplementary to the sketch given by Addison of the history of the Opera in England. The opera, which was gradually developed out of the sacred musical plays of the fifteenth century, assumed something like its present shape in Italy towards the close of the sixteenth. Cardinal Mazarin introduced the Italian opera into France in 1645; it was immediately imitated by French composers, and the first French opera appeared in the following year. Cambert, one of the earliest French operatic composers, was driven by some intrigue among the musicians, about the year 1670, to repair to England; he was well received by Charles II, and appointed director of the Court music. A taste for opera and operatic music naturally arose in the more cultivated portion of English society at the same period. It was gratified in the first place by the produc-

tions of English composers of great merit,—would that they had left worthy inheritors of their genius!—Lock and Purcell. To these men the stream of that noble national music which England once possessed descended, through the Masques, pageants, ballads, and songs of the Elizabethan and Stuart periods; but about this time it appears to have dried up. Lock's beautiful music to *Macbeth*, as altered by Davenant, was performed in 1673. But neither this, nor the music which Purcell wrote in 1681 (his first effort designed for the stage) for Lee's tragedy of *Theodosius*,—though of an operatic cast—falls strictly under the definition of opera. Soon, however, operas in English, written partially upon the Italian model, were produced. Dryden wrote two, *King Arthur* and *Albion and Albanius*; for the first Purcell supplied the music, in 1691; for the second, the Frenchman Grabut. Purcell also composed the music for Betterton's opera of *The Prophetess*, for that called *The Fairy Queen*, an adaptation from Shakespeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and for the *Tempest*, another absurd adaptation, by Dryden and Davenant, of Shakespeare's play. But this bright spirit was taken away from us by an untimely death in 1695. About that time, says Downes, Betterton, the chief actor and manager of his day, finding that the taste of the English nobility inclined decidedly to foreign music, expended during ten years great labour and large sums of money to bring over Italian and French singers, with little gain to himself but large profits to *them*. The mantle of Purcell unfortunately fell on Clayton, a composer of execrable music, which, when Buononcini and others were rising up in Italy, and Handel in Germany, decided the question speedily against 'native talent.' This Clayton composed the music for *Arsinoe*, an opera translated into English from the Italian, and designed to be performed entirely in the Italian manner. Arsinoe was brought out in 1705, Mrs. Tofts taking the part of *prima donna*, and Marguerite de l' Epine singing Italian airs before and after the performance. Addison's own opera of *Rosamond*, the music by Clayton, appeared in 1707, and failed signally. (Downes' *Roscius*, Sutherland Edwards' *History of the Opera*.)

l. 22. For a notice of this opera see the preceding note.

P. 358, l. 8. The music of the opera of *Camilla* was written by Marco Antonio Buononcini, the brother of the composer of *Almahide* and *Hydaspes*. It was brought out at the opera-house built by Sir John Vanbrugh in 1705, and sung partly in English, partly in Italian, Mrs. Tofts sustaining effectively the part of Camilla, while the tenor Valentini addressed her in impassioned strains in a language of which she did not know a word. The music of this opera is said to have been very beautiful. (Sutherland Edwards.) If the opera of the same name mentioned in Baker's *Biogr. Dram.* as having been brought out at Drury Lane in 1706 be not a different work, the English words were by one Owen Mac Swiny.

P. 359, l. 17. The modern *libretto*, in which the Italian words are on one side and an English translation on the other, had probably not yet come into use when Addison wrote.

l. 34. The *Phædra and Hippolytus*, translated and altered by Edmund Smith from Racine's great tragedy of Phédre, was brought out at the Haymarket in 1709, and almost immediately damned.

P. 360, l. 8. Unfortunately English music was of such a poor quality that it could not stand its ground; nor are things much better at the present day.

l. 32. See note to p. 357, l. 16.

P. 361, l. 38. *Twelfth Night*, Act i. Sc. 1.

P. 362, l. 25. Baptista Lully, though not absolutely the founder of French opera, was one of its earliest promoters; his first opera came out in 1673. He rose to great honour through the favour of Louis XIV, and died at Paris in 1687.

l. 33. The Pit.

P. 364, l. 30. See the thirteenth chapter of Aristotle's *Poetics*.

P. 365, l. 3. The *Orphan* and *Venice Preserved* are by Otway, *Œdipus* is by Lee and Dryden, *Oroonoko* by Southerne; for the rest see note on p. 250, l. 10.

l. 12. *The Mourning Bride* is Congreve's only tragedy; *Tamerlane* and *Ulysses* are by Rowe. Speaking of the first appearance of these plays, Downes says that the *Mourning Bride* (1697) 'had such success that it continued acting uninterrupted thirteen days together;' that *Tamerlane* (1700), through the excellent acting of Betterton, Vanbrugh, Mrs. Bracegirdle, and Mrs. Barry, became a stock play; and that *Ulysses* (1705), being excellently well performed, had a successful run, but fell short of *Tamerlane* and the *Ambitious Step-mother*, by the same author. (This is the same 'Downs the prompter,' under whose name there is a curious letter in No. 193 of the *Tatler*.) On the *Phædra and Hippolytus* see note to p. 359.

l. 20. The Tragi-comedy was not 'the product of the English theatre.' The play of *La Celestina*, the earliest regular dramatic piece known, written in Spain in the fifteenth century, was called a 'tragicomedia;' and one or more of the plays of Timoneda, a Spanish dramatist rather anterior to Shakespeare, were so designated. Tragi-comedy was much in favour with Beaumont and Fletcher, the latter of whom describes it as a kind of play which ends happily, but in which some of the principal characters are brought so near to destruction that the true tragic interest is excited. Addison's description of such a play is generally quite true, that it was a 'motley piece of mirth and sorrow;' but this is what the public taste demanded, both in Spain and in England, at the time when the national drama in each country was in full vigour. Lope de Vega, no less than Shakespeare, relieved his tragic scenes with comic talk and droll situations; for, as he honestly said, 'the people pays for amusement, and it must have it.'

P. 366, l. 7. George Powell was both author and actor; at one time he was regarded as rivalling Betterton; but he was negligent and idle, and presumed too much on his own powers, so as to lose at last the favour of the public. In his later years he took to drinking, and died in 1714.

l. 31. The first and third acts of *Œdipus* were written by Dryden, the rest by Lee.

P. 367, l. 9. The *Conquest of Mexico* is the second title of Dryden's popular heroic play, *The Indian Emperor*.

l. 26. In the last act of Otway's tragedy of *Venice Preserved*, in the middle of an impassioned and highly wrought scene between Jaffier and Belvidera, the bell is heard to toll for the execution of Pierre, the arch-conspirator.

P. 369, l. 31. The tragedy of *Les Horaces*.

P. 370, l. 9. The *Electra*.

P. 371, l. 35. Christopher Bullock (d. 1724), besides writing several plays himself, was a good and sprightly actor in his day, the parts of 'fops, pert gentlemen,' &c., being sustained by him with effect. (Baker's *Biogr. Dramatica*.) Henry Norris was chiefly known for his admirable performance in Farquhar's comedy of *The Constant Couple*, whence he acquired the nick-name of 'Jubilee Dicky.'

P. 373, l. 33. Downes tells us that about 1690 Congreve's *Old Bachelor* and *Double Dealer*, and Southerne's *Fatal Marriage*, were acted with much applause at Drury Lane, 'specially Mr. Doggett's and Madame Barry's performances being unparallelled.' He was a most successful actor of comedy for many years, and retiring from the stage with a competence, settled at Eltham, where he died in 1721. He was a staunch friend to the Hanoverian succession, and founded the race for Thames watermen known as that for 'Doggett's coat and badge,' which is annually rowed on the 1st August, the anniversary of George I's accession.

P. 374, l. 10. Æolus (Virg. Æn. i. 81),

—'cavum conversa cuspide montem
Impulit in latus.'

P. 375, l. 14. Scenery and scenic effects were unknown to the English stage before the civil war, and for some time after the Restoration. They gradually came into use during the reign of Charles II, the competition of the different theatres compelling a continual enlargement of these sources of attraction, when they were once introduced. (Wright's *Hist. Histrionica*.)

l. 15. Salmoneus, a king of Elis, is said in Greek mythology to have endeavoured to imitate the lightnings of Jove by driving his chariot over a brazen bridge, and scattering blazing torches around him as he passed. For his impiety Jupiter smote him with his thunderbolts, and assigned to him a hot place in Tartarus. (Virg. Æn. vi. 585.)

l. 25. Thomas Rymer (1639–1714) was a member of Grays Inn, but preferring literature to the law, entered the field of dramatic criticism, and in the ambition 'to be himself the great sublime he drew,' produced the model tragedy of *Edgar* in 1677. This play, which is in rhyme, has an Anglo-Saxon plot; St. Dunstan, who is of course represented as an ambitious turbulent monk, plays an important part; Edgar, however, defies the proud ecclesiastic, and resolves to marry his god-child in spite of him; the piece, though called a

tragedy, winds up with a brace of marriages. In two tracts, entitled *The Tragedies of the Last Age* (1678), and *A Short View of Tragedy* (1693), Rymer, in a rough and boisterous style, compared Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, and Fletcher to the great tragedians of antiquity, greatly to the disadvantage of the former. The plays of Shakespeare which he singles out for his foolish animadversion are *Othello* and *Julius Cæsar*. Whether he wrote any other tract on *King Lear* I cannot say, but I have not met with any such; perhaps it is a slip of Addison's. But Rymer's name, in spite of literary failures, will ever be held in grateful remembrance by the English historical student, on account of that great collection, edited by him, of important state-papers, national and international, which goes by the name of Rymer's *Fœdera*.

P. 376, l. 8. André Dacier (1651–1722) was a refined critic and an indefatigable scholar; he edited or translated Horace, Aristotle's *Poetics*, Plutarch's *Lives*, the *Reflexions* of Marcus Aurelius, &c., &c. Trained under a famous scholar, Tanneguy Lefèvre, he fell in love with his tutor's daughter, and married her; she became the celebrated Madame Dacier, and raised her name, through her learning and talents, to an equality with that of her husband.

l. 18. Archbishop Whately used to say, with reference to the profundity imputed to certain authors, that there might be two reasons why you could not see to the bottom of a stream,—either because it was deep, or because it was *muddy*.

l. 33. The god of ridicule and satire.

P. 377, l. 28. From the prologue to the *Andria* of Terence; the lines mean, 'whose carelessness he prefers to emulate, rather than the dull industry of these [his critics].'

l. 30. The passage is in the first volume of South's Sermons (Oxf. ed. of 1842), at p. 168.

l. 39. Pliny *Nat. Hist.* xxxvii. 3.

§ 3. *On Literary Matters.*

P. 379, l. 2. The name of Sir Philip Sidney's short treatise is, the *Defence of Poesy*; it was written about 1584.

l. 23. This theory of the motives which induced Homer to write the Iliad is ridiculous, seeing that the main portions of the poem were certainly in existence at least three hundred years before the Persian empire was founded.

l. 38. Addison's notion is, that *Chevy Chase* was written during the war of the Roses, and that the concluding verse, alluding to the feuds of noblemen, is almost a demonstration of this. But the theory breaks down altogether, for the old genuine version of the ballad, printed (with many inaccuracies) at the beginning of Percy's *Reliques*, and accurately given in Mr.

Skeat's *Specimens of English Literature*, contains no such concluding verse, but ends as follows:—

'Jhesu Crist our balys bete,
And to the blys us brynge!
Thus was the hountynge of the Chivyat:
God sende us alle good ending!'

Much discussion has arisen from time to time on the date and other relations of the poem, respecting which see Mr. Hales' preface in *Bishop Percy's Folio MS.*, and the observations of Percy, Warton, and Skeat. This is not the place for any lengthened examination of the matter, but I will briefly state the conclusions which to my own mind appear most probable. (1) The author of the ballad was a Northumberland man; witness the vivid local touches, 'Glendale glytteryde on ther armor bryght,' 'the watter a Twyde,' 'the bowndes of Tividale,' 'Ser Johan of Agerstone,' &c. (2) The poem is not historical. The conflict described in it is called in one place the battle of Otterburn; but in the real battle of Otterburn, fought in 1388, no Percy was killed; moreover Otterburn lies many miles away from the Tweed and Teviotdale, where the scene of action is laid in the earlier verses; lastly, the king of Scotland, at the date of Otterburn, was named Robert, not James; no James reigned in Scotland before 1424. (3) But the character of the hand-writing, and the linguistic forms in the earliest MS. (Ashmole 48), preclude us from assigning the ballad to a later date than the middle of the fifteenth century. (4) Writing under Henry VI, the author probably confounded together, through the defect of his own memory or of the popular traditions, the battle of Pepperden, fought in 1436, and that of Otterburn. Or rather, shall we say? having full knowledge of many a bloody duel between brave Scotch and English borderers, in that incessant frontier foray which devastated the marches for many generations, and having also the popular accounts of the larger conflicts at Otterburn, Homildon, and Pepperden (at all of which Percies and Douglases contended for victory) confusedly present to his mind, he wove an original poem out of these abundant materials, in such a way as, while setting at nought historic accuracy, to fill his canvas with noble figures, boldly drawn and skilfully grouped or contrasted, whose separate actions and misfortunes differed little from those which true tradition recorded, though the setting and connection in which they were exhibited were totally unhistorical.

P. 380, l. 5. The *Argonautica* of Valerius Flaccus, and the *Thebais* of Statius.

P. 383, l. 34. It may be considered certain that the version of Chevy Chase known to Sidney was not this from which Addison quotes (the language and style of which seem to place it in the seventeenth, or not later than the end of the sixteenth century), but that which has been described in a former note, as composed in the middle of the fifteenth century, and preserved in one of the Ashmole MSS. The newer version, however, follows the older one pretty closely, as the reader may see by comparing the two in *Percy's*

Reliques. Addison's copy appears to have agreed almost word for word with that from which Percy printed the newer version.

P. 386, l. 12. The old version has :—

'The swane fethars that his arrowe bar,
With his hart blood the wear wete.'

P. 387, l. 2. Hud. i. 3, 97. The bear, though brought to the ground by his numerous assailants, still fights desperately :—

'As Widdrington, in doleful dumps,
Is said to fight upon his stumps.'

P. 389, l. 20. Richard Bentley. (Tegg.)

P. 390, l. 16. The day of the battle of Blenheim.

P. 392, l. 18. The *Essay on Criticism*, by Pope, had been advertised in the *Spectator* on the 15th May, 1711, about seven months before this paper was written, as to appear on that day. It was this poem which first brought Pope prominently into notice, for his *Pastorals*, which had appeared in 1709, had neither received nor deserved much attention. Addison's warm praise in this paper, which must have been the means of making the poem known to thousands of readers who would otherwise never have heard of it, doubtless contributed largely to the success of the *Essay*. Pope, under the impression that the number was written by Steele, wrote to him (Dec. 30, 1711), saying that he had just read the *Spectator* of the 20th, 'wherein, though it be the highest satisfaction to find oneself commended by a person whom all the world commends, yet I am not more obliged to you for that, than for your candour and frankness in acquainting me with the error I have been guilty of, in speaking too freely of my brother moderns.' In a tone of rather exaggerated humility, he asks the Spectator's corrections for the future, kisses the rod of his criticism, and almost protests against the too liberal expression of his praise. The 'strokes of this nature,' (i. e. attacks on Pope's brother poets,) which Addison refers to, are all *general*, unless we except the lines which Dennis took to himself, beginning 'But Appius reddens at each word you speak.' In a passage at l. 36, those writers who have joined poetry to criticism are castigated :—

'Some have at first for wits, then poets, passed,
Turned critics next, and proved plain fools at last.'

But the passage which Addison had chiefly in view was probably that beginning at l. 604, where, speaking of the obscure versifiers of his day, Pope says :—

'What crowds of these, impenitently bold,
In sounds and jingling syllables grown old,
Still run on poets in a raging vein,
Ev'n to the dregs and squeezing of the brain,
Strain out the last dull droppings of their sense,
And rhyme with all the rage of impotence.'

P. 393, l. 9. Petronius the satirist, and Quintilian the critic and rhetorician, both flourished in the first century of our era.

P. 394, l. 30. Wentworth Dillon, earl of Roscommon, (1633–1684,) was the author of the *Essay on Translated Verse*, which, with great inequality of merit, contains not a few vigorous passages. Some of the best lines in the *Essay on Criticism* were suggested by, not to say borrowed from, passages in Roscommon's poem. John, Lord Sheffield, (1649–1721,) wrote this *Essay on the Art of Poetry*, suggested, probably, by Boileau's *L'Art Poetique*, and also an *Essay on Satire*, in which he was said to have been helped by Dryden. The *Essay on Poetry* was much commended both by Dryden and Pope; the latter quotes in the *Essay on Criticism* the second line of Sheffield's poem,—

'Nature's chief masterpiece is writing well.'

All the poems here named are of that critico-æsthetic class, for which Horace's *Ars Poetica* supplied the inspiration and the prototype.

VII.

TALES AND ALLEGORIES.

P. 398, l. 21. So Pope, in his beautiful description of the red man's heaven, paints it as—

'Some safer world in depth of woods embraced,
Some happier island in the watery waste,
Where slaves once more their native land behold,
No fiends torment, *no Christians thirst for gold.*' Essay on Man.

P. 399, l. 10. Cowley's Essay *On the Danger of Procrastination*— 'There's no fooling with life when it is once turned beyond forty.' (Morley.)

P. 400, l. 5. A verb, such as 'dictate,' which can not have a *person* for its object in the active voice, can never have a person for its *subject* in the passive. Bishop Hurd says, 'if used at all, it should be *dictated to*;' but that is not precisely Addison's meaning. All that he wished to say was, that the father's natural affection, no less than the rules of prudence, *dictated* that he should try to make himself beloved by his son.

P. 404, l. 11. The coarse word in the original is meant to convey the sarcastic suggestion that doctors, equally with soldiers, often put a premature end to human life.

P. 406. In the preceding number (omitted from this selection), Addison tells us that the circumstances which he has woven into the tale of Constantia and Theodosius were related to him by a French priest, with whom he was travelling in a stage coach. I hazard the conjecture that this tale suggested to Goldsmith his poem of 'The Hermit,' though the ending is different.

P. 410, l. 6. 'Noviciate,' which is the *state* of a novice, or the *period* during which a person remains a novice, is here wrongly used.

P. 411, l. 9. The materials for the story of Herod and Mariamne are taken from Josephus' *Antiquities of the Jews*.

P. 415, l. 11. 'The last petition I heard.' It should not be 'I,' but 'Menippus,' for Addison is not relating the fable in the first person, as in the *Vision of Mirza*.

P. 416, l. 4. The passages quoted are, Il. viii. 69, Æn. xii. 725.

P. 419, l. 13. See No. 445, page 98.

l. 22. Daniel v. 27.

P. 421, l. 11. This story forms the plot of Aristophanes' comedy, or morality, of *Plutus*.

VIII.

VARIA.

P. 427, No. 50. Of this paper Swift wrote to Stella,—'Yesterday it (the Spectator) was made of a noble hint I gave (Steele) long ago for his Tatlers, about an Indian supposed to write his travels into England. I repent he ever had it. I intended to have written a book on that subject. I believe he has spent it all in one paper, and all the under hints there are mine too.' Imagining that the paper was by Steele, whereas it was really written by Addison, and that it was suggested by the 'noble hint' which he had given, Swift seems to have fancied, his memory playing him false, that the 'under hints' were also his own original property; but the presence of the Addisonian humour throughout the paper is too evident to permit of a doubt as to its true parentage. The 'hint' has been abundantly followed up by various writers; witness the *Lettres Persanes* of Montesquieu, Goldsmith's *Citizen of the World*, and Morier's *Hadji Baba in England*.

l. 1. The four kings here mentioned were chiefs of the Iroquois Indians who had been persuaded by the British colonists to come and pay their respects to Queen Anne. (Morley.) In a book called 'Some Account of the English Stage from 1660 to 1830' (Bath 1832), it is stated that on the 24th April, 1710, the four kings went to see *Macbeth* at the Haymarket; but the 'gods' in the gallery raised such a clamour and disturbance, because, they said, they had paid their money to see the Indian kings, and their majesties, being seated in a retired box, were hardly visible, that the play could not proceed; at last four chairs were brought and placed upon the stage, and the kings, with great good-humour, consented to sit upon them, so as to become the observed of all observers.

P. 429, l. 37. Men and women have changed parts since then!

P. 430, l. 1. The allusion is to the patches then so much worn; see No. 81, page 256.

P. 432, l. 27. Dorset became Lord Chamberlain at the Revolution, and had the unwelcome duty imposed upon him of depriving Dryden of his post

and pension as poet laureate. It is said indeed by Lord Macaulay (*Hist. of England*, iii. 24), that Dorset gave to the poet during his life out of his own pocket an annual pension equal to that which he had lost. His authorities are,—1. An assertion to that effect made by Prior in the dedication of his Works to the son of this Lord Dorset, an assertion made at the time when Prior was a Whig (he afterwards ratted), and a personal and political opponent of Dryden; 2. Some scurrilous lines by that dull poet and furious partisan, Sir Richard Blackmore, written in 1695, intimating that Dorset—

'Despised the flatterer [Dryden], but the poet fed.'

It is likely enough that Prior had no other authority for his assertion than the loose words of Blackmore, which need not imply more than that Dryden experienced the occasional bounty of Dorset, a thing by no means improbable. On the other side we have several distinct declarations of Dryden that he was pressed by poverty since, and because of, the loss of his pension. It becomes therefore a question between the veracity of Dryden and that of Prior, and, of the two, we prefer to believe Dryden.

l. 36. Alceste, the misanthrope of Molière's play, prefers to a fantastic and affected sonnet which its author has just recited, an '*old song*, such as that which I am going to repeat to you:'—

'Si le roi m'avait donné
Paris sa grand'ville,
Et qu'il me fallût quitter
L'amour de ma mie,
Je dirais au roi Henri:
Reprenez votre Paris;
J'aime mieux ma mie, oh gai!
J'aime mieux ma mie.'

P. 437, l. 12. The 'Bayle' here quoted is perhaps François Bayle, a native of Languedoc, who died in 1709, and was a celebrated medical writer in his day. The work referred to might be his 'Dissertationes physicæ, ubi principia proprietatum in œconomiâ corporis animalis in plantis et animalibus demonstrantur' (1677).

l. 18. Cic. *De Nat. Deorum*, ii. 51.

l. 20. William Dampier, a Somersetshire man, born about 1652, one of the most famous of the English buccaneers or sea rovers, who were the terror of the Spanish colonies and commerce in the seventeenth century, published his *Voyage round the World* in 1691. His *Voyages* were afterwards published in three volumes between the years 1697 and 1709.

P. 438, l. 1. 'Neque calce lupus quenquam, neque dente petit bos.'—Horace.

l. 19. *Essay on Human Understanding*, Bk. II. Ch. ix. § 13. (Morley.)

l. 33. The passage is in Dr. Henry More's *Antidote against Atheism*, ook II, ch, x. Henry More (1614–1687) was one of the ablest of the Cambridge school of Platonizing divines. Jerome Cardan, a native of Pavia, a celebrated medical and philosophical writer, died at Rome in 1576.

P. 439, l. 31. Pennant, in his *British Zoology*, says nothing about the mole's eye having 'but one humour in it,' but states that the eye, besides being very small and closely covered with fur, has 'a third very wonderful contrivance for its security, being furnished with a certain muscle, by which the animal has the power of withdrawing or exserting it according to its exigencies.'

P. 444, l. 25. Addison is referring to the colossal works of the schoolmen of the middle ages, such as Peter Lombard, Aquinas, and Scotus, whose treatises are made up of Quæstiones, Objectiones, and Responsiones, and divided into 'Distinctiones.'

P. 445, l. 5. The lane in question still retains its name; it turns out of High Street, just below University College.

l. 8. Father Martinus Smiglecius, a Polish Jesuit, died at Kalicz in 1618. His treatise on Logic is highly praised by Rapin, whose eulogy is endorsed by Bayle. 'The English,' says Bayle, 'have done justice to this work of Smiglecius; they have caused it to be reprinted in their country.' It was printed at Oxford in 1658.

l. 10. Desiderius Erasmus (1467–1536), the great promoter of learning in the sixteenth century, was a native of Rotterdam. The Greek Testament was first given to the world in print under his care.

l. 23. Louis XIV of France, whom the victorious logic of Marlborough's guns at Blenheim and Oudenarde had 'baffled at his own weapons.'

l. 33. The story is told of the Emperor Hadrian. See Bacon's *Apophthegms*, No. 160. (Morley.)

l. 37. Hudibras, Part ii. § 1, 297:—

'Quoth she, I've heard old cunning stagers
Say, fools for arguments use wagers.'

l. 40. The French Huguenots who were forced to take refuge in England, Holland, and other countries, upon the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes in 1685.

P. 446, l. 3. The reference is to the article in Bayle's Dictionary on Andreas Ammonius, an Italian scholar who lived in England during the early part of the reign of Henry VIII, and died in 1520 (Morley). What Ammonius said as to the price of wood being raised by the executions at Smithfield, had reference to the burning of Lollards, not of Protestants.

l. 5. A Sorites, so called from σῶρος, a heap, is a series of propositions, the predicate of each becoming the subject of the next. An instance is—All A is B, all B is C, all C is D, therefore all A is D. The reasoning of a sorites is unanswerable, and so, Addison would imply, is commonly that of fire and faggot.

l. 17. A more exact acquaintance with English history would have made Addison see that not *all* the methods of coercion here named could fairly be called 'popish refinements.' 'Racks, gibbets, and dungeons' were used by the government of Elizabeth to convince English Catholics with little les

vigour than 'fire and faggot' were employed on the other side in the reign of Mary. See Hallam's *Const. Hist.* vol. i.

l. 30. The father of Alexander the Great. Demosthenes, in his great oration for the Crown, frequently alludes to the disastrous effects which the corruption of Æschines and other Athenians by Macedonian gold had had upon the interests of the city.

P. 447, l. 21. Xanthippe.

P. 448, l. 38. The Cartesians are the followers of the philosopher Réné Descartes (1596–1650), one of whose leading metaphysical distinctions was, that while the fundamental attribute of material substance was *Extension*, the fundamental attribute of Mind was *Thought*, because by this attribute Mind was revealed to itself. (Lewes' *History of Philosophy*.)

P. 449, l. 14. Speaking of a Puritan wrangler, Butler says (*Hudibras*, Part iii. 2, 443)—

'But still his tongue ran on, the less
Of weight it bore, with greater ease;
And with its everlasting clack,
Set all men's ears upon the rack.'

l. 23. In a volume of the collection of ballads, left by Anthony à Wood to the Bodleian Library, there is an old black-letter copy of this ballad, without date, 'printed for F. Coles in Wine Street near Hatton Garden.' It begins—

'In Bath a wanton wife did dwell
As Caucer he doth write,
Who did in pleasure spend her days
In many a fond delight.'

She dies and presents herself at the gate of heaven; her knock is answered by Adam, who objects to open to her; she gives him a shrewish answer; he runs away, and a string of other Biblical personages come up one after another, all endeavouring to turn her away; but her curst tongue is too much for them all. Thomas the apostle comes up in his turn; and then comes the quoted verse:—

'I think, quoth Thomas, women's tongues
Of aspen leaves be made:
Thou unbelieving wretch, quoth she,
All is not true that's said.'

St. Paul and St. Peter come up; she scolds and discomfits them both; at last Christ comes up; and after earnest entreaty and fervent expressions of contrition, she is allowed to pass through the gate.

P. 453, l. 1. Sir Paul Rycaut, the son of a London merchant, attended Lord Winchilsea as secretary to the embassy during five years which that nobleman passed as ambassador to the Porte at Constantinople. After that he was appointed British consul at Smyrna, and lived there many years. He was a man of an active inquiring turn of mind, and when, returning to England for a time after the recall of the embassy, he published in 1669 his

Present State of the Ottoman Empire, the book was welcomed as a valuable addition to the existing sources of information respecting wide regions of Europe and Asia. Before his death in 1700 he published several other works, chiefly on Turkish affairs. He says in the book above quoted (Book ii. ch. 26) that the Turks 'hold it a pious work to buy a bird from a cage and give him his liberty,' and to buy bread and feed with it the mangy curs that infested the streets. But this was from a principle of charity and benevolence, not on account of any opinion as to transmigration. On the other hand, in an earlier chapter Rycaut tells a curious story illustrating the belief in transmigration entertained by the *Munasihi*, a small Turkish sect. Addison's memory appears to have mixed up the contents of the two chapters together.

P. 456, l. 6. By Ethiopia is meant Abyssinia, or Abyssinia and Nubia together. The Portuguese and the French had opened up some communications with Abyssinia before Addison's time; but no Englishman, much less an English factory, seems to have appeared in the country before the famous traveller James Bruce.

P. 457, l. 9. The *Congé d'elire*, or 'permission to elect' a bishop, is, in practice, the letter sent down by the Prime Minister to the Dean and Chapter of a vacant cathedral see, when the Sovereign has decided whom to appoint to the vacancy.

P. 460, l. 15. In Garth's *Dispensary* (Canto ii. 95) it is said of Colon, the chief of the apothecaries, that—

'Hourly his learn'd impertinence affords
A barren superfluity of words.'

l. 29. Douay was invested by Marlborough and Prince Eugene, at the head of an army of 120,000 men, in April, 1710. The place being strongly garrisoned made a vigorous resistance, and Marshal Villars advanced from Cambrai to its relief; he was unable however to effect anything, and the fortress capitulated on the 26th June. At Denain near Landrecies, on the 24th July, 1712, after Marlborough had been recalled and the English troops withdrawn, a portion of Prince Eugene's army was surprised by Marshal Villars, and routed with heavy loss. Douay was retaken soon after. This number of the Spectator appeared on Sept. 5, 1712.

P. 462, l. 9. In the *Religio Medici*, Part ii. § 11, Sir Thomas Browne, after 'thanking God for his happy dreams, as he does for his good rest,' says, 'Surely it is not a melancholy conceit to think we are all asleep in this world, and that the conceits of this life are as mere dreams to those of the next, as the phantasms of the night to the conceit of the day.' Then follows the passage quoted in the text.

l. 31. 'The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decayed,
Lets in new light through chinks that time has made.'
Waller.

P. 463, l. 35. Plutarch's *Essay on Superstition*, Ch. iii.

P. 464, l. 1. In the treatise of Tertullian *De Anima* ('On the Soul'),

chapters 45–49, are on dreams. He rejects the opinion of Epicurus, that dreams are of no account whatever; considers that they are for the most part inflicted upon us by demons; but allows that they are sometimes used by the Deity for our good; and that, whether their source be divine or diabolic, future events have been often divined by means of them.

P. 465, l. 34. From the latter half of the twelfth century during a period of more than 150 years, a belief was firmly entertained in Europe that there was a mighty potentate ruling somewhere in Central Asia about the year 1200, who was not only a Christian, but a *priest*, (Prester = Presbyter.) Marco Polo, the famous Venetian traveller of the fourteenth century relates at length the supposed war between Prester John and Zenghis Khan, in which the former was defeated and slain. (See Colonel Yule's excellent edition of *Marco Polo*.)

l. 39. It may be interesting to refer to what is said by the philosopher Spinoza, himself a Jew, in the third chapter of his *Tractatus Theologico-Politicus*, on the peculiar permanence of the Jewish nationality. He considers that it is the general hatred with which they are regarded by other nations, which has maintained them as a people apart so long, and that one great cause of this aversion is their adherence to the rite of circumcision. He adds, that whenever another nation has been able to make up its mind to put the Jews who live in its midst, in civil matters, on an equality with the general population, the isolation of the former has speedily disappeared. He cites two instances; one, that of those Jews in Spain, who in the reign of a previous king had preferred conversion to banishment. No distinction as to civil privileges having been made between these and the Christians, when they had once embraced the state religion, the consequence was that in a short time they were completely merged in the Spanish population, and not a trace of their separate existence remained. On the other hand, in Portugal, where the king similarly compelled a number of Jews to embrace Christianity, yet debarred them from the civil rights of Christians, the isolation of the former remained the same as before.

IX.

HYMNS.

P. 473, l. 21. The hymn which follows is introduced by Addison as the composition of the good Clergyman, one of the members of the Spectator Club, when lying on his deathbed.

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